

The Times

YEAR.

PER WEEK... 20 CENTS
PER MONTH... 75 CENTS \$9 A YEAR.

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1901.

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Four Parts and Magazine.

ON ALL NEWS STANDS,
TRAINS AND STREETS 1 CENTS

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With Dates of Events.
WORLD'S PAVILION—Corner Olive and Fifth Streets.

EMBRICH

This Only, MONDAY and WEDNESDAY,
April 1st and 3d.

EMBRICH OPERA COMPANY.

DIRECTION OF C. L. GRAFF.

TOURE . . .

SCENE OF SEVILLE—"LA TRAVIATA," "DON PASQUALE,"
"TIGOLETTA," "LUCIA," "PAGLIACCI," ETC.

Some are requested to select the two Operas they prefer from the titles to MR. L. BEHRYMER, Room 3, Los Angeles Theater

and the favorites will be announced.

Sembrich will sing at each performance,

SIGNOR LARA, SIGNOR GALAZZI,
SIGNOR ROSSI, SIGNOR BEN-

SAUDE, etc., etc.

AND ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR SIGNOR BEVIGNANI.

Sunday Morning, March 20, at Union Pacific Ticket Office, 250

BURBANK THEATER—

CLIVER MOSCO, Lessee and Manager.

Van Buren (Our Mary) will pos-
sibly as Nell Gwynne tonight and all
next (Friday night).GET YOUR SEATS NOW!
NIEBUHR YOU WON'T GET SEATS!The Greatest Novelty of the Day. Every Night This
Week—Notice Saturday Only.

Frawley and His Company in

ELL CWYNNE'

ALL PLACES—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Tel. Main 1270.

EAT DAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT IBSEN'S

MOLL'S HOUSE,

Van Buren (without fail) in the leading role.

"The Telephone Girl."

40 People Direct from New York.

AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

ARM—South Pasadena—

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SALE

Twelve windows
do the talking.ODDS.
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BETTER

BABY OSTRICHES JUST
HATCHED

AUDITORIUM—EVENINGS MAR. 18, 8 P.M. Local Management—Fitzgerald's Music House.

Teresa Carreno

with any other living pianist. In her art she is

in Fitzgerald's. PRICES—\$1.50, \$1.00.

TO HALL—Announcement—

MARION GORDON, ENGLISH MEZZO-SOPRANO.

Song Recital—April. Date to be announced later.

ART GALLERY—Pou de L'Epape Exhibition to continue to Wednesday and Saturday Free.

MUSEUM—SOVIET should not neglect this

Museum Days and Westminster Hotels.

TICKETS OF TRAVEL—

It is in the air. It
has wove and won
the heart of the wild flower. No
hill nor dale which
beautiful visions of
color in honor of
the auraria. See
them! Take the
Kite-shaped train.
Leaves Los Angeles
8:30 a.m.; re-arrives 5:45
p.m.

Santa Fe Route

KITE SHAPED TRACK

Los Angeles

THE SIGHT TO SEE

Carlton Artistic

POST CARD

GEORGIA

A TRIP BEFITTING THE DAY

To Alpine Tavern Over the

SCENIC MT. L. WEWEY RAILROAD via Pasadena

From Echo Canyon and Echo Mountain. The view from

the top is grand. The Galyat, rails, clothed

and decorated in nature's own colors, is an abomination in itself. D

Passenger and ticket office, 250 S. Spring St.

Bremen Block. Tel. M. 1000

FUN FOR CHINESE.

*Tien-Tsin Incident
is Interesting.**Lion and Bear May Yet
Come to Blows.**British and Russian Troops in
Hostile Array.**Opposing Commanders Agree
on a Truce for Twenty-
four Hours—Anxiety.*

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)

NEW YORK, March 16.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Herald's Tien-Tsin special says: "The situation here could not be more serious. The Chinese are enjoying the spectacle of Russian and English troops drawn up in hostile array, with the possibility of bloodshed at any minute. Yesterday the English railway authorities put men to work building a siding near the station. The Russians drove them off for trespassing on their new concessions. The laborers who were roughly handled, turned, supported by British and American sailors, the Russians responded by calling out their whole force and preparing for battle. Upon seeing this the British desisted from their purpose of bringing back the laborers to work by force. Gen. Campbell, commanding the English, and Gen. Wogack, commander of the Russian force, had conferences. Both sides agreed to a truce for twenty-four hours. Information regarding the situation has been cabled to London and St. Petersburg. Intense anxiety as to the outcome of the affair prevails here. The Russians are intruding themselves in the concessions.

DISPUTANTS CAUTIOUS.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

TEN-TSIN, March 16.—The Anglo-Russian dispute shows no change, and the English are reported to have almost taken to prevent a collision between the guards during the negotiations. The Russians continue to pursue land in the new concessions.

ALARMING ASPECT.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)

LONDON, March 16.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The news of the Anglo-Russian incident at Tien-Tsin assume a most alarming aspect. The newsworthy pictures in the streets this afternoon. "Russia face to face with England—Our troops humiliated," so the flaring lines read, but the well-informed view of the incident as nothing like so serious. Gen. Barrow's recent attitude toward local Russian officials was most likely to lead to some such sequel. When

FEELING OF WEARINESS.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

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*The Radical left and center said:**"Get out as soon as honor permits."**NOT REGARDING SERIOUS.*

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The seals for the relatives and other members of the funeral party, 150 in number, will be reserved in the middle of the church. The services will be conducted by Rev. M. L. Haines, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and for many years his close friend of the late general, assisted by Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Nichols, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. Dr. Nichols was selected by Mrs. Harrison to assist Dr. Haines because of the close friendship that had been formed between Gen. Harrison and Dr. Nichols. Not during his summer vacation, which the Harrison family have spent in the Adirondacks.

Dr. Haines will deliver the principal address, and Dr. Nichols will read the scriptural lessons and offer the invocation. The music, which will be simple and brief, consisting of a prayer and the recital of the words usually spoken as the body is lowered into the grave.

During the arrival of the friends at the conclusion of this service the funeral party will leave the church, going to the Crown Hill Cemetery. The services at the cemetery will be simple and brief, consisting of a prayer and the recital of the words usually spoken as the body is lowered into the grave.

During the arrival of the friends at the church a guard of militia will be stationed at the entrance to assist the crowd of police in preventing the intruding and congesting the space around the entrance. This military guard, however, will have no further part in the funeral services.

FUNERAL PARTY.

The funeral party will be composed of Mrs. Harrison and daughter, Elizabeth; Mrs. Caroline B. Strout of New York; Mrs. Harrison's most intimate friend, Mrs. Mary J. Harrison McKee, daughter of Gen. Harrison; her husband, Robert McKee; Russell Harrison, son of Gen. Harrison, with his wife and son; John Scott Harrison and Carter B. Harrison, brothers of Gen. Harrison; Mrs. Betty Heaton and Mrs. Anna Morris, sisters of Gen. Harrison; Mrs. Newcomer, aunt of Gen. Harrison; Lieutenant-Commander John F. Parker and Mrs. Parker, who is a sister of Mrs. Harrison; Secretary E. F. Tibbits and Mrs. Tibbits; General McKinley, and his private secretary, George B. Cortelyou; Gov. and Mrs. Durbin; Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy of New York; Gen. and Mrs. John W. Noble of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster of Poston, O.; Judge and Mrs. Harmon of Cincinnati; Gov. Nash of Ohio and party; W. H. McMath and family; and Mrs. W. A. Woods; Mr. and Mrs. August T. Mason; Mrs. and Mrs. Evans Wooten; James Whitcomb Riley; Mr. and Mrs. Barry J. Milligan; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Arrick; William C. Bobbs; Newton Booth Tarkington; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cole; Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffiths; Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Brown; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Reid; Ben D. Wofford and family; Dr. and Mrs. John M. Kitchen; and Senator Charles W. Fairbanks.

PARTING SALUTE.

Tomorrow morning at sunrise, the United States arsenal will fire a salute of thirteen guns, and at half-hour intervals throughout the day a gun will be fired. Just before sunset, a salute of forty-five guns will be fired.

President McKinley will enter the service quietly by Gov. and Mrs. Durbin tomorrow. The Governor will, with the Reception Committee, meet the President at the Union station at 6:30 o'clock tomorrow, when the train to which the President's special car is attached, is scheduled to arrive. The President will be taken at once to the Durbin home. It is likely, the Governor said today, that the President will make a practical visit at the Harrison home this noon.

The body of Gen. Harrison was returned to his home at 11:30 o'clock tonight. It was 10:25 o'clock when the doors of the Statehouse were closed to the public. It then required an hour to remove the body from the Statehouse to the hearse, and make the trip to the cemetery.

The body was removed from the Statehouse by the same non-commissioned officers of the National Guard who had brought it in at noon. The body was escorted by a battery of artillery, three companies of infantry, a detachment of cavalry and a battalion of artillery, the full strength of the National Guard of Indiana, the remains of former President Harrison this noon were taken from his late home on North Delaware street to the State Capitol.

Fourteen days of gray skies, rain and snow, and bright sunshine, and no more beautiful weather could have been desired for the day in which the citizens of Indiana paid the last tribute of honor and respect to the man whom they deemed the wisest son of their State, and one of the kind that comes to any commonwealth, only with generations between.

The air was cold, but not highly uncomfortable. A gentle wind blew from the north, just strong enough to lift the tall maple trees though of half-mast banners, and to softly wave the long streamers of black with which all the business houses and many of the residences were trimmed. The temperature, while perhaps somewhat cool for a long while in the open air, was bright and brilliant by the thousands of people who lined the streets between the Harrison home on North Delaware street and the Statehouse, as they waited for the arrival and passage of the funeral cortège. To the men in the line of march, there was an ideal.

Tomorrow the ex-President will belong to those who knew him best and loved him most. Today he belonged to those who knew him less, but whose honor, pride and admiration were equal to those of the members of his family, and those who enjoyed intimate association. In most unstinted measure did the citizens of Indiana reveal the esteem in which they held him. The body was borne through the streets between the Statehouse and the residence of the widow, every hat was off, and there was a deep silence broken only by the slow tramp of the marching

men, and the quick clatter of the horses' feet in the marching column. All night long the people of Indiana and the soldiers of the State poured into Indianapolis. Every train and every bus, every cab, every streetcar, special after special, stopped and down with company after company of militia.

All night long the scuff of soldiers' feet sounded in the streets, and by sunup this morning three full regiments were quartered in the Statehouse.

The hour set for the formation of the parade from the Statehouse to the Harrison home to receive the body and the Statehouse door, waiting for the time to come when they would be admitted. The crowd outside was immense, and the militia, the State officials and officers of the city and county passed by the casket.

After afternoon the crowd passed through the Statehouse unceasingly.

The casket stood on two supports which were swathed in crepe, and over it was draped the great flag, which in the battle of the battleship Indiana. The natural gloom of the Statehouse was tightened by the black shrouds which were drawn up on the street on the south side of the Statehouse. At 10:45 Gen. McKee, commanding the State troops, ordered the "Admirals," and the "Marines" into line, the bugle pourred in a long悠长的音调 along Washington street until 11 o'clock.

As a mark of respect to Gen. Harrison, every building, house, clearing, and road from the main road in Indianapolis to the Statehouse was draped in Indian red.

Shortly before this a train of carriages containing Gov. Durbin and other officials of the State, had started by express, and the Statehouse unceasingly.

Gen. McKinley, who is to be the guest of Gov. Durbin, will arrive at 6:45 in the morning, and is expected to be at the others will arrive between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m.

PRESIDENT EN ROUTE.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. 1

**MANILA (O.) March 16.—[Ex-
clusive Dispatch.]** Mason Mitchell, actor and former Rough Rider, has just left San Francisco, where he has spent several months. He was wounded at the battle of San Juan Hill, and still feels the effects of it. He paid a visit to Pago Pago, and was much pleased with the condition of the new station, which he thinks will soon take place of Apia, as the main settlement in Samoa. He said today:

"The Oceanic Steamship Company's vessels do not stop any longer at Apia, but touch at Pago Pago. This means a loss to Apia natives of from \$400 to

THE PHILIPPINES. FINAL STAGE OF REBELLION.

**Gen. Trias Surrenders
to Col. Baldwin.**

**He and Officers Take
Oath of Allegiance.**

**More Surrenders are Promised.
Auspicious Event—Old
Fight Renewed.**

CONDITIONS IN SAMOA

**Mason Mitchell Says Pago Pago Will
Soon Be the Main Settlement—Na-**

tives Dislike German Rule.

DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

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though weak from sickness, is a powerful man, and finally he squared off and knocked down two of his tormentors. At this point a policeman who spoke English appeared. Mulford approached him, but he coolly advised the major to pay 90 cents to hush the matter up.

Mulford demanded to be taken to the Police Station, but the policeman refused, until the major threatened to wire to the American settlement, has levied a tax of 25 cents on each native who crosses to Pago Pago, even on a visit. This has caused great discontent, as the chiefs have large families, and are much given to visiting. Though the natives have large families, and are much given to visiting. Though the natives have large families, and are much given to visiting.

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[COURT RECORD]
OUT OF "PEN"
AND IN AGAIN.

John Collins Champion
Prison-Breaker.

Desperado Has a Few
Hours' Freedom.

Mason Mitchell Back from Sa
moa—Klondike Waif
Housed.

IBY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
SEATTLE (Wash.) March 16.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) John Collins, as
desperado as any lived, who
was arrested in San Francisco last
spring on a charge of mail robbery,
dropped out of Chinese prisons
and was recaptured three hours later.
Collins eluded the guards while the
convicts were being taken from the
jute mill to the San Francisco
Penitentiary in a boat of black
overalls. He made his way to Walla Walla last
evening, but was recaptured several
hours later. A reward of \$300 will be
divided by his captors.

Collins is, with the exception of Tom
Blanck, the notorious desperado who
killed his wife by means of a wooden
revolver, the most reckless criminal
with which the officers have had any
thing to do. The case with which he
walked into the bank and picked up
the \$3000 cash was only equaled by the
manner in which he made his escape.
Huge got out of the way. After he
had done it seemed as if he
had evaporated in air.

After being captured in San Fran
cisco, he was started for Seattle all
right, but on the train he easily re
moved his shackles and made his escape.
Misfortune caused him to be re
captured.

In jail here he astonished Sheriff
and jailers by removing an Oregon
boot, smashing handcuffs and doing
other things supposed to be imposs
ible. All this was done while he was
in the dark. Once he had the
boot off he was able to break his
shackles and was unshackled by
lock more than by speed management.

Another time the night jailer
smelled smoke. Investigating he found
that Collins had a charcoal furnace
made out of an empty tin can, fast
ened to the steel bar of his cell. In
ten minutes Collins was out.

He has always said he did not
think any jail could hold him.

RAISIN MEN DIVIDED
WHANGUNG OVER KEARNY

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—F.M.I.

FRESNO, March 16.—A meeting of
the members of the California Raisin
Growers' Association was held here
this afternoon. The growers being pres
ent, some arrangements for the by
laws had been proposed, but were not
settled upon. The division between the
supporters of M. Theodore Kearny
and the anti-Kearnyites was well de
fined, but there was no occasion for a
clash and aside from a great deal of
wrangling, there was no trouble.

The division between the supporters
of which five directors of the asso
ciation are to be elected on April 1:
Hector Burness, P. H. Ludwigan, V.
H. McLoone, F. G. Goddard, E. Biggs,
Edwin Gower, A. L. Sayre and D. D.

MEETING AT AUBURN.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—F.M.I.

AUBURN, March 16.—A meeting of
the raisin growers was held here to
judge, Judge J. E. Prewest presiding,
relative to the new organization of the
California Fresh Fruit Association.

The growers here believe that they
will be successful in their efforts to
make a new organization. The remarks
were well received. Quite a num
ber took membership in the associa
tion.

LITTLE KLUONIK WAIF.

BABE AT LAST FINDS SHELTER.

IBY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

SEATTLE (Wash.) March 16.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Little Dorsey Klondike
Schutte, the first white child
born in Dawson, at last found a
home with a childless Mrs. Scott.
The care of the unfortunate child has
again been brought to the attention of
the public, and officers of the society
are doing everything possible to find a
permanent home for the little tot.
She is about four years old, and has
seen enough trouble for a lifetime.

After she was born her mother
left Dawson for the Yukon. She
was given to the Yukon Mrs. Scott.
The child was left with her, but
she died, and was buried at St. Michaela.
Strangers brought the infant to St. Michaela,
where it was placed in charge of
Mrs. Cooper. Mrs. Cooper says that
although the father, who is somewhere in
Alaska, was informed of his child's
whereabouts, he never took the trouble
to provide for her.

TRAMP BURNED IN HISTORIC MIL.

PHOENIX (Ariz.) March 16.—Garrison
four mill and adjacent buildings east of this city, were
destroyed by fire last night. The building
was erected in 1864, and was buried at St. Michaela.
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ARTHUR BULLOCK DEAD.

FORMERLY OF LOS ANGELES.

VICTORIA (B. C.) March 16.—The

VANCOUVER (B. C.) March 16.—A steamship
company sent from Nanshi says that Arthur
Bullock, a capitalist, was found dead in
his room in the Queen's Hotel to
day. The hotel was his own property,
and it was built October last. It was
his custom when retiring to leave orders
that on no condition was he to be
disturbed. He died on Tuesday, and it was not until today
that his door was forced open. He
had probably died three days
ago. Bullock had formerly
been telling a Los Angeles bank, and
was highly connected in England.

ODE OF ARIZONA.

WOMAN'S LINES ARE ADOPTED.

IBY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

PHOENIX (Ariz.) March 16.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The Arizona Legis
lative Assembly adopted the lines
of the political parties proposed by the Gov
ernor's voice. It has turned toward
ethics. The ode written by Mrs. E.
R. Averill and sung by Mrs. Frank
Cox, at the Capitol dedication, under
suspension of the rules, was declared
by both houses today by formal bill,
to be the official ode of Arizona. The
Governor signed the bill at once. In

the same vein, a committee consisting
of Assemblymen Kimball, Geer and
Barker was appointed to select an
official flower for Arizona from
among the flora of the Territory.

The bill, which was introduced by
providing payment for the expenses of the
Adjutant-General's office during the
past two years, providing for immigration
commissioners in first-class counties
and for the establishment of free
public libraries. Additional bills signed
by the Governor provide for printing
the minutes of all territorial boards
and of town councils.

The bill creating a territorial ter
ritorial engineer was killed. The House
has passed the bill for the creation of a
territorial troop of Arizona from
the ranks of the National Guard of the
State. Seconded from the Washington
State Penitentiary at Walla Walla last
evening, but was recaptured several
hours later.

Collins eluded the guards while the
convicts were being taken from the
jute mill to the San Francisco
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WHANGUNG OVER KEARNY

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—F.M.I.

FRESNO, March 16.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

THE TRUST ESTATE DIVIDED.

COURT DISTRIBUTES LAND.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—F.M.I.

OAKLAND, March 16.—After deliber
ations all night, the jury in the Superior
Court this morning acquitted the fugitive
Charles J. Ardell, in the killing of Dan Donnelly in the tenderloin last
year. Brooks, a co-defendant, was found
guilty of mail robbery and sentenced to
state prison for life.

IBY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

PARIS, March 16.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

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FUGITIVE ARDELL IS ACQUITTED.

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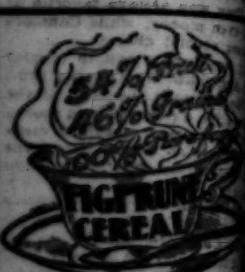
REPORTING RECORD—
DERBY PROVES
A GOOD RACE.
Joe Frey Wins it in a
Furious Drive.

House Cleaning
Season...

and Last Day at Ingleside—
Features at Oakland
and New Orleans.

FURNITURE
An piano that are convincing
and get prices before you buy.

I. T. MARTIN
Furniture and Carpet
531-3-5 S. Spring



A Delicious
Drink

All the nutriment of Flax is now
choke grain is retained in a pure
PROPRIETARY.

C. A. NEAL

The grocer, at 408 Flower Ave,
Los Angeles, will serve Flax
this week. Try a cup of the
Grocery on the market.

All Groceries
Sell Figprune Cereal.

Sale.

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INCOMPARABLE

Cigars

Los Angeles, Cal.

CARPETS

Of rich and exclusive
and patterns which
works of art. This
store this week.

RUGS...

100 kinds—In plain and
solid colors; many of
our best houses; many
and patterns and various
well adapted for the
and worthy of the best
prices.

THIS WEEK we shall have
from various parts of every
body. Our collection of every
very few pieces.

CALIFORNIA CARPETS
2. MILLINGTON CO., Inc.
312-314 S. Broadway

body imagines that over the
with 100 majority in Puritan
is about the most important
now when the income tax
is now. Probably the more
2 pence or 4 pence.

DUTCH LOOTING.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

LONDON (Cape Colony).
The Boers passed through
Crown Colony Dec. 16. The
few hours to finish, and though
they could not carry on.

CRESCENT CITY DERBY.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

ORLEANS, March 16.—The
Crescent City Derby was a horse
race from the start to finish, and though

an outsider, Henry Clay Rye, the
result was very popular. The Morris
choice, was scratched during the
morning and this eliminated an im-
portant factor. Wild Pirate, at 6 to 5,
to 3 to 2, divided the betting honors.
Tom Stephenson, Baderach and Sid-
dons, were coupled at 5 to 1, reduced to
6 to 1, while Henry Clay Rye's price
was as good as 12 to 1 at times. Hand-
some was friendless at 30 to 1. The
weather was ideal and the track fast.

Miles and a sixteenth, selling:
Egyptian Prince won, Wood Trice sec-
ond; Keween third; time 1:49½.

One mile, 1:49½. Von Wille second, Althea third; time 1:49½.

Hurdle handicap, mile and a quarter,
over five hurdles: Isen won, Tommy
O'Brien second, Miss Ransom third;
time 2:20½.

The Crescent City Derby, mile and a
quarter: Henry Clay Rye won, Wild
Pirate second; Von Wille third; time 1:55.

Mile and a sixteenth, handicap:

Jesse Jarboe won, Little Dutchman sec-
ond; Maj. Mansur third; time 1:49.

One mile, Brother Fred won, Little
Dutchman second; R. third; time 1:41½.

Six furlongs: Baderach won, Lady
Contrary second, Fred Hand third;

time 1:41½. Curtis finished second,

but was disqualified for fouling.

DIDN'T HURT A BIT.

CHILD'S LETS BYERS PUNCH.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

HOT SPRINGS (Ark.) March 16.—George
Byers was knocked out tonight by
Frank Childs in the seventeenth
round of what was to have been a
ten-round bout. The boxer had
been held away to a good
and articulate went to the front
when Joe Frey, who had moved
into the second position, assumed com-
mand. On Brutal, who was
with the stand, he was called to the
ring and dislodged Sloan landing
a blow by half a length.
Camerone three lengths
back, marked a good per-
son, as a strong wind was blow-

ing favorably for the special
a mile and a sixteenth, bat-
tered all the way and
Pering won, but Sutherland escaped
Master beat May Boy a head
and a sixteenth, special: Ad-
understand Mayor Phelan had
the ordinance allowing Ingleside
in. The board of aldermen
had voted to Jockeys Tom But-
ter and Piggott. The former has
had to ride by Charles Boots,
Boots is to ride East for Green
Sports, selling: Fondo, 106
won; Oscar, 101; second; Nellie
100; third; time 1:29½.

Five furlongs, steeplechase, about two
miles, 1:50. Half miles: Norton, 120 (Willie
Boy, 150 (Lloyd), 7
Washington) 11, 1:31; time 1:34.

Two furlongs, purse: Maggie Davis, 108
won; Specific, 110
second; Brechinha, 108
third; time 1:13½.

Five furlongs, special: Ad-
win, 100 (Burnett) even; won;
Bob (Sloan) 7 to 10, second;

two furlongs, purse: The Pride, 113
won; Specific, 112
second; Brechinha, 108
third; time 1:13½.

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win, 100 (Burnett) even; won;

two furlongs, purse: The Pride, 113
won; Specific, 112
second; Brechinha, 108
third; time 1:13½.

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LA GRIPPE.

Corporative Tha of Time.

Congressman H. H. White, Contra

Miss Francis M. Anderson, D. C., daughter

Judge Anderson of Virginia,

"I was taken very ill with the

grippe and was able to lie

in bed a week."

Mrs. Harriette A. S. March, Presi

dent of the Women's Division

of Chicago, writes:

"I am not

able to go to work

but I have

not been able to get

any relief from my grippe."

The following letter was received from

Wright's Cemetery Wood Temple

on 61st and La Salle:

"I suffered this winter with a severe

attack of grippe which

lasted me two weeks. I was

unable to go to work

but I have

now made a

complete recovery."

Mrs. M. Wright.

All the appearance of the first

grippe should stay indoors and

not expose yourself to the

symptoms disappears. This will

not, however, diminishes sickness and perhaps

if you do not derive prompt and

sufficient rest from your

bedroom, giving a full

rest to the brain, you will

feel much better."

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS

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HEART DISEASE.

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ESTABLISHED.rose Sets a Fresh
Mark for Pacers.Client Matinee of
Driving Club.Poter's Entries Capture
Three Big Races From
Promising Fields.

some Facts Regarding the
Cure of Heart Trouble.
Heart trouble, at least among
Americans, is certainly increasing
and this may be largely due to
the excitement and worry of Ameri-
can life. It is more often the
result of weak stomachs, of poor
digestion.

Most organic disease is
not one case in a hundred
which is organic.

The close relation between
body and poor digestion is
well known. The sympathetic
nerves control the body.

In another way, also the
body is affected by the form of poor
digestion which causes gas and forms
from half-digested food.

The most sensible treatment
for heart trouble is to improve the
digestion and to insure the prompt
removal of waste products.

This can be done by the regular
use of some safe, pleasant
digestive preparation.

Stuart's Dyplopia Tablets,
which contain valuable, harmless
active elements in a pleasant,
potent form.

It is to be noted that the regular
use of Stuart's Dyplopia Tablets
at all times will cure any
stomach trouble except cancer.

Full-sized package of these tabs
will be drugists at 50 cents. In
case of stomach troubles mailed
free on request.

Stuart's Dyplopia Tablets
are made by F. A. Stuart Co., Man-
ufacturers of Drugs, 122 South Spring
Street, Los Angeles, California.

BUY A HOME

There's No Place Like Home
for a Home—Buy
Out and See the Pictures.

Nature has been very
generous and given to Montecito
all the natural advantages
to make property value.

A generous abundance
water for the driest years
rich, loamy, fertile soil, pro-
viding anything that can be grown.

The semi-tropics; a
benign, delightful, perfect climate
every day in the year.

All this, and located at
the gates, where a ready
market for all products of
agriculture is found.

Drive out Sunday afternoons
and look it over. It's a beauty
drive. Our special repre-
sentative is on the ground
to answer all questions.

Directions—Drive East
on tenth street to Stevens
avenue, thence direct to
property.

Lots sold in 5, 10 or 20
acres.

Terms—One-fourth down
balance 1, 2, 3 and 4 years
per cent interest. For
details apply to
K. COHN & CO., Owners
415 N. Main.

F. J. Steele, Special Agent
Room 215 Currier Block, Los
Angeles, Cal.

THE POWER
PROBLEM SOLVER

Ocean Combined Reservoir
Dam and Wave Motor.

New invention for developing
power from the waves has just
been patented in the United States
(14) foreign countries. A
solid model of the machine may
be seen at the Hotel Arcadia at
Santa Monica, California. This
invention is what it means to the
world, and it is at length in a special
article in today's edition of The Times.
See page 2, part IV.

Interest may see the model by
calling at the above-named hotel in
Santa Monica, where I shall take pleasure
in explaining it. I am willing
to grant the patent rights of this
invention to reputable parties who
desire to construct a plant, or I
will do so myself.

GEORGE N. TODD,
Hotel Arcadia,
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

the stretch they came, side by side,
making time look sick. Electra
Primrose crossed the wire by a bare
quarter of a length, in 2:15.

Floretta Bell was second, and
at the half, and Potter shook Primrose
loose. For a time another exciting
race was prospective, but Floretta
could not bear the feel of the wire
needed them most. Electra came up
at the three-quarters, and in the
stretch, strained every nerve to make
up lost ground. Potter shook Primrose
steadily along, and won three
lengths in 2:14. The time by
quarantine was 2:05, 1:45; 2:14.

It took time up in the stretch
for the bunch in the third heat. The
driven scored first to one and then to
two, then to three, then to four away
with Primrose in the lead now a favorite.

Potter broke at the post.
The bunch in the third heat.

The drivers scored first to one and then to
two, then to three, then to four away
with Primrose in the lead now a favorite.

Potter made the quarter in 36 flat:
Floretta Bell and Electra broke at the post.
Then Potter shook his ribbons, and
his pet responded, making the three-
quarters and home stretch in 2:14,
four lengths ahead of Electra. The time
was 2:14. Electra the amateur State matinee
record.

Primer (M. M. Potter) ... 1 1 1
Floretta Bell (Tom Hughes) ... 2 2 2
Rox Alto (J. Llewellyn) ... 4 4 4

Time, 2:14; 2:14; 2:13.

The fourth race established the comedy
for the matinee with the gentlemen
riders on burros as the clowns.

Bessie B. proved a bad actor in the
race. Then went on to enter the
Goddess, Fritz, Rover, A. H. Dewey's
Bessie B., Dr. W. H. Hitchcock's Dewey
and Kenneth Redpath's Bastina.

Dewey passed the three

heat and was alone with an

Electra. The judges were: Presiding judge,
W. Bruner; associate judges, H. N.
Harrison, Capt. A. C. Jones, E. T.
Simson.

LOS ANGELES WINS.

COUNTRY CLUB GETS CUP.

Before a large gallery of Redlands
yesterday morning the Los Angeles
Country Club team defeated the
Redlands aggregation, and thereby
became the permanent possessors of
the inter-club cup.

The Los Angeles Country Club team
was a whole outclassed its opponents and
won practically as it pleased. The
one exception was the match between
Walter Crosby and Shaffer. This was
decidedly close, but the Los Angeles
team had the advantage of the driving club.

Crosby outdistanced Her-
man in the last race, winning
the match, and the two teams
met again in the driving club.
A surprise, inasmuch as
Crosby showed greater speed in
the second race, was the result of his
strength on the road.

Sears walked away with Osborne,
and the issue was never in doubt.
The judges were: Frederickson, each won
their matches easily.

The scores for yesterday morning's
play were as follows: Crosby beat
Shaffer 1 up, Sears beat Sterling 3
up, and Johnson 3 up, Frederickson
beat Augur 4 up.

The standing is the same as
the previous day, the Los Angeles
Country Club leading.

In the afternoon an eighteen-hole
open handicap medal-play tournament
was held and participated in by all
the golfers present. The results
of the two days was in attendance,
and all the well-known cracks.

At the last report Wimor Walton
won both first gross and first
handicap prizes; Sears, second gross
and second handicap.

TIGERS VICTORIOUS.

The Tigers of the Turnverein de-
feated the Rushers of the Y.M.C.A. in
an interesting game of basket ball
yesterday in the latter's gymnasium that
evening. The scores were 18 to 7. The
line-up was as follows:

Tigers: Holdens, Simmonsons,
Hazard, St. Matrons, Cunningham,
Keating, guards. Rovers, Dore, Hueble.

Cunningham scored eight points and
Simmons six from field. Hazard
scored two.

MINOR BASEBALL.

The Tribunes defeated the Olives in
a game of baseball yesterday by a
score of 5 to 6. Following was the line-
up:

Tribunes: Olives, B. Scott, E. Knapp,
N. Brand, pitcher. Rovers, E. Knapp,
G. Morton, first base. Knapp,
Goodwin, second base. P. Hamill, shortstop.
P. Black, third base. R. Vosburg, center field.
H. Walker, left field. H. Evans.

The Spaniards defeated the second-
line Horses at Echo Park yesterday
by a score of 10 to 7.

MURKIN'S INQUEST.

Woman Was Fatally Injured by Run-
away Accident Near Palms Friday
Evening.

A verdict of accidental death was
returned yesterday by the Coroner's
jury in the case of Mrs. G. W. McIn-
tosh, who received fatal injuries in a
runaway accident Friday night at
Palms. The injury was compound
fracture of the third rib.

Potter held
firmly fast. Potter held
firmly fast until the five-eighths,
when he once more out. Cesar
was the next to stand, and then a
two-quarters. The two
quarters, at the seven-
eighths, when he came, like shots
together, apparently
dead. The audience
watched the riders, who
had stood and then a
Swede Marie
McIntosh with Mrs. Livermore
and Mrs. McIntosh, who drove
to Santa Monica Friday. While
returning they had reached a point
about three miles from Palms when
they lost their way. Two of the
riders left the carriage, two set out
to make inquiries, and while
they were away the horses commenced
kicking.

The animal's heels smashed the dash-
board and one of the shafts was
broken. The horse started to run
Mrs. Livermore, who was driving, ad-
visedly. Mrs. McIntosh, who had
been riding, struck the ground so that her
skull was fractured so that her
head and an ankle was broken.

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March 17, 1901.]

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RIVAL OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Tehuantepec People Nearly Half Through Their Job, and They Say They'll Get Most of the Trade.

BY CURTIS BROWN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

LONDON, March 4.—While the United States is busy discussing and planning over the proposed Nicaragua Canal, the Mexican government, aided by a rich and progressive British company, is working steadily on a route across the Isthmus which not only promises to boom up as the Nicaragua Canal's most dangerous rival after the canal begins business, but which will be in active operation five or six years before the Nicaraguan route can possibly be opened.

The scheme by which these determined allies are planning to get ahead of the Americans has been worked out so well that practically nothing was known by the general public about the progress of this enterprise. Information on the subject was not to be gathered easily from Mexico, and London was not naturally the place to which one would look for news of an American enterprise. The only contractors of this enterprise are here, however, and it is from these officials that most of the facts were obtained.

"Are these iron bridges coming from England?" "With only two or three exceptions, they are all American made.

"The probability of either or both the Nicaragua and Panama canals being opened leaves the Tehuantepec people undismayed. They will have at least two years' start of either enterprise, and the Tehuantepec will depend on the cheapness of their rates, their cleverly in handling cargoes and above all, their more northerly location, to enable them to compete with the Panama route.

"The Tehuantepec route, they point out, the distance between New York and San Francisco is 900 miles less than by the Panama route. For a ten-knot steamer that means a saving

whereas our rate as I have told you, will be \$2.50 a ton a day. Add to this saving in the rate of saving in time in a vessel's voyage, and the fact that while we will handle a ship's cargo in one day, it will take three days to lock her through the Nicaragua Canal, to say nothing of the start of five years, which the Tehuantepec route will have, and there will admit that we have reason to survey the outcome with an optimistic eye.

ALMOST FIVE BRIDGES TO THE MILE.

"The engineering difficulties of the Tehuantepec Railways have not been especially great, the chief one being that of obtaining ballast after leaving the coast. The original line in some places skirted the swampy country, and the marshes are diverting it away from the marshes. Although the railway is only 190 miles long, there are 900 iron crossings, each of which is a wooden trestle bridge, such as still exist in some parts of the South and West. Every one of these are built by the same contractors, each of whom has been building with structures of iron or stone."

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"The Tehuantepec route, they point out, the distance between New York and San Francisco is 900 miles less than by the Panama route. For a ten-knot steamer that means a saving

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ALMOST FIVE BRIDGES TO THE MILE.

"The engineering difficulties of the Tehuantepec Railways have not been especially great, the chief one being that of obtaining ballast after leaving the coast. The original line in some places skirted the swampy country, and the marshes are diverting it away from the marshes. Although the railway is only 190 miles long, there are 900 iron crossings, each of which is a wooden trestle bridge, such as still exist in some parts of the South and West. Every one of these are built by the same contractors, each of whom has been building with structures of iron or stone."

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ALMOST FIVE BRIDGES TO THE M

PROFITS.

A BARGAIN UNFULFILLED AND HOW ACCOUNTS WERE SQUARED.

By a Special Contributor.

HE PROMISED: "Just before you are through with schooling, and when your sweethearts time is coming up, and you want a gilded bait to fish for a husband, I'll build a new-fangled house, on the other lot, and make this house into a barn, though 'tain't hardly good enough for that. But you must take the valentine."

Straightway, Margaret began drawing ground floors of dwellings, second floors, elevations, roofs, until there was complaint that she "used up" all the writing paper brought to the house, while her deskmate was charging, "I can't borrow Margaret's slate; there's always a 'don't-erase' picture of a house on it; she draws one every day, as soon as she gets through with her mathematics. Maybe she's going to be an architect; she studies house plans from morning to night; and whenever there's a new house going up in town, she just scatters around it and through it from morning till night. And she knows more about house furnishings. All the ladies in town get her to help select their furniture, carpets and curtains. She's selecting furnishings from morning till night."

When Margaret demanded that the building of the new house be begun, the father owned that he had been buying more land—that they would "have to make the old house do for a while longer."

Bitterly disappointed, she vowed hard; instead of courting and husband-fishing in that old shack, she would go to work, earn money and build a house to her taste. Through an aunt in California, she found a position in the Golden State at the good salary that they pay teachers on the Coast. She was able from the start to save her salary, meanwhile studying architecture, residences, home furnishings.

Before putting on paper the design of her ideal home, she had been through it many times in her dreams, and in the claims, had received her best and most beautiful impressions in these mystic journeys. Before her savings would have warranted a start on her plan, she came, by the death of her aunt, into a handsome little fortune. *

The plan of her house was carefully discussed with an architect and the building duly begun. From start to finish, this woman went daily by the rising residence, the studying of home furnishings, home decorations, of embroideries, draperies, covers, monograms, hemstitching, stitching, painting, framing was continued. At length, the house was accepted, paid for. Thanksgiving morning, before taking breakfast, Margaret went to take her first look at the house completed. She saw the house that she had built in shadow of the early morning, and waited and watched until the rising sun had changed to golden the roof and chimney and every projection—until the east windows were burnished. Then she reverently turned the door key and opened the hospitable door. Softly she went, as if led by a holy presence, to the room designed for books. With clasped hands she stood, her character-lined face turned to the sunrise, and there made her thank-offering for the house beautiful. Only honest money was in it—money made in leading up the children in a far new State. And there, in the beautiful book-room, she pledged the house to herself, to the honorable, to the generous, and against all that could degrade. At once she entered on the foreordained furnishing, weaving into this judgment and taste until it was all as harmonious as the leafing and blossoming of the fairest tree of the fair land.

These days later, when she was in the house for a first touching of details, a carriage was at the gate, a man and woman came along the colonnade of palms, and asked to see the house. No wonder at this, for the fame of the new, beautiful house, built by a school teacher, had gone abroad. Margaret knew that these visitors were from under the North Star—they were so white, without the "burn" marking the land-of-sunshine people.

She was about to say that the property was not for sale, but the pale face and pathetic eyes of the woman turned the phrasing to an invitation, and she led to a reception-room. At once, from the callers, came expressions of surprise and pleasure at the character of the apartment; and it was admired, as well, in detail. It was very pleasant to Margaret—this appreciation and confirmation from people of taste, so she was enticed to show the house, on and on, while the visitors said "handsome! cozy! lovely! beautiful! perfect!" etc., etc. The pale lady's face was filled with longing. "I have seen many more costly homes, but none more beautiful, none to be desired. It is like a beautiful poem, I could be happy away from home, in this house—happy in California. I wish that I could live in this lovely home."

"What do you hold this property at?"

"It is not for sale."

"What could it be rented for?"

"I could not be rented."

"Not at any price?"

"Not at any price that would ever be offered. No offer would be made that could pay for the pains and thought that I have put into this."

"One can see the thought," said the woman. "There is an atmosphere to every part—an individuality. So much charm in such a space I never saw before."

The man asked for a price to be named, atmosphere, individuality and charm thrown in, that she would consider.

"I cannot give one; the house is for my own use—is not for rent."

The woman bit short a sigh; the sad eyes looked

sadder. Margaret was thanked for a pleasure, and she led to the carriage; he was about to take a seat; there were some very earnest words; he went back into the house.

"Pardon me, dear madam; my wife is ill unto death. She cannot live five months. Nothing that she has seen since she left home has so appealed to her as this house. Before we came in, she was fascinated by the plant-life about it. I do so wish it for her. Money, dear madam, is nothing to me; my only hope is to have her happy for the brief time that remains for her on earth—to have the time filled with the beautiful for her eyes and heart. Will you let her have your house while she lives—it will be such a little time—for \$500 a month?" Then he hastened to explain that his wife's trouble was of no degrading, spoiling nature.

Margaret turned in pondering attitude to the window; saw through the splendid glass the sad eyes looking from the carriage to her face. Like a celestial telegram flashed the thought, "Those eyes will soon be looking in the face of God."

With sudden abandon, she said, "You may have the house while she lives."

He wanted to say, "God love you forever." He said no thanks, but at length, "Please, dear madam, do not change the smallest matter in the house, where everything is so lovely to her eyes. When she is gone, her memories of earth will be only of pleasant things, of the beautiful."

Margaret followed his going, seeing through the clear glass a pale, anxious face become suffused, illuminated with gladness, and gladness came into her own heart.

According to an outlined plan, matters moved along. The rent was paid every month in advance; the house was well kept; "modestly for a millionaire," Margaret remarked. But the woman with the plaintive eyes was not confined to any of the beautiful beds, did not keep to any of the beautiful rooms; did not go on fading and getting ready to die. Whether because of the house beautiful, or the climate beneficial, or the husband devoted, or the hope eternal to the human breast—who can tell? But from the first day, as it were, in the house, the ill woman began to show a betterment. Every day she was in the "open," for in every day that winter and spring there were hours of sunshine. With the advent of May, the month when it was due to fulfill her physician's prophecy, the white face had the regulation California red-and-brown, and the ex-invalid's mind was made up to vacate Margaret's house beautiful. She had found, while searching her husband's pockets for reasons no woman could give—found a receipt for the month's rent, and thus discovered the high rent rate. "I believe," she said to her husband, "I would have gone on and died if I had known the rate."

Now, with the rent from her millionaire tenant, Margaret was building another house, artistic and beautiful, with a hope that another rich tourist would appear to whom money was nothing. And house No. 2 was to be an improvement on the first; it was not to be on a pivot, so as to follow the adored sun (Californians are sun-worshippers) in his journey to the shadows, but it was to have on the north, windows far-projecting to catch the morning sunshine on her profile, and glass-enclosed porch to shelter the sun-bathers from the wind; the first porch of this kind built in those parts, as I have heard. It was to cost more than the first house, and was far from finished, when the rich tenant gave notice that he would take another house.

"But," Margaret remonstrated, in surprise and some resentment toward this rich man who was interrupting her plans financial and architectural, "you rented it for \$500 monthly, while your wife should live."

He acknowledged that this was the fact. "I thought that she could not live five months."

"On the strength of that agreement, I have incurred obligations. I have hypothecated two months' rent in advance. You will surely keep the house where your wife's life has been saved for two months longer. A thousand dollars, which is so much to me just now, cannot signify to a millionaire."

"What gave you the idea that I was a millionaire?"

"I don't know, unless it was that you offered such high rent, and said that money was no object to you."

"It was not. What would money saved have been worth to me, as I came from her grave, had I hesitated at any venture for the happiness of her last days? To brighten the poor remnant left to her—to insure for her only pleasant visions—God help me if that was not my single purpose! I am grateful for this beautiful home. Without it, my wife might have missed recovery. At that time, when she was so ill, she thought that she could not be happy anywhere in California but in this house. At the first sight of it as we drove by, her face brightened, and she said "I could get well there." Now that she is well, and knows California better, she is so grateful to this climate, so fascinated with her peculiar environments, that she is willing to live anywhere here—outdoors, under an acacia tree, or camphor bush, though there is a wide difference between the temperature of California's sunshine and that of its moonshine."

Margaret turned from his pleasantry to her financial troubles, and earnestly urged that he would rent her house for at least two months more; it would mean much to her welfare, might mean yet more to the wife, and yet be insignificant to a rich man.

"Madam, I am not a rich man; I am a very poor man," he said. "As it seems necessary to set myself right, I will tell you that I came here with about \$3500, all my fortune. Our physician had said, 'Go to California; make your wife comfortable; this is all that can be done for her. She may live five months.' She was very despondent when we first came; everything was dry and dusty; the winter rains had not set in. That first day at this house when I had returned her to the carriage to leave, she said, 'I could be happy there; it is like a bit of heaven. I believe I could get well; I could be happy. Please, go back and beg her to let me have it.' Well, I rapidly did some arithmetic; I divided the amount of my possessions by six, thinking that her time might be six months. I determined to get the

house by surprising you—to capture by sudden attack; I made you the largest offer that I could. So, you perceive, that I have stayed as long as my money lasted. It is gone; but I have the promise of work."

"And now," said Margaret, hesitating a little, coloring a little, "I must adjust my conscience to your changed fortunes. I feel that I have been a user in taking this high rent; but you know that householders here have but a short season in which to make their rents; and I thought you were a millionaire."

"Your house, madam, is worth that rent."

"To a rich man—yes."

"And to a poor man, placed as I was. Believe me, any man that was a man would have done as well as I—and what a reward I have!"

"If you have work here, and are to remain, you will need a house, and, to ease my conscience, I will ask you to keep the house, rent free, till the next season; the summers are delightful here, though the visitors find it hard to believe that our summers are not very warm, remembering our mild winters. Keep the house till the next season, I shall want to go to my eastern home on business. I do not wish to rent to another. You have paid roundly for the house, and in advance."

"Your offer, madam, is honorable and generous."

"I promised this house to the honorable and generous."

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

HER BOOK STOPPED.

DAUGHTER OF FRENCH PRESIDENT DARE NOT PRINT QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

[New York Journal:] In literary Paris much surprise has been caused by the announcement that Mlle. Lucy Faure has decided not to publish at present her book, containing an account of her life at the Elysée during the Presidency of her father, Felix Faure. The book was looked for at the end of last month.

The author found among her father's documents many private letters from Queen Victoria and other crowned heads of Europe, and, desiring to incorporate them in her book, she asked Hugues le Roux, a well-known journalist, to communicate with the State officials of the various countries and to ask them if she was at liberty to publish the letters. Le Roux undertook this task, but before he had received any replies from the officials he was invited by Menelik, the ruler of Abyssinia, to pay him a visit, and a day or two later he started on his long journey. Mlle. Faure was much disappointed, and was debating what she should do, when suddenly the news of Queen Victoria's death reached her. Her book was ready for the press at that moment, but she asked herself, "Should I publish the letters written by Victoria to my father?"

While she was still undecided what to do, a hint, which was virtually a command, came to her, it is said, from an influential personage, the purport being that she would commit the great mistake of her life if she gave to the public any letters written by Victoria or any other sovereign. Accordingly, she at once abandoned the idea of publishing her book.

Two questions now present themselves. First, can an author, legally or otherwise, be prevented from publishing private letters, even though written by crowned heads? Second, may not these much-talked-of letters, though nominally private, be nevertheless of much political significance and interest?

As Mlle. Faure is the only person who knows the contents of these letters, and as she has not shown the slightest disposition to rebel against authority, it is not likely that a definite answer will be given to either of these questions. And for this very reason the majority of Parisians will remain convinced that when Queen Victoria and other sovereigns wrote to President Faure and marked their letters "private" they did not always pen formal and courtly phrases, but sometimes at least touched upon international topics in a manner that would surprise the public.

One reason, it is claimed, why Mlle. Faure has proved so docile in this matter is because she has a warm affection for England, and would not like to offend either its people or the members of its court. For example, instead of signing herself "Lucie," in French fashion, she always writes her name "Lucy," according to the English style.

PULPIT ADVERTISING.

READING OF SECULAR NOTICES IN CHURCH IS JARRING TO WORSHIPERS.

"The reading of secular notices from the pulpit is a jar to the services: is exceedingly objectionable to a large number of people," writes Edward Bok, in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "These folk rightly feel that secular matters should be kept far removed from the Sabbath services as possible. And they are perfectly justified in taking that position. It is a bit disturbing when a minister announces that a fair will be held on such or such a day, or that a strawberry festival has been arranged for a certain evening. All our churches cannot abolish pulpit announcements too soon; many of them have done so already. They have never had a place there; they are not in keeping with the dignity of the pulpit. Of course, where a church is absolutely too limited in its finances to have the most modest sort of a leaflet printed there is some reason for the continuance of the method. But whenever it is possible the pastors of our churches should be allowed to adopt the circular plan. The minister should not be turned into an advertising medium under any pretext whatever. Nor should the pulpit be dragged from its high place and its lofty purpose. It is not a bulletin-board."

WITHIN HEARING.

[Detroit Free Press:] (Suburbanite:) You've got a new baby at your house, I hear?

(Townsite:) Great Scott! can you hear it away out there in the suburbs?

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

Could Not Be Paired.

I DOUBT if there can be found anywhere the evidence of a more graceful compliment paid to a military general than was uttered by the late Queen Victoria. Not everyone recalls the fact that the common boot now so generally worn was invented by the Duke of Wellington, and for years bore his name.

When Prime Minister, the Duke visited Windsor Castle to consult with the Queen on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the meeting was to be secret the Duke accompanied the Queen to an arbor in the castle garden. On leaving the castle the Duke said:

"I hope Your Majesty is well shod."

The reply was: "I have on double-soled shoes and am secure against dampness. But how about Your Grace?"

"Oh," said the Duke, "I have on Wellingtons, and am safe."

The Queen retorted: "Your Grace must be mistaken."

(The Duke:) I think not, Your Majesty.

(The Queen:) Your Grace certainly is; there could not be a pair of Wellingtons.—[Unidentified].

Found a Gun for Legation.

J. MITCHELL, of the United States Marine Corps, was one of the men who arrived on the transport Solace. Mitchell is regarded as the hero of Peking, for it was he who did much toward saving the lives of the people of the legations when the Boxers and the Chinese troops were storming the refuge of the foreigners.

There were 700 souls in the legation compound, and they had no weapon of defense larger than an ordinary rifle, but Mitchell had found in a junk heap an old cannon, which had not been used for many years. He fitted it up and mounted it on the compound walls. When the Chinese had got their Krupp gun in place, and were about to open fire, Mitchell turned loose his ancient cannon, and the first shot knocked the Krupp gun of the Boxers from its position and rendered it useless.

Mitchell fired repeatedly, causing great execution and preventing a storming party of Chinese from reaching the interior of the compound. On the last day of the siege the Chinese planned another desperate attack. They mounted a new gun, but when it was in place Mitchell promptly dismounted the second Krupp gun, killing many of the Chinese. Later in the day the rescuing column of allied troops reached the walls of Peking.—[San Francisco Correspondence Washington Times].

Glad They Became Acquainted.

D. CONAN DOYLE tells this story of a Boer and an English soldier who lay wounded side by side on the field of battle: "They had a personal encounter, in which the soldier received a bullet wound and the burgher a bayonet thrust before they both fell exhausted in the field. The Britisher gave the Boer a drink out of his flask, and the burgher, not to be outdone in courtesy, handed a piece of biltong in exchange. In the evening, when their respective ambulances came to carry them off to the hospital, they exchanged friendly greetings.

"Good-by, mate," said the soldier; "what a blessing it is we met each other!"—[Unidentified].

Never Breaks Down.

A WELL-TRAINED mule can be ridden into a well or up a tree. He never breaks down on a march. In the case of the army wagon, there is a tradition that people have seen people who once saw a fine team collapse, but no person can be found who has himself witnessed such an event.

When the pack mule is used in lieu of vehicles the mule is the only pack animal. He will carry everything his master puts on him, and he will carry it forever, and give no sign of complaint. He fattens on wading marshes and swimming rivers and climbing mountains. He is as sure-footed as he is clear-headed. A mule team can draw an ambulance six miles an hour for twenty hours and feel rested after eating a bunch of hay and drinking a barrel of water.

Nothing short of an earthquake will cause a mule to run away. He listens to the roar of cannon without batting an ear. The sound of battle has neither terror nor charm for him. He stays where you put him, and he raises the white flag never.

The mule is an army classic, and the stories about him are as the legends of Samson. There is a familiar Lincoln story to the effect that one day the loss by capture of a few mules and two major-generals was reported to the President. "Well," said Lincoln, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, "I can make plenty of major-generals, but I do hate to lose those mules."—[Washington Star].

Fought for its Pay.

THE First Colorado Cavalry, after the war, became famous as the only organization that failed to receive pay for its services from Uncle Sam.

The soldiers waited long and patiently, however, and finally they were rewarded with compensation.

There was no government money in Colorado at the time the regiment was raised. Neither were there telegraphs or railroads, and as cash was needed to equip the regiment and place it on a war footing, Gov. Gilpin was obliged to issue orders on the Treasurer of the United States, which virtually amounted to paper money. These orders were taken by merchants and supply dealers

ers who equipped the troops. After a while the men were paid off in these orders.

A sensation was created some time later, however, when it became known that the Governor had issued the orders without government authorization. Uncle Sam repudiated them, and the troops and the business men of Colorado found themselves in possession of thousands of dollars' worth of these orders, which were not worth the paper they were written on.

Gov. Gilpin's intentions were right, but there was no doubt but that he had exceeded his authority. The soldiers and other holders presented their claims to Congress, but after a long contest they were declared to be illegal, and were disallowed. Then they were filed with the court of claims for adjustment, and after the war was over they were allowed in full. Gov. Gilpin became a national character as a result of this case, while the First Colorado Cavalry was known from one end of the nation to the other as the regiment that had to fight for its country and fight for its pay.—[Denver Post].

Canucks and Tommies.

WHILE the Canadian Mounted Rifles made a name for their soldier-like qualities in South Africa, they also entered into competition with the British soldiers in all the sports of a military camp, and in a majority of cases got the best of the Tommies. Trooper Maycock of Leamington gives the following account of how they did up the other fellows in a horse race:

"While we were stationed at Belfast we had nothing to do but the usual duties of camp. Sometimes a foraging party would go out on the veldt and capture any stray horses which were found, as we could use all we secured. In one lot we captured was a small black mare, and some of the knowing ones thought she had speed in her. We had several brushes with the British horses before that and came out second best, as their animals were thoroughbreds and ours were only common cavalry horses. Accordingly we worked over the little black mare for some days and tested her speed. She was a marvel at running, and when the trap was ready we sprung it on the British officers and men. We got up a race and entered the little mare. The British officers entered their nags and the distance to be run was fixed at five furlongs.

"The Canadians put their money together, and one of our fellows opened a regular book. You should see the Tommies get down on their nags, and we never said a word. They put up all the money they had, and when there was not another shilling in sight, the starting judge took his place and the horses were ready to go. Trumpeter Hughes, who afterward died in Cape Town, was up on the little mare, and he handled her like a professional jockey. It did not take long to get the bunch started, and they had not gone very far when the black mare forged ahead. She kept placing more daylight between herself and the bunch all the way, and won pulled up. Of course the Tommies made no complaint, as everything was on the square. The Canadian boys who went into the scheme cleaned up a nice little sum, but after that we could not pull off any more races as the Britishers were afraid of our game."—[Detroit Free Press].

ANIMAL STORIES.

The Dog Showed Sense.

A BIG Newfoundland dog, with a muzzle on him, was following a boy near the City Hall Park in New York recently, when a little bull terrier made a dash for him and got a death-grip on one of the big fellow's ears. It was all done so quickly that the Newfoundland's ear was being well chewed before he hardly knew what struck him. He gave a howl and a snap at the little brute, but his muzzle would not allow him to open his jaws, and the bull terrier did not lose his grip, and went along, too. They dashed through the crowd, past the fountain and out on the plaza, where the big fellow nearly ran over a pail of smoking tar that was standing for a moment by the side of a workman who had stopped to light his pipe. Quick as a flash the big dog stopped and threw his head as high in the air as he could. This dragged the little terrier well off his feet and nearly tore the ear from the head of the Newfoundland, but when the little brute came down he lit plumb in the pail of tar. He let go quick enough then, and as the big dog trotted off, shaking his head, says the witness of the act, "I felt like giving him a cheer for his smartness."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch].

Educating an Ant.

EDMING an ant would seem to be an almost impossible feat, but it has been lately accomplished by the Jesuit father, Wasmann, who is, after the English naturalist Lubbock, the man who knows most about these interesting insects.

Wasmann keeps many different tribes of ants in artificial nests. To these is connected a feeding tube terminating in a glass bulb closed by a cork. Into this tube, he remarked, one of the insects came regularly. It was easy to recognize it to be always the same, as it was particularly small and otherwise different from its companions. The creature licked up the honey or sugar placed on the bulb, and, having gathered a supply, returned to share it with its companions in the nest.

Wasmann then removed the cork, upon which the insect came out and sought around for food. He then approached it with the point of a needle dipped in honey.

The ant at first shrank back, as if frightened; gradually drew nearer, feeling about with his antennae till at last it came up to the needle and licked off the honey. Later he accustomed it to take the honey directly from the tip of his finger, a surprising fact, we remember that the least unusual odor or the slightest movement outside their nests is either repulsive to ants and drives them either to flight orterrifying to ants and drives them either to flight or demonstrations of disgust. Wasmann succeeded in getting the insect so completely that at last it quit the honey on his finger, and at the conclusion of the past, without any attempt at resistance or flight, itself to be lifted on a bristle and carried back to the nest.—[New York Herald].

A Boxing Kitten.

THE proprietor of a small store in New York has a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then ringing with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store an enormous dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of being once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on hind legs and put its "fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was indeed amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer paring to demolish a giant.

Slowly, and without a sign of excitability, the dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture, as the comicality of the situation struck him. He turned his head and shoulders around to the spectator, if animal ever laughed in the world that dog did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and beamed with merriment.—[Cincinnati Enquirer].

A Trophy of War.

CAT with many peculiarities is the latest pet of a police of the southern district. Pussy arrived at Southern Police Station after a long and tiresome trip across the deep sea, having been sent from Manila Matthew O'Donnell, a member of one of the regiments now in the Philippine Islands.

The feline was picked up by Private O'Donnell roaming about the camp of the American soldiers outside of the city of Manila. It is of a pure-white and of the Angora variety, and because of its intense whiteness the police have named it Snow.

Snow has either been among the soldiers who latter were in action, or else she understands foreign language. She does not answer the policeman when called, but will only go to him when they make motions to her. The police have come to the conclusion that Snow was either made for the terrific fire of the opposing armies while on the battlefield, or she has not learned enough English to know when she is called. Otherwise Snow appears to be a very bright and active cat.

Another unique feature about Snow is that her eyes are not of the same color. The right eye is blue while the left one is of a brownish hue. Snow arrived with mice, which were very numerous in the station, have made themselves quite scarce.

Snow realizes that she is among friends, and is herself quite at home. No restrictions are placed upon her, and she goes to any part of the building where she feels disposed to do so. She takes great interest in witnessing the trials before Justice Fowler. When hearings are in progress Snow either occupies a seat next to the magistrate, or else perches herself on Justice Fowler's desk. Pussy even seems to have a sporting blood, for she frequently follows the police to the poolroom on the second floor, and becomes intent spectator to the champion games which are played daily and nightly, except Sunday, by the Snow is also very fond of the matrons, and frequently visits them when no cases are being heard by the magistrate, or when the men are not engaged in a pool. —[Baltimore American].

Bird Too Apt a Scholar.

RIFLES are ever leading to unexpected results, an experience of a certain musician affords a fine instance of the value of noticing little things.

The musician in question owned an ebony flute and silver keys. He valued it highly, but, as one of the upper notes was defective, he seldom used it. A man lodged with the musician, and between them close friendship existed.

One night the ebony flute disappeared, beyond doubt, been stolen. Suspicion fell on several persons, but nothing could be proved against any of them. Long afterward the lodger went to live in a town miles off, but, as the friendship between the two still existed, they occasionally visited each other.

Nearly a year afterward the musician paid a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, which could distinctly whistle tunes. The performance was perfect, with the exception that, whenever he came to one note, he invariably skipped it, and went on to the next.

A little reflection convinced the musician that in which the bullfinch was imperfect was the note on his lost flute. So convinced was he that he questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, latter at once tremblingly confessed his guilt, adding that the bird knew had been taught on the stolen instrument.—[Stray Stories].

A TWICE-LOST CITY. STRANGE HISTORY OF THE ISLAND TOWN OF PETEN, GUATEMALA.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE almost-unpopulated wilds of Northern Guatemala, there is an unnamed lake, surrounded by thick forests. From out the blueness of its waters rises, low and flat, an island, and on this island is a city, white and beautiful to see, a city whose history is without parallel in the annals of government. Twice it has dropped out of the world's reckoning; the first time, for a whole century. Its second oblivion, which was in the nineteenth century, lasted but a few years, but in that time the government to which the city owed allegiance had forgotten its very existence. It paid no taxes; it had no commerce; communication with the outer world was as much shut off as if it had been a lunar metropolis. In a word, the city was lost. And after it had been found—by a clerk delving among musty records in a far-away library—it had one more strange experience, for an American traveler made his way thither, and for a few weeks ruled its destinies as arbitrarily as if the divine right of discoverers were still a tenet of modern government.

Originally, the lost city's name was Tavasal, but that name exists only in the memory of a few of the old men. To its inhabitants it is now known as Peten, and to the government which rules it as La Ciudad de Flores. Cortes discovered it on his march to Honduras, after his conquest of Mexico, and, tarrying only long enough to baptize the people, whom he found tractable enough, he passed on, leaving behind him a lame horse. This horse the simple islanders regarded as a mighty god of the new religion, and they placed him in a temple and made him offerings of stewed peppers and wild turkey. The poor animal, in lieu of much-needed grass, did his best with the green peppers, and died the next day. Much depressed, the natives raised a stone statue in front of their principal temple, and the deserted town went down to posterity as Izmin Chac, God of Thunder. For a century Izmin Chac was held in great reverence, while Spain forgot, if it had ever known, of the existence of the island city.

Rediscovered by Monks.

Then two Franciscan monks, wandering from Yucatan, espied the city glittering in the lake, and rediscovered it. These were white men; hence the natives with great pride pointed out to them the white men's god, left there many generations before by those who had taught them the new religion. But the monks were scandalized. They spat upon Izmin Chac and reviled him as the work of the devil. Furthermore, they sought to prevail upon the islanders to throw the stone god into the lake. The islanders held an informal consultation, and decided to throw the monks into the lake instead. The churchmen, however, escaped, made their way to the mainland, and went back to the Governor of Yucatan, who sent back an expedition with them. Rallying around the stone horse, the islanders repulsed the invaders. A second expedition was sent out, and met the same fate. But a third captured the city, and tumbled Izmin Chac into the lake, where he now lies.

This Tayasal became part of Yucatan, but the government soon lost interest in it, and let it go by default. Later the Viceroy of Guatemala sent out an expedition against it, took it under his wing, and gave it a name which impressed its inhabitants so little that all that has come down to posterity about it is that it was painfully long. He made the place a sort of penal settlement for troublesome political personages and undesirable citizens. Escapes from the island were rare, and those who did escape were not heard of, but wandered and were lost in the vast and all-but-trackless forest which covers the country.

Forgotten by the Government.

Early in the nineteenth century came the troublous times when Mexico was fighting for her independence and Guatemala and Yucatan were declaring theirs, and the island city was forgotten in the years of bitter strife that followed. The soldiers of the garrison waited patiently for a message from their king and the money that was to pay them. Daily the drum beat the "Diana" at break of day, and the notes of the "Clarín" silenced the night. But neither message nor money came. At last the drum major hung up his drum for the last time, and the trumpeter his bugle. The sentry no longer paced his weary beat. The occupation of the soldiers was gone. The old bronze pieces of Charles V of Spain lay fallen from their carriages, and vines twined about them. Still the little city glittered in the lake, wondering what had happened to the world outside. Once a detachment of soldiers who had gone to serve their king years before, returned. They put up their muskets, saying that there was no longer a king, and they told strange tales. Time went on, and the people talked of the good old days when there was a king and soldiers, and big round dollars to pay them.

Many years afterward—so many that the children who had greeted the returning soldiers were now grown men, a government clerk in Guatemala found among the archives the records of a city on an island in the midst of the forests far to the northward; a city that had once paid taxes and supported a garrison, and had a military governor of its own before it had been forgotten; a city that, without doubt, now belonged to Guatemala, if Guatemala chose to go and take it. And Guatemala went, cutting a way through the tangled forest growth which had long since blotted out the wall. The little invading army was hospitably received, and the proclamation announcing Guatemala's re-assumption of government was applauded, though nobody understood it. The people had now come to call their city Peten, but the Guatemalan government decided upon La

Ciudad de Flores, from the wealth of bloom that characterized the island. The Guatemalans were amazed at the beauty of the city, its ancient temples and fine Spanish-church edifices. They left a Governor, and since then Peten has been again a part of the world, though little known and never visited, except officially. It has also been a part of Guatemala save for one brief interregnum, when an American citizen ruled it with a strong hand—in self-defense, he says.

Dawley's Brief Career.

Thomas R. Dawley, a traveler and writer, is the man who for a few weeks tried his hand at governing the city. While wandering about the cordilleras of Guatemala with a gun and camera, he heard of a mysterious island city in the direction of Yucatan, and decided, in spite of the dissuasions of the guides, who expatiated upon the dangers of the dark and pathless forest, infested with wild beasts and snakes, to visit the place. After fourteen days of marching and cutting their way through the thick woods, the expedition emerged upon the shores of the lake, and crossed over to the city in rough canoes.

There was a great celebration in honor of the white visitor, concluding with a torchlight procession and music and a feast. The next day there was a review of the little army by officers in gold lace and trailing swords, and salutes were fired from the old brass cannon, which had been there for countless years. The celebration came very near winding up in an insurrection, owing to the Governor and the Alcalde getting drunker than anybody else and quarreling over it. Just as the soldiers began preparing their muskets, and the visitor thought there was going to be a real battle, the chiefs threw themselves into each other's arms and declared the whole thing off. Mr. Dawley rented a house, with a yard full of poultry. He didn't need the poultry, but as he couldn't get the house without the poultry, he took both. Then the people began coming to get their pictures taken. To them, this putting their likeness on a bit of a paper was a most wonderful achievement, and they brought the photographer the great round dollars which had been in their possession since the days of the king, and handfuls of them which had been cut in pieces to make change.

There were two political factions in the town, one headed by the Governor, while the other had no head. The Governor, when not amusing himself by getting drunk, spent most of his time prosecuting or persecuting those belonging to the opposite party. He forcibly made the old priest drunk, and then banished him from the country for being a drunkard. He visited the principal rum factory in the place, and, firing up the still so that it produced more spirits than the law allowed, he arrested the proprietor and put him in jail. And finally he came around to Mr. Dawley's place to have his photograph taken, and began amusing himself by trying to shoot the heads off of the Dawley poultry. And this was the beginning of his downfall. Says Mr. Dawley of the events following:

"He couldn't hit the chickens' heads for green peas, but he made the feathers fly, and I told him to go home and shoot his own chickens. I saw plainly after that that I belonged to the opposition, and so I took a hand in local politics, and proceeded to get up a little clique of my own and await opportunity. Things were getting dull, when one day the Governor sent for the revenue officer and informed him that he must get married. The revenue officer didn't want to get married, but the Governor threatened to shoot him if he didn't and promised to kill a young bull for the wedding feast if he did. So there was a marriage and a wedding feast, and a great uproar, which so thoroughly frightened me that I went to the commandant of the garrison, demanding protection, and threatened to get up a revolution of my own if it wasn't granted. The commandant thoroughly sympathized with me, but he explained that the Governor carried a gold-headed cane with two silken balls on it, which was his staff of office, and as long as he carried that the commandant was powerless to do anything. I proposed various schemes to get between the Governor and that mighty staff of office, and thus deprive him of his power till we could do him up, but none of them met with the commandant's approval.

A Coup d'Etat.

"At last the Governor was running things with such a high hand I became thoroughly convinced that if I didn't do something he would be trying to marry me off, or shoot me, so I got up a great feast of my own, collected my partisans about me, and as a preliminary to action, got the commandant so drunk he couldn't move to interfere. Then I got his officers in fighting trim, and we sallied forth, every one of us having sworn to die for our country and liberty. We met the enemy in the public square, and, after some skirmishing, I executed a bold flank movement with eleven soldiers, cut off the Governor's retreat, and demanded his surrender. The Governor, grasping firmly his staff of office, held it up warily, as he exclaimed:

"Remember, that I am Governor."

The staff was wrenched from his grasp, and the ex-Governor was hustled across the plaza and thrown into the jail, where we gave him time to dwell on his past sins. He was thoroughly convinced that our next move would be to take him out and shoot him. And though I saved him from this fate, the ungrateful wretch afterward swore to shoot me on sight. As a result of our skirmish we had two wounded, one of them seriously, upon whom I performed my first act of surgery, and with such success the poor fellow actually got well and thanked me, after being sewed up with an ordinary tailor's needle and thread.

"Two days later we took the Governor from the jail and sent him back under escort through the forest to Guatemala, with all the testimony we had against him, and a request for a new Governor. But the fellow was smart. He succeeded in hoodwinking the officer in command of the escort, and made his escape just as they were approaching their destination. The officer was put in prison for non-performance of duty, and died there. What became of the Governor I don't know, but I was glad enough to welcome his substitute."

It was some weeks before the new Governor arrived,

and in the meantime the burdens of the office fell upon Mr. Dawley. With his camera and his soldiers he succeeded in keeping matters straight. The camera made him popular, and the soldiers made him feared. As soon as the new Governor arrived, the American turned over the staff of office to him, and departed in peace. The old Governor never returned.

RAISES DUCKS AND BEES.

MISS WHEELER LEAVES AN OFFICE POSITION AND BECOMES A FARMER.

[New York Tribune:] A flourishing little farm of three acres on the north end of Lake Champlain produces yearly more than two and a half tons of honey and fifteen hundred ducks, besides quantities of fruit which is marketed at the neighboring summer hotels. It is owned and run by Miss Frances Ellen Wheeler, for several years a stenographer and typewriter in this city. In an interview Miss Wheeler said:

"It seems a far cry from a stenographer's place in New York to the ownership and superintendence of a duck and bee ranch. Yet, in looking backward, the sense of harmony between the two occupations deepens. I have grown to understand that it does not so much matter what we do as how we do it; that the qualities required for a successful stenographer are equally necessary for a duck and bee rancher. In both callings, if success is to be attained, ignorance must be overcome by perseverance, tact and common sense."

Miss Wheeler learned stenography in the first class of the kind formed by the Young Women's Christian Association at No. 7 East Fifteenth street. After several years of office work her hands became disabled, and the problem arose how to save the little family home at Chazy, N. Y., with its bee plant.

Regarding her first experiences she said:

"Now that the difficulties are surmounted I can smile at the combinations which ignorance and ingenuity inflicted on those bees and the results that swept back upon their owner that first summer. It can be safely said that my apiary ran the gamut of all the misfortunes to which a bee yard can be subjected without actual ruin. A winter's study of bee literature, coupled with the practical knowledge already gained, paved the way, however, to future success, and I have never had trouble with the bees since that time, except through occasional inefficient help. The yard has increased from thirty-one to seventy colonies.

"The duck industry grew out of the bee work, and was started to justify me in hiring a capable man for the entire season, so that I might have his services in the apiary. The first year I had five Peking ducks, their eggs being set under hens. That fall thirty were kept, and in the spring incubators were used for hatching. I now winter seventy for breeding. While nearly every incubator on the market can give a fair hatch, what is most needed is a machine which, without the aid of the operator, will hold the temperature steady all night in the egg chamber. No one can appreciate this who has not been up and down night after night during the hatching season regulating a refractory incubator. The machines that I now use hold the temperature steady for days at a time.

"My market is the biggest hotel on the lake, and I furnish all the ducks that it uses, another hotel taking the overflow. The birds are shipped twice a week from the middle of June until October 1. I spare no expense or trouble to produce the finest table duck.

"I began with practically no capital. This, of course, was a disadvantage, because it necessitated an economy which was costly in time and bird life, and obliged the use of a lot of exasperating makeshifts. My greatest losses and troubles were caused by poor help. When a woman selects rural pursuits as her vocation the question of hired help in the form of a general utility man confronts her at the outset. The laws of nature sometimes seem reversed when she takes the reins, and it requires study for her to learn to guide her team in her own feminine way to the end of the trip without 'bolt' or smash-up.

"It is fascinating work to take a place and develop its possibilities. The soil responds generously to one's efforts, and all nature smiles gratefully in fruit and flower. About such a life there is an independence and scope beside which an office position seems very tame."

Clovernoak, Miss Wheeler's home, is an ideal spot. It occupies a sunny slope running down to the river, and comprises three broad terraces. The middle terrace is in the possession of the bees. The lowest one, along the river, is covered by a grove. The buildings, duckyards and garden front the road.

A SCOTCH WOMAN A LAWYER.

[London Mail:] A courageous Scottish lady seems to be on the point of forcing the closed door, and thus opening up a new profession for her sex in her own country.

This year, indeed, may witness the triumph of Miss Margaret Howie of Strang Hall, Kirn. Her petition for admittance to the law-agents' examination has been filed and the incorporated society do not feel called upon to oppose her prayer; in fact, they "do not conceive it to be their interest or duty to maintain that women ought not to be enrolled." Miss Howie's fate, is, therefore, now in the hands of the judiciary, who will soon decide whether she shall be the first woman ever admitted to practice in Scotland, England or Ireland. If the decision is favorable Miss Howie as a law agent would be eligible for the offices of sheriff substitute, notary public and clerk in the court of sessions and bill chamber.

Though England, Scotland and Ireland have so far been without women lawyers, the Incorporated Society of Law Agents point out that, so far as they are aware, permission to practice has never been sought.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Robert G. McCormick is named for Minister of Austria. He is a genial gentleman, who knows enough to keep out of the Reichsrath when the fisticuffs are going forward.

TAMATE: THE QUEEN-FLOWER OF OUT-LAWRY.

BY ADACHI KINNOBUKE.
Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

AND in those days, there lived a man in a little village, near enough to the seat of the mighty to see the picturesque outline of the famous Kameyama Castle, polishing the skies, whose name was Tokukichi. A simple farmer was Tokukichi, very famous was he, however, among his cattle, among his friends and foes, for his good-natured laugh over the toll-heavy mud of the paddy fields in the season of the transplanting of rice—famous also for his blockheadedness—not without a dash of loose and absent-minded sort of humor, which made the simple man of the field very entertaining, but above all, very, very noted for his honesty.

"Hei, wife—wife!" he made his shouting entry into his straw-thatched hut, in the broad midday without a hoe upon his shoulders. And his sturdy wife turned round to see the scandal of a thunderstorm which had so unceremoniously scattered all her wits.

"You, my man—and at this time of day!"

"Don't you unhinge your hip joints and unhook your jaws like that. Who knocked out the bottom of the earth? Have I told you that I picked up the august Mistress Sun on the road like a persimmon?"

"But did the crows pick away your senses as they picked away your lunch the other day? What's the matter with you? Do you know the time of day? And who sent you, without a warning, and without heart, upon your sinless and unprotected wife, at the end of the middle meal?"

"Now, now, there!... Don't you change your tongue for a popping bean! Open your ears and shut that mouth of yours—you look better that way—yes, you do, wife. And...and...now, listen, now...well, the Shoya—well, he comes to me this morning. Of course I was weeding; you never see my hoe idle—that's a fact—do you, now? Well, here, he comes along the azalea path between paddy fields) as uncertain as a tipsy ghost! A-ha, ha, ha!"

"Did he send you home because you are such a nuisance on the field? He is a mighty wise man, that Shoya."

"Now, listen. Fair morning to the honorable presence," say I, taking off the towel from my head. "As usual, working hard, Tokukichi—that's good..." he says, a-ha, ha, ha!...."

"Well, what has that anything to do with the story?"

"Now, be patient, now! Well, he is a good man, a good-natured man, a mighty wise man, as you say, wife. But while he was speaking to me, he took his eyes off the axe, where his feet were anchoring. And long before his last word was out of his mouth, he danced a fetching step—ha, ha, ha! You ought to have seen him, then, sure!—and, sir, it came within half an inch of making a muddy rat out of him! And he says (as if nothing had happened, that is judging from hearing him) 'You are a little thick in the head,' he says. 'Hei, hei,' say I. And then, he says, 'But you are such a good fool that you know nothing but to be honest,' and laughed as if I was dancing in the mud on my head! 'Yes, you are honest,' he says. 'You are uncommonly honest.' That's just what he said, wife, in those very words. 'You are so slave honest! You are so honest'...."

"Yes, he said that you are fool honest, well, but did that send you home in this early hour, like a gentleman who keeps his hands in the breast pocket, when here before you, as the good sun knows, the fields are nearly choked with weeds, and I am working my fingers off of my hands?"

"I am going to tell you; now, then, will you listen or will your mouth open again so that your teeth would catch a death of cold? The Shoya he says just as I tell you, time and again, I am honest. Ha, ha, ha! But a cup of tea, wife, a cup of tea, wife."

"What you tell me is as dark to me as the sacred sutra."

"Don't be in such a brazing hurry. Nobody is going to burn you yet for the day. Well, you must know first—and all this the Shoya told me over and over again till I understood it very well indeed, that the lord of Kameyama Castle is at Yedo. You don't know what that great place is. But that is all right. And the lord is such a great person that money is like mud to his august presence. And so this little village, which belongs to the great lord, has gathered its tax. Now somebody must take the gold to the lord at Yedo. This is done, wife, because it is important that the august lord at Yedo should go on thinking that the money is as plentiful as the mud is in the rice field. Well, now, this was what the Shoya came to tell me. 'I know you are such an honest fool,' says the Shoya....

"But haven't you dinned that into me thick enough, my man?"

"Oh, have I...ya, ya, give me another cup of tea. Well, this is good, wife. Well, as I was saying, the Shoya, he says, 'I know you are an uncommonly honest man. And we have 100 pieces of gold. And we must get someone to take them to the minister of the lord of the Kameyama Castle. What I came to you today is to tell you that the entire village put its fingers upon your name and would not have anyone else. And will you do it—it's a great honor,' says the Shoya. 'And, then, think of so many places that you could never dream of seeing but for this chance, Tokukichi.' 'Will I do it?' say I to the Shoya. 'Buddha and Bosatsu! I feel as if I were dreaming right this minute, on the blessed veranda of the Lotus. It is too much like a

dream to be true. Strike me quick,' say I to the Shoya, poking my muddy arm straight to his nose. 'Strike me quick, and hard, too, I might wake up broken-hearted.' The Shoya laughed—he is such a fat, jolly man, that old Shoya. And so I am going to take those 100 pieces of gold to the minister of the lord of the Kameyama Castle—he is at Yedo, where the biggest castle under heaven is, did I tell you, wife—where the Shogun is?"

"Going to Yedo...and you with 100 pieces of gold—and with that foolish face of yours! Why, my man, one cannot trust you with a boy who can never get hurt if he rolled down the Kiso Mountain. Send 100 pieces of gold by you, ha, ha, ha! Well, my man, didn't the Shoya say that he was going to send the 100 pieces of gold by a strong and bright man and wanted you to cart round his sandals and things? That was it, wasn't it?—Now, think."

"There is a limit even to bad jokes, wife. A little—well, I am not as young as I used to be twenty years ago. But who is denying that? One hundred pieces of thin gold—that is not such a terrible load—I can carry a thousand without any trouble, and walk twenty ri every day, too. And why can't I take the gold to Yedo? Tell me that."

"Easy, old man, and then, by the by, what do you think I shall be doing all those long days when you will be away?—loaded, too, with so much money? Not a cent of it is your own. Worry my soul sick?—Bosatsu have mercy upon me! The highway, they say, is full of robbers, and even if through the ten thousand and one miracles of the good Lord Buddha you get, piece and all, to august Yedo, even then, there will be no peace of heart, neither to you nor to me. Because the streets of august Yedo are filled as thick, as the flies of summer, they tell me, with people very convenient with their fingers and can pick an eye of a living horse without the horse knowing anything about it."

"There it is, woman all over! Look at me closely, wife, am I such a spirit-gone fool?—don't I know when I have a sack with 100 pieces of gold in it and when I do not have it? And, then, if there be such a treasure, who can steal the eye of a living horse? then, wife, you needn't puddle in the mud of the rice field any more. For you see, your old man will catch a few of them and bring them back to this village, and give a big show and make all sorts of money."

Of course, his wife had the last word upon the tangled discussion—pretty nearly as knotty as some of the threads in her workbox. And at last the inner light which is within a man, and which woman calls conceit, had enlightened the good farmer and told him as kindly and soothingly as possible that although the sun-long day of the Kameyama farmer is not the shortest nor the most nervous or impatient thing of which the good Buddha, in his deep wisdom, knows, still it is not quite long enough to convince a woman, more especially one's own wife, who is thoroughly acquainted with all his weak points, inside and out, of a thing of which she said the first word against him. In spite of the judgment of Tokukichi's wife—very correct as you would be made to see in the wise unrolling of the course of things—the villagers were all drunk with the cheap ring of their own sagacity—"He is too foolish to be dishonest."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Stitching night to day, Tokukichi swung his figure, as picturesque with all its rustic ruggedness as a bit of a country landscape, upon that elegant highway whereupon the fashion of the time used to take its cake walk up to the Yedo of the Shogun. He was naturally an infinite merriment of the teahouse maids and the loafing parasites along the famous Tokai-do, but of that the honest farmer did not care—in fact, was utterly innocent of the fact. Twelve days, and at last there he was in the august Yedo—'tis the planting place of the tree which bringeth forth the fruits of gold, as the wit of the time said of it. He went up to the book-keeper of the inn.

"Hei, the humble, is a mud farmer from a country village near Kameyama Castle in the Country of Tamba," the honest Tokukichi opened fire and told the long and short of the whole story—the beginning and the aim of his weighty mission with 100 pieces of gold in the sack. He wanted the book-keeper of the inn to take charge of the gold till the morning of the morrow. In the early hours—he went on to say—he would turn the gold into the hand to which it was due and make lighter his heart of the weight and invite back into his eye the sleep which responsibility had frightened away.

"Ee, korewa...one, two three," the book-keeper untied the mouth of the sack and counted out the pieces of gold, "100 pieces of gold. I shall keep the strict account of them for you."

In the early light of the following morning, with the sparrow, Tokukichi kicked his futon (bed quilts). The sun was rather high, however, when he, the money sack in his bosom pocket, and its string around his neck, fared forth upon the Yedo streets. Faithfully, with the simple fidelity of a countryman from the shadow-thick corner of the far-away province, healthy with the perfume of the pine, Tokukichi followed the map—made by a clerk of the inn for his special benefit, showing in emphatic lines the course he was to take through the maze entanglement of the Yedo streets. The mischief of the thing was, that the course of the simple countryman lay through the most entertaining corners of Yedo of the day. Horns were blowing, the laughter of girls was ringing like many silver bells, and so happened, in a corner, seated upon a mat, was a teller of tales, surrounded, as with a black halo, with the good-natured folks from the country, all of beaming faces and who were losing their souls through their laughing eyes and their white-teethed smiles. Tokukichi forgot his own self—the sack of gold and all. When a kindly god returned unto him his senses, he could not tell how long he had been listening.

At the gate of the great Yedo yashiki of the lord of the Kameyama Castle, he was received with all the smiling courtesy, and was ushered into a little room. "Korya, korya. You are the Tokukichi, a farmer

from the august province of the lord. We miss your pains over the far journey, and so you are bearer of the taxes from your village? Yes, you are."

"As the honorable words—a mud peasant from

"Very good, good fellow, and are you ready to lay over the gold this morning? You have it with your bosom pocket? That is right."

Tokukichi pulled the string of the sack which hung about his neck. It came out without the string trouble; but there was nothing at the end of it. His hands shot into the bosom pocket like lightning, the cyclone entered into his honest head. Not even a shadow of the 100 pieces of gold!

It was an evil day that the gods gave him the ready wit.

"Ah, august Samura! pardon the humble man. What am I thinking about, why, of course, last night as soon as the humble one reached the city and the humble inn, I turned over the whole thing into the care of the innkeeper. With your honorable permission, the humble one would retrace the steps and fetch the gold.

He had not time to see the cool smile of the innkeeper over the simple absent-mindedness of a farmer.

Tokukichi went out of the Daimyo yashiki and into the veritable hades. "You are in the streets of Yedo, you might have said to him. But he would have thanked you for a bad joke. His flea-picking eyes were covering every inch of the streets over which he had passed. But in those flower days of Yedo, it was a child's afternoon play for anyone to find a thing he had dropped ten minutes ago. And Tokukichi was now out of his soul trying to find a thing which had been stolen from him. Pretty soon—and no wonder—he had in addition to the gold, his hope, his courage, and the ring of all the fearful consequences of his misdeeds, which his imagination offered to his vivid view in a cool array. He came to lose the taste for life as well. What would his wife say, she who had warned him not to do, with very impressive words and with emphatic gestures about this very matter? What will become of him at the hand of justice? One hundred pieces of gold, Buddha and Rakwan—it was no small amount of money! All the sweat he might squeeze through the remaining days would hardly condense into so great a sum. Was he already on the verge of a dark hole? The gleam of a sharp blade gleaming above his head. He jumped back from the railing of the Shishi Bridge. The gray of his temper fell upon the pale mirror which was running away below his feet. "Ah, man's life is at the end of running water—there is nothing more mysterious than this!" That was a proverb he had heard hundreds of times. And so, from the far-away region of Kameyama something had beckoned him forth this spot for this—he turned the whole thing over to his mind, in his slow fashion...mystery! He had his bosom about it, and then he made answer to his own bosom—mystery! Nothing seemed to have been gained in all these wise and most excellent philosophy meanderings. He, of course, forgot the middle way. When the shades were falling from the west, he hurried to him, in a leisurely way, that the high bridge might be becoming a little tired of his weight. There was no harm in looking for the lost lantern along the crowded streets of Yedo again. When he gained the bridge the lights of Yedo streets were terminating the lanterns of the gods in the above sky, and the river seemed to be taking both of them, the stars and the street lanterns, with equally shaking hands without taking the trouble of winnowing the real from the hypocritical and laughing softly at their mad and flowing confusion. He watched, empty of heart and empty of stomach, the river—how long? A gust of wind came up the river and woke him. He went to the foot of the bridge and put a number of rocks into his sleeves, flinging frightened looks back and forth that you would have said he was robbing a miser. He came back, heavily laden, to his station on the bridge over the mid-stream. But, then, the night looked rather cold, and it was some distance from the high bridge to the water. Might he not get lost falling into water from so high a place? He was about to die—he knew that—at the same time the idea of meeting the Emma-O, the king of Hades, with a broken bone, the wet kimono and the benumbed face! But as he was, he found that there were many ghosts which rose between him and that night-black hole below his feet, like so many tall fences between him and the shadow land where death keeps house. He was passing by—and that did seem as if the gods were saying to him, "You little coward, when we make something so easy—when we are accommodating you as we can, you still hesitate!" At the moment, he could afford to offend the gods—in fact, to keep on a term with them was everything to him. Slowly, all the awkwardness which comes from old age and the stiff, large bones of a farmer, he climbed the railing of the bridge. At last, there was nothing more for him to do but to roll off the railing. A baby said that—and of that he knew; he knew also that he could not do it. He did not know why. Suddenly he heard, in the boast which he made to his wife, a laugh, of kidnapping a rare treasure of a person who would steal an eye from a living horse, and a big show in the quiet village of Kameyama, and no end of money. And he laughed on the railing, the stream wherein flowed the melted night. He began rolling off his tongue in an eternal string of compressed whispers. Knowing well that he could repeat the sacred sutra as well as the village people, he was most heroically and conscientiously making a bluff at it. Lord Buddha! a decent man could not without a reading of a sutra over his last moments, so busily occupied, he did not notice the approach of the lantern and the sound of steps.

"Eh! old man, how dangerous! Wait there, I tremble thus upon the bridge; the sound of steps; and Tokukichi making all sorts of wild efforts to swim on the bridge.

"Look here, old man! It's not a free show, after...get up, now..." A man seized him. His sleeves are full of rocks—just as I thought—you're a never-to-be-thought-of thing! Too rough a gray hair, anyway, old man—it's too cold for the

I dare say. It is the honorable order of my mistress, and as you see, I come between you and a cold death."

"No, the honorable kindness is as high as Fuji Mountain and all the tears of my eyes, would not be enough to thank you for it.... hei... but... there is something that would not let me live for another day."

"Well, of course.... but it's not a piece of a potato that you are throwing away, old man. Just wait a minute, it won't hurt you to think more than once about it.... don't you fight, like that. Ee, you must be a raw-boned farmer, strong as a bull! In your country it may be a fashion to be an ass, but not so here, do you hear? I say, don't fight.... you, horse and deer!...."

"As here.... let me talk to him a minute," and at the sound of the voice which, for all the world sounded like the nightingale mocking a cricket, paralysis fell upon the struggling farmer.

"Moshi, honorable presence, you may laugh at it as an out-of-the-way and altogether immodest thing for a young woman to do. But, even the brushing of sleeves on a highway is something of a karma, more or less— you know the proverb. And you can see for yourself— just place yourself in my place— would you pass as if you saw nothing when a life that is to be thrown away like a rag, crosses your path? Of course, I know nothing of what brought you to this bridge. I may be able to be of some assistance— would be very glad if I could. You are not exactly young, honorable man of travel, and it would not be so embarrassing to you to be with a young woman—and so I pray you to accompany us to a house not far away from here, will you not? I shall be very glad if I can be 'p' you."

It was not exactly for the fun of the thing that he had been seeing all sorts of chilly things in the nightly storm; and then, too, the voice of the female savior had something in it that was more soothing than the reading of the sutra.

And they came to one of the most fashionable teahouses of the day.

"Can you let us have a quiet room in an off-house? This old gentleman and myself want to have a little private talk," said the young lady to the master of the house.

"Honorable wish.... We have the honor of obeying it most strictly," bowed the master of the teahouse profusely.

The candle light fell upon the charming elegance of the room and upon the young woman. Not older than a hundred seasons—dressed like an aristocratic lady familiar with the Daimyo life of the day, she had in her eyes the light which made you dream at once of the sword of Masamune and the melting languor of the closing days of May and looking at the flower color of her lips in the pallor of the slender oval of her face, you would have said that the snow had at last come to flower.

Because her words were kind; her smile, the most genial of springs, Tokukichi, feeling as in a dream, found it pleasant to tell her everything, entangling himself, of course, in the unmannerly threads of his story, going back several times to the same starting point and forgetting always that which he had started out to tell, and always laughing at his own embarrassment with a sort of toothless humor. Patiently, the fair lady heard him, dropping, from time to time, a well-bred smile, trying her best to oil his discourse, doubtless. He concluded: "I laughed, honorable lady.... yes, I did, when my wife told me of the gentlemen who are called pick-pockets and who could steal the eye of a living horse without its knowing anything about it. As the honorable presence sees, the humble one does not laugh any more. It must be a fearful place, this august Yedo, the humble one could never believe that there could be gentlemen, who take things which do not belong to them and bring all sorts of trouble so heavily upon an old man, and so far away from his old wife and home, too, and bring him to death, and then do not trouble themselves about it—not even to say a few words of the sacred sutra over his last moments.... Now, isn't it a fearful world, honorable lady?"

"One hundred pieces of gold—did you tell me?"

"As the honorable words...."

"Would you allow me to find those 100 pieces of gold which you say you have lost for you?"

"Ee, but the humble one has done his best to find it—every inch of the streets I passed...."

"But would you be willing to try a younger pair of eyes?"

The old man was willing.

The young woman, delighted, and all in smiles, clasped her hands. In answer, a waitress brought the choice things of the famous teahouse, heavy upon a lacquered tray: "I thought you may not object to a few things to eat; and that will shorten the time you will have to wait for me while I shall go to look for the lost purse." She smiled. Very much amazed at the goodness of the lady, at her beauty, at the elegance of her dress, at the interest she took in him, an old stranger from a distant farm, without comeliness either of body or of mind, allowed the young lady, without a single word, to sweep him an exquisite courtesy and disappear through the opening of white shoji.

[To be continued.]

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WOMEN BOOTBLACKS SOON.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] In one of the big city stores women's shoes are now shined free, whether they are bought at that store or not. Nobody has yet offered unconditional free shines to men, or the Bootblacks' Union might be heard from on the subject.

The Bootblacks haven't protested against free shines for women, because a woman needs courage to take a seat chair and get her shoes shined, and few women have yet defied convention to that extent. In a store the women don't mind, and this particular store finds that it pays to oblige it; women customers by giving them something for nothing.

A negro woman does the shining, and she is busy all day long. The store people say that there are so many shoes of the masculine type worn by women now that there will soon be a brisk demand for women bootblacks to keep them in order.

HAS BEEN THE ROUNDS.

CAREER OF BEN J. SCOVILLE, WHO IS PREPARING FOR MISSION WORK.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the men who do missionary work in our cities there are many who have led strange lives. Men who have been gamblers, card sharpeners, prize fighters, thugs, corner loafers, and even professional criminals, as well as the reclaimed wrecks of many honorable trades and professions, may be found doing the work of the missions. In the whole list, however, there will hardly be one whose life-story is stranger than that of Ben J. Scoville, who is now preparing at the Christian Alliance School in Nyack, N. Y., for special missionary work among stage folk. Scoville has been in his 30 years of life, street gamin, cabin boy, ship's cook, tramp, chore boy, actor, reciter, teacher of elocution and at one time assistant stage manager for Sir Henry Irving. In his experience on the seas he was a chief witness for the conviction of Hughes, one of the most brutal murderers in the history of crime.

Scoville was born in London, England, thirty years ago. His father, an officer in the British army, was killed in the Zulu war, leaving a widow and two children, Ben and a baby sister. The mother, through elocutionary and musical talent, supported the children in comparative comfort until she suddenly died. On the day of her burial, while a salute of honor was being fired over her grave, the children were deserted by their guardian, who left them penniless and friendless in London. They drifted into the White Chapel district, and managed, during warm weather, to eke out a precarious living, Ben earning a few pennies a day as a newsboy, street sweeper and bootblack. At night they slept in alleys, under wagons, or wherever shelter offered.

Then came the winter days, and on the night of the first snowstorm of the season, the homeless waifs crawled into a hogshead, which stood in the shadow of the Nelson Monument, in Trafalgar Square. Ben wrapped his sister with his thin coat to keep her warm. The snow drifted in upon them, and the next morning when Ben, benumbed, awoke, his little companion was dead. The next day she was buried in the public burial field, four newsboys acting as bearers, and Ben made the first resolution of his life, that he would earn enough some day to have the body exhumed and laid to rest beside their mother.

The sea had an attraction for him. He visited the wharves until he secured a place as cabin boy with Capt. Hoyle, on the ship Vanguard. On this vessel he remained several years, and was promoted to be cook's assistant. The captain's daughter, Mary, helped him with his studies, and he grew very fond of her. One day, while she was playing ball on the deck, a sudden lurch of the ship threw her overboard. Ben plunged after her, and with considerable difficulty kept her afloat until both were hauled on board. For this bravery, on his return to London, he was presented with £5 by the Royal Humane Society. He had saved £2 out of his wages, and at once proceeded to gratify his long-cherished desire. He had his sister's body removed from the public burial field and buried by her mother. He then returned to the sea, this time as steward's assistant on the steamer Priscilla, Capt. William Hughes, from Rio de Janeiro to London.

On the Priscilla was a feeble-minded boy whom Hughes had taken to sea in return for £100 paid by the lad's guardians. This boy, from the time he left London, was subjected to gross indignities and cruelties inflicted by the captain and his mate. On Christmas day the outrages approached the climax. The boy was brought to mess and given only the bones which the ship's dog had gnawed. When the little fellow reached out his hand for some plum duff, the mate struck him a blow with a carving knife, cutting a deep gash in his hand. The blood spurted on Ben, who tore up his only white shirt to staunch the flow and make bandages. On New Year's eve, as Ben and a companion were on deck, they saw Capt. Hughes and the mate bring the boy out. There was an altercation and loud oaths, and the boy was struck. As he shrieked with pain, Capt. Hughes lifted him from the deck, carried him to the rail, and hurled him into the sea. There was one piercing scream, and then all was still.

Ben and his fellow-witness of the crime said nothing, but when they reached London, Ben promptly informed the murdered lad's guardians. Hughes and the mate were arrested, tried, convicted upon Ben's testimony, and were sentenced to be hanged. On the night before the execution in Newgate Prison, Hughes confessed that he had acted as principal or accessory in the murder of more than thirty boys in the same way. Most of them were feeble-minded, and generally guardians paid £100 for having them taken to sea.

Once more Ben returned to the ocean. He endured many hardships, and on his last voyage as a sailor was shipwrecked. He drifted ten days in an open boat, subsisting on a biscuit and a gill of water a day. After his rescue he underwent a long illness in the Marine Hospital, London.

On being discharged from the hospital he worked his way on a cattle steamer to this country, and struck out for Buffalo, thinking from the name of that city that the biggest cattle ranges must be there. He learned differently, but subsisted awhile by doing odd jobs and by dancing hornpipes in saloons. He then went to Cleveland, O., where he engaged with a doctor to do chores for \$1 a week and his board, with the great added privilege of attending school. Ben cared for two horses, waited on the doctor's wife and daughters, and did a lot of other menial work; but he stuck it out until he graduated from Cleveland High School. Then he went to Birmingham, Ala., and paid his way for a year in Howard College, by ringing the college bell, acting as agent for a laundry and doing chores. From Alabama he went to Colorado, and secured work in Strat-

ton's great Independence mine in Cripple Creek, earning enough to enable him to progress in his studies in Colorado College, Colorado Springs. Then came a miner's strike, and he lost his job.

Scoville went next to Chicago, where he failed to find employment, and sold his watch to pay his railroad fare to Cleveland. From Cleveland he walked to Batavia, N. Y., where he earned enough by washing the windows of the Y.M.C.A. building to carry him to Lyons. At Lyons the Rev. Mr. Ostrander became interested in him, and secured him a church collection. Similar assistance was given him in Port Byron, and from there he went to Boston.

Full of hope, Ben then applied to Manager Frank W. Hale of the New England Conservatory, and begged admission as a student in elocution and oratory. An arrangement was made whereby he could earn his tuition fees and expenses by working six to ten hours a day in the model-machine shops and printing department. He applied himself closely, and was graduated with honors in December, 1896.

He then began his professional career. For a time he supported himself in Syracuse as a reciter, then traveled about the country until he met the "Sign of the Cross" Company, at Peoria, and joined it. Wilson Barrett took him to England with his English company, and Scoville had a wide stage experience on the other side playing such diverse parts as Tubal, in the "Merchant of Venice;" Duncan, in "Macbeth;" Jacques, in "As You Like It;" Nero, in the "Sign of the Cross;" Sir Joseph Porter, in "Pinafore," and Queen of Fairies, "Jack and the Beanstalk." He was for a time assistant stage manager for "Robespierre," with Henry Irving's company. In Manchester, Scoville met and fell in love with a girl whom he married at the termination of his engagement with Irving's company. They came to this country, and he got a position as professor of elocution in the High School at Galveston, Tex. On the day of the flood he was in the High School building, and with others was penned there by the water. All the next day he searched for his wife, and in the evening he found her body in the ruins.

Grief stunned and without ambition, Scoville came to New York, and wandered aimlessly about the city. By chance he went into a missionary meeting, where a former opera singer was holding special meetings, and decided to join the missionary work. He is now taking the regular course, and intends to work not only among stage folk, but among those who have failed to establish themselves on the stage and are drifting or have drifted into dissolute ways of life. Of New York, the Mecca of the stage struck, he recently wrote to a friend:

"New York is full of poor, ambitious young men and women who think it great sport to go upon the stage. These become ready 'left,' and stroll about the city streets, going from bad to worse. It would not be so bad if this host were only from New York, but they are from all parts of Canada and the United States. If a man is tall he stands some little show, providing he has a degree of talent. A woman must be a 'good-looker,' have an attractive shape, and if she has money, or a 'friend' who has plenty of dust—happy woman. Otherwise she is 'N. G.' A woman is subject to all the slander and abuse the managers and stage managers see fit to bestow upon her. This is drawing it mild. 'Alf-and-'alf, don't you know. You may draw it as you like."

"I believe that a great work can be done among actors and actresses, especially among those that have been disappointed in the life of the stage, and want to make something of themselves and get into a respectable way of living before they graduate down on the Bowery and Water street. I hope that God will open up the way for me to start this neglected good work. And now, if you know any young men or women who are starting in on the stage, tell them to stay out of New York City, for it is overrun; but if they must seek the metropolis, let them be sure and secure a return ticket, and take good care of it."

A. C. HAESELBARTH.

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IN CASE OF FIRE.

SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER FOR EMERGENCIES.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] In case of fire, if the burning articles are at once splashed with a solution of salt and nitrate of ammonia an incombustible coating is formed. This is a preparation which can be made at home at a trifling cost, and should be kept on hand. Dissolve 20 pounds of common salt and 10 pounds of nitrate of ammonia in 7 gallons of water. Pour this into quart bottles of thin glass, and fire grenades are at hand ready for use. These bottles must be tightly corked and sealed to prevent evaporation, and in case of fire they must be thrown near the flames, so as to break and liberate the gas contained. At least two dozen of these bottles should be ready for an emergency.

In this connection it is well to remember that water on burning oil scatters the flame, but that flour will extinguish it. Salt thrown upon a fire if the chimney is burning will help to deaden the blaze.

If a fire once gets under headway, a covering becomes a necessity. A silk handkerchief moistened and wrapped about the mouth and nostrils prevents suffocation from smoke; failing this, a piece of wet flannel will answer.

Should smoke fill the room, remember that it goes first to the top of the room and then to the floor. Wrap a blanket or woolen garment about you, with the wet cloth over your face, drop on your hands and knees and crawl to the window.

Bear in mind that there is no more danger in getting down from a three-story window than from the first floor if you keep a firm hold of the rope or ladder. Do not slide, but go hand over hand.

The International Monthly (Burlington, Vt.) announces that during 1901 the department of economics and commerce will contribute important papers of general interest on the economics and commercial conditions of this country and of those foreign countries which are ever coming in closer association with the United States.

SOME SIGNS MANUAL.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR.

By a Special Contributor.

IF THE Autograph Collector could be induced to apologize for his existence, or to explain to a half-tolerant public the peculiar interest he takes in such things as the mere signatures of men and the value he attaches thereto, it is by no means uncertain that he would not cite numerous precedents among the ancient Egyptians and orientals, particularly among the Chinese and Japanese.

For autograph collecting did not originate with moderns.

A certain and peculiar interest has ever attached to a man's autograph, whether he inscribed it on a sandstone cliff or a fan, and, in these days when autographs generally take the more convenient form of notes and letters, the thoughtful and appreciative individual can only deem it a sin not to collect. He is willing to sacrifice time and money toward the acquiring of a collection and to count every bit of the labor a joy.

This being a period of quick and easy methods, one can in a few weeks make a noteworthy collection of autographs—one that begins with early kings and queens of Europe and that includes all the names illuminating modern history and letters. Moreover, the genuineness of each autograph, if desired, will be guaranteed by the dealer who furnishes them "at very moderate prices" and who usually abides and thrives in London town.

But, for reasons that are obvious, the enthusiast prefers to accumulate his own autographs and in his own way; and, whether he be rich or as poor as the born collector usually is, he is seldom lazy. Of course, it is all very grand to own a Carlyle and a Napoleon and a lot of Cruikshanks and a series of Chopins; there are those who dream of inheriting perfectly-preserved "Autograph Letters Signed" of Burns and Coleridge, or perhaps tattered little scraps of crumpled paper, on which disgracefully schoolboyish scrawls represent the best penmanship once employed in love-letter writing by certain kings, now long dead. Those who believe in the irony of fate, or in the supremacy of literature, should cheer the fact that a few, hurried lines writ by Wesley or Keats are valued in the market places today at \$100 gold, while you can buy the autographs of mere kings, and on real vellum, at \$8 and \$10 apiece.

Collector Must Keep Secrets.

The collector, even he who is not sinfully ambitious nor intensely active, is bound to acquire many interesting experiences, as well as autographs. A few of these experiences he must ever cherish and reviv' not; he must learn to keep secrets, if not to be selfish. Seldom is he so unwise as to be identified with any of the Tell associations and to disclose "methods" to an imitative, news-spreading public.

Some eminent people, be it known, resent even the slightest attentions from autograph collectors. Particularly is this true of certain literary persons, who, after the millionth edition of their novel, prefer to isolate themselves in a lordly castle and to wade around among \$20 gold pieces to being decently polite and obliging to representatives of the poor, best-intentioned public, who bought the books and made the castle possible.

The penalties of success are many and should not always be evaded. The gentle, much-beloved Longfellow used to devote an occasional leisure hour to writing his name on small pieces of paper; and so, whenever a school child called at his house, or even an admiring but uninited pilgrim from the dreadful West, there was always an autograph souvenir of the visit ready.

Does it With His Typewriter.

Then there is our Mark Twain. Perhaps he should be considered a moderately busy man—paying off debts in the old Walter Scott fashion, orating at banquets and town meetings and doing missionary work generally; yet he finds time to be civil to the poor collector of autographs. If he happens to be very, very hurried, indeed, he dashes off one on the typewriter. Why cannot the others be as beautifully civil?

Literary people, according to Dr. Holmes, do not believe in giving away "copy," and the collector who succeeds in getting notes and letters from any of them may consider himself favored of the gods. The scientist is also difficult and the politician fearful of political pitfalls and traps.

The Unattainables.

But sometimes the most astute among the unattainables are caught napping by the conscienceless and wicked collector, who sends fake bills for flowers, or for bric-a-brac, thereby eliciting (occasionally) choice autographs in the way of stormy and indignant denials.

My admiration and regard for James G. Blaine was so thorough that I never wrote him but once; of course I could have secured any number by writing frequently (as he was one of the obliging)—and I did so want them for future exchanges! But he was a great and busy man and I hadn't the heart to bother him but once.

Bismarck sent a lithographed refusal, to my sorrow and surprise, as I had been led to believe that he, who was in the habit of snubbing emperors, never refused his autograph to an American girl. Alas! it seems the commendable habit had been abandoned several years before I learnt of it.

Generally it is the actor and the singer and the lecturer who most graciously respond to requests for autographs, as they quite correctly look upon the number of requests received each day as a gauge of their fame and popularity.

But then they seldom have anything to say, even if

you ask interesting questions. The self-respecting collector hates to deal in the customary flattery and gush, so he becomes inventive and asks about such things as favorite roles and the land of nativity.

Some responses are worse than silences. Such as Patti sent out when on her last farewell tour of America. They were written by her French maid and concisely described just how very occupied the time of Mme. Patti was. The wording of the refusal was quite regulation enough, but then—it was perpetrated on the most abominably cheap note paper conceivable, a penny or two a quire. These documents have made many an autograph hunter a firm believer in Patti's parsimony when dealing with her "dear public;" they are about the shabbiest modern specimens extant. Collectors have tempers, if not clearly-defined rights.

Some Resort to Subterfuges.

Although the novice is content with a mere signature, he soon becomes dissatisfied with anything short of an autograph letter signed. A typewritten letter signed by the private secretary will not do, no matter how legible and very affable it may be. So in time the collector learns to originate a new form of letter and not to make use of the old plea for an autograph on "inclosed card," which he purposely omits; he learns to compose a request that will bring a reply not intrusted to the private secretary. For the possible encouragement of the novice with scruples, let me say that although my little collection numbers many hundred and includes many of the so-called unattainables, I can solemnly set forth and declare that the only subtle and reprehensible device for securing autographs practiced by the confessor has been to ask opera singers and actors their favorite mottoes and roles, when at the time I did not in the least care what they might be. I do solemnly affirm that I have never written to a great lady that I was about to name a child in her honor, nor to any great statesman that I was about to christen a steam yacht for him.

Asking questions and waiting for responses is sometimes a wearying process—I have discontinued it. My one modus operandi nowadays (despite the hints of fake and black-art offered by the kind friends who know me and my unworthiness of some of the choice letters in my collection) is to first learn something about the celebrity addressed and just why I want an autograph and then to frame a brief letter in the simplest and most sincere manner.

As this is a day of hurry and specialties, and as my time for collecting is practically nil, I seem to have gradually abandoned the track of all but literati and artists. Perhaps this is because they interest me most; I read their books, I see their pictures—and I usually have something to say to them. Having been asked scores of times: "Well, what in the world do you say to them?" let me confide that I neither beg nor wheedle—and the word "autograph" rarely appears in my "request." I simply try to write a sincere and intelligent letter and, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, I get a reply—and cherish it. I do not promptly send it on to the New York dealers. The responses, including original poems and signed photographs and little sketches by Kemble, Dirks, Penfield, Hanna, Nast, Phil May and Wenzell, might tend to convince one that even he who attains eminence often finds the appreciative word from a stranger entirely acceptable and full of cheer.

Interesting Responses.

Among the responses to my anxious inquiries as to the mottoes and watchwords and favorite roles of various celebrities, are these:

"The sunrise never failed us yet. Celia Thaxter."

"Dear Miss: My motto used to be in German—"Was liegt daran?" and in French—"Qu'importe?" Yrs. faithfully, Dr. M. Nordau."

"Trust in the Lord and Do Good. Harriet Beecher Stowe."

"Conquer or Die. Emma Abbott." (The refrain, so her father once told me, of a little song she first sang in public, to the accompaniment of his violin.)

"The price of success is industry. Kate Field."

"My dear Child: In reply to your request, I send you the following motto: Beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Faithfully yours in X. C., Cardinal Gibbons."

"I don't believe I have a motto. I am very sorry. Maude Adams."

"I think I prefer the part of Brutus in Julius Caesar, as a study. With thanks for your good wishes, I am Yours faithfully, Frederick Warde."

"My favorite role is the one that gives the most pleasure to my auditors. Henry Clay Barnabee."

Among the uniques, the autograph of Cyrus W. Field is always listed first; that of Thomas A. Edison is always mentioned as the most perfect thing in the way of signatures. For the latter I had to apply many times—finally to Mrs. Edison, who has assisted more than one collector in the obtaining of an autograph of her terribly-talented and absent-minded husband.

Some Illegibles.

Among the illegibles, Murat Halstead, Henry La-bouchere, Von Helmholtz, Mary Anderson Navarro and Sir Henry Irving rank very high indeed. I myself was unable to identify the kind reply of Sir Henry's until I had made note of the London post-mark and the address "Lyceum Theater."

Some of the very desirables that have justly honored places in my collection are autograph notes and letters, signed, of Rosa Bonheur, William Cullen Bryant, H. Walpole, Sumner, Tyler, Count Leo Tolstoy, Kate Greenaway, Max Muller, Petroleum V. Nasby, Jules Verne, Alexander Dumas, Jr., De Lesseps and Gen. Boulanger. The last-named is a note written on the back of the general's visiting card and while he was in exile.

Another treasure is an exquisitely-autographed verse of that prince of collectors, Eugene Field, and from his poem, "The Wanderer," which he once contributed

to a paper over the name of Helena Modjeska, who was his favorite actress.

After Many Days.

I had really forgotten the question asked of me by Crawford, when his very kind and highly-valued friend came to me. Yet I think I wrote at the time he was accused of saying very disparaging things of the character of the American woman, so it is probable that the query was which class of his countrymen he regarded as the least obnoxious. The reply was a grand, perfectly satisfactory one.

"You ask a hard question, and unfortunately I have never been in the West, though I have many relatives in your part of the country. I can only say that she is neither of the East nor the West, nor of the South nor the North; and that when a woman has it, no one cares whence she comes, because charm is more beauty and culture and talent rolled into one. Will you do for an answer? I cannot give you a better one. Truly yours, F. Marion Crawford."

This is the way a poet sent an autograph. May he live long and well, and not escape The Hall of Fame (When Canada is annexed, he will be eligible).

"SCITUATE (Mass.)—Your pleasant little note has so far across the continent (after stopping at Chicago, Washington and Boston on the way) to find me here by the sea—with old-fashioned lilacs in the garden, and an old orchard full of birds. How beautiful they are—these dear orioles and bobolinks in the sun!

"Your modest note was welcome. Though my correspondence is heavy, I never can deny myself the pleasure of enlarging it, when the new acquaintance comes so graciously. It makes me very, very grateful to know I can have given pleasure to any unknown friend, as Emerson once said, perhaps there should be no word as stranger.

"Pray believe me Very Faithfully Yours, Billie C. man."

Now I am one of the collectors who are sufficiently considerate to inclose a stamped envelope for reply, when writing to a lion who is so unfortunate as to be in side in foreign parts, the envelope inclosed: I enclose the legend, "Postage Collect;" my letter of request has a post scriptum, "Please do not pay postage." Some have not heeded and have prepaid the postage, others have obeyed instructions and I have paid the postage rates at this end of the line very cheerfully. It is a process more convenient than keeping on various foreign stamps.

My thoughtfulness on this score has brought me many distinguished compliments that I was quite prepared for the following, and on a post-card, we will."

"Why do nice American girls forget stamps? I will."

My friends suggest such mistakes might be avoided by my letters typewritten. They all shall be in my chirography becomes as undecipherable as the original Mr. Zangwill.

I did not ask Dumas nor Jules Verne for a "ment," but I believe I asked Mme. Marchesi which dominated among her American pupils, sopranos or contraltos.

These were the valued responses:

"Here are Mademoiselle, the few words that you and me and which will bring you my best wishes for the new year. Yours very respectfully, Jules Verne."

"If man would commence by admiring what God does to him, he would have no time to seek to know He has hidden from him. A. Dumas, fils."

"Dear Miss: I hasten to tell you my American girls are nearly all sopranos. Ah! why the Americans, with beautiful voices, so rarely finish their studies is past finding out! Mathilde Marchesi."

Some collectors, after they have been endowed with the signatures of a few of the unattainables and very desirables, assume airs that are lofty and consider themselves as amateurs. But never at any time have I been unwilling to divide the honors of my marked success as a collector with "Los Angeles" or "California." Many persons cherish golden memories of California and the "dreamy village" of Los Angeles (!) and I myself do realize that my collection would have fared differently, had I been a resident of Mazoo or Jersey City.

James Russell Lowell was known to but rarely respond to autograph hunters, but my request, from a remote village of Los Angeles, brought the following letter:

"As it is, I get three and four a day and, if I am one, they become for some mysterious reason, six. But Los Angeles is a great way off and, moreover, perhaps you are one of them? So I will venture. Fully yours, J. R. Lowell."

Artists' Replies.

And here are two of the most interesting artists:

"Guernsey par Vernon, France, 15th September—note, forwarded from the Art Institute of Chicago, my home in Bronxville, N. Y., followed me across the Atlantic to Paris. There it awaited me, while I traversed all of Italy and a part of France and finally reached me, already so long ago, that I must commence by asking your pardon for delay in answering it.

"It gives me more pleasure than I can easily express to think that you have cared enough for my work to make up a collection and give it the honor of a book. An artist's work is sent broadcast into the world to make many acquaintances, but few friends, and a sincere pleasure to me, in this little French town to think that on the other side of the world miles away, my work has found an appreciative audience.

"We are nearer neighbors, of course, when at home, and your kindness to my work narrows the continent and brings you very near indeed.

"Hoping that in future you may continue to do my work, I have the honor to be Very Gratefully, Will H. Low."

"Your request reaches me at a remote vil-

Illustrated Magazine Section.

out of Detroit, as different as possible to Los Angeles which I well remember when I was in California in the spring of 1882, for the beauty of its palms and

you have the Wonder Book, which was in a log cabin in Florida, by the way.

Assenting your kind wishes, yours very truly,
Craze.

the Wealthy.

A prompt response received from Russell Sage was prompt—millions are chary of autographs. Leland sent not only a legible signature, but an auto-graph. But Jay Gould never did himself the honor of replying at all. Ward McAllister did, and his name so close to the top of the card that it would be impossible to prefix any pass to a Patriarch's

The Van Dam Expenses. When the United becomes a monarchy and Mr. McAllister's Four are established as our royal family and aristocracy, this autograph will be one of the "very desir-

of the charitably inclined, much-bothered celeb-

like Kipling and Ellen Terry, send cards an-

that they will be glad to send the desired ar-

The Collector cares enough for it to send a

\$250, which is to be given to some hospital

fund.

are others who check the enthusiasm with a

usually typewritten) of this sort:

collecting photographs of admirers of my draw-

and autograph collectors. Can I hope to have one

? I am sure it will be a very charming one, for

require a very fine temperament to appreciate

it. With kind regards, Gustave Verbeek.

To Collectors: Will Bradley is of the same

time in high places is still found and the memory

is always, revered and inspiring.

a few words from a man who considers the

heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars, the man

discovered the sun spots. Such men do not set

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"It is gratifying to learn from your letter that my name is known on the Pacific. Yours, Henry C. Maine."

A Blind Author Responds.

Even before the "Trilby" craze, the ballad of "Ben Bolt" held a peculiar interest for me. Having understood it had been written many years ago by an unknown Englishman, I was one day enriched by the information that the author, an aged and nearly blind American gentleman, was still living in a small town in New Jersey. I wrote the most appreciative possible note and this was his gracious, yet pathetic, response:

"My Dear Young Lady: My eyesight is so dim that I have to depend entirely upon the services of an amanuensis. My signature, which I write mechanically, you are very welcome to. Yours truly, Thos. Dunn English."

Long before I realized the importance of humor in this saddened world, I knew it was the proper thing to laugh at anything written by "the Burlington Hawkeye," Robert J. Burdette. So, when I grew up to be a collector of autographs and before he came to live in California—while he was still at "Robin's Nest"—I used to send periodic requests for an autograph. As he did not keep a list, he did not divine that I was greedy. So I was enabled to make a collection of Burdette autographs, each of which I still cherish, although he once died.

The scorn of those who look upon autograph collecting as an abhorrent form of lunacy (who are not discerning enough to see that the man with a hobby may ride out of nearly all the dreary ruts of life) is as nothing to me. But the scorn I do cherish for certain disinterested, temporarily-enthusiastic friends is very considerable. Among my friends (and of every collector) are those whose fathers or uncles or grandfathers have old trunks and boxes (which they spurn and regard not) crammed full of letters from Emerson, Daniel Webster, Jeff Davis, Eugene and Charlotte Cushman; and whose maiden aunts were sweethearts of such interesting men as Henry Clay or Whittier or Capt. Kidd.

Now I was never guilty of asking or hinting for even one of these millions of letters, yet my modesty brought the reward of prompt, voluntary promises of the entire lot. They never came, not even one of the exquisite old love letters! Now despicable among all people are they,

those promise-breakers and self-made falsifiers! The one revenge of The Collector is to believe that the much-vaunted documents never existed.

One more little confession and I shall have done. Just after the "Robert Elsmere" tempest had ended, I wrote for the autograph of its author. I am not sure that it ever came. But a peculiarly-interesting autograph came from somebody. The envelope bore my name and address, but the signature was a short pet name, feminine and unfamiliar, and I could not recognize myself by the name of the person addressed. I looked it over and over and wondered if some one were really sending me a Mrs. Browning; no, the ink was too recent. At last I deciphered quite enough of the text to be convinced that it was no Mrs. Browning and that, whoever she was, the writer was addressing an old school friend, regaling her with bits of gossip that were refreshing and exceedingly choice. Then I realized that away over in London was a woman who had no doubt discovered she had been stupid enough to put a mere autograph into the envelope for her old-time friend and an intensely personal letter into that sent to one of those American autograph fiends; I knew she must be very unhappy about it—I already felt myself a thief. So I promptly sent it back, with a note to the effect that same had just been handed me by the postman and that I had immediately discovered some little mistake had been made—and would she please send me the desired autograph instead?

Of course she didn't—I knew she wouldn't—but I have the satisfaction of suspecting my action must have made her comfortable and just a trifle tolerant of Americans and their ill-breeding. What if I had been on the staff of a yellow newspaper? Then, by reason of that bungled autograph, there certainly would have been a literary sensation.

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

THE FIRST WAR PHOTOGRAPH.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] The first attempt to photograph a battle by a photographer in the fighting line was made by a German from Cairo, who came up with his camera at the first battle of El Teb, stuck his apparatus right down in the front face of the Egyptian square, adjusted it (throwing the cloth over his head,) and quietly waited for the rush of the Dervishes. A few minutes later the Dervishes wiped out the square, German photographer, camera and all.

Leo Goldsby.

Mar 1892.

G. M. Jasoff

H. S. Lincoln

L. H. Tolokalani
Learn about Classical
music is, that it is always
much better than it

Yours truly
Dirks

Francisco

May 1892

April 1893

yours W. Wild

W. Wild
yours W. Wild
yours W. Wild
yours W. Wild
yours W. Wild

W. Wild

Be good & you will be welcome.

W. Wild
yours W. Wild
yours W. Wild

London, June 1892

W. Wild

W. Wild

W. Wild

W. Wild

W. Wild

Thomas A. Edison
— une jeune fille
americaine
une de la France
un soldat fran^çais
Gat Bowles

Jersey, 1^{er} Febyo.—



R. T. Grant

Long Branch, N. J.

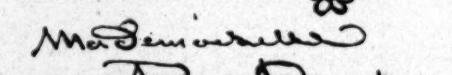
July 21st 1892.

Palmer Cox



YOURS TRULY-

GUS-DIRKS-



McDonnell

R. Bowles

a la naturelle

creamy Rouge

A BABY'S EVOLUTION.

I.—OBSERVATIONS OF HIS LIFE UNTIL HE BEGAN TO CREEP.

By a Special Contributor.

THOUGH a first-born and a "Christmas child," he was not a phenomenon, but a normal babe, to whom had been accorded the birthright of being well-born. Having bestowed proper attention upon his prenatal influences, the mother resolved carefully to observe his development—since the growth of a child may contain a hint of the evolution of mankind from the primitive to the semi-civilized state—making a record of the progress noted.

At birth he weighed eight and a half pounds and was, from the start, a healthy child, though he steadily lost in weight for the first ten days. During the next three weeks, however, there was an average daily gain of three-quarters of an ounce, and, at the end of his first month, he had fully regained his birth weight. During the second month he gained an ounce each day; but in the third this again fell to three-quarters, and he soon began to lose flesh.

As this loss of weight continued and he constantly acted hungry, though he was fed at regular intervals, as from his birth, the physician ordered him put on the bottle. The succeeding two weeks were a nightmare, because of vain attempts to find a food which he could assimilate.

While in the paevisch state consequent upon this sudden change of diet, it was noticeable that he would look for his mother when she was out of sight. This may be called the first sign of intelligence, if we exclude those traceable to the imagination of attendants.

In the twelfth week, when one of his aimless little hands struck against the other, it was immediately grasped and both were unsteadily thrust toward the mouth. This was apparently the first voluntary motion he had ever made, the grasping of anything which touches the palm being instinctive from the hour of birth.

During the first quarter of a year he did little but eat and sleep. At the end of that time he had regained perfect health and grown one-half an inch, though his weight did not vary from eleven pounds and one ounce for three successive weeks.

In his fourteenth week he began to turn toward the source of sound, showing some glimmering of correlation of ideas. Then, too, having fumbled with his rattle until he set the bell's ringing, he grasped it by the handle and blankly gazed at it—with an evident association of touch and sight. About this time he began thrusting anything which his hand clutched into his mouth; an action not due to greediness, as he would always desert his bottle to gaze at anything that interested him, unless he was very hungry.

First Appreciation of Music.

It was at this period that we first noticed his enjoyment of music. Thereafter he was never so nervous that the sound of the piano would not quiet him, usually causing him to fall asleep. Indeed, this became our regular method of closing his bright eyes, whenever they were too wakeful. The next week we discovered that a thoughtless nurse had helped him to form the repulsive and unhealthy "sugar-teat" habit—a habit which proved difficult to overcome, though it had been less than two weeks in the process of formation. Careful watching demonstrated the fact that the act of sucking was pleasant, without any regard to taste, so a rubber nipple (without a hole) was substituted for the sweetened rag and used until he was gradually weaned from this desire.

The sixteenth and seventeenth weeks showed no special new trait, but many repetitions of older ones. He still groped for his rattle and rubber doll, with fingers outspread and no grasping motion until his hand actually touched the object, and he seemed better able to hold things with the lips than the fingers. Occasionally he gazed toward the desired article with unseeing eyes, but until the eighteenth week there was no connection between his vision and his power to grope, no voluntary reaching to obtain anything.

In the nineteenth week he was taken into his grandmother's home, where he gazed about in an eager way which showed that he realized its strangeness. On this day he first saw a cat, which at once interested him, though when his hand was placed upon its back he screamed with fear. Subsequent experiment showed that fur, velvet and all similar textures aroused the same feeling of intense dislike. Wondering whether he had really noticed that the strange apartment was not one with which he was familiar, we next day took him into a room which he had not seen. The ordinary passive gaze at once disappeared and he was evidently curious regarding the new environment. During the ensuing fortnight we continually tested this by complete changes in the arrangement of furniture, various colored draperies, etc., never failing to bring the same result, unless the articles were very near to him, when they escaped his notice.

It is doubtful whether a young child's eyes focus properly. Apparently they are far-sighted, like the Indian. At least it was several weeks before he paid any great amount of attention to articles or faces near at hand, unless they were in some way associated with his sense of touch; but he eagerly watched people at a distance.

Recognized His Feet.

When he was put into short clothes, at twenty-one weeks, he became conscious of his own feet. He babbled to them by the hour, as to the flowers and anything that pleased him. By this time he showed a decided interest in pink and rose-color, as distinguished from paler tints—though, oddly enough, he seemed to have no partiality for crimson. He could now sit up alone in one's lap, but on all hard surfaces he needed support, though he enjoyed sitting with pillows piled up about him on

the floor. He made no effort to creep. When turned over a pillow, he would lie still and make a continuous croaking sound, which seemed to give him great pleasure. If he lost the pitch, which frequently happened, he would pucker his face into a whimsical mouse and soon try again. Occasionally he backed or wriggled off the pillow, but it is doubtful if this was a voluntary action.

His hands soon became more useful to him, though he spent less time in examining them than he had previously, and he manifested a desire to pull at his father's beard and his mother's hair.

First Fear of Darkness.

During the fifth and sixth months, if he woke in the night, he would babble contentedly and frequently go to sleep again without knowing that any one was near him; but in his twenty-third week he awoke with the croup and cried in a frightened way. Thereafter he cried whenever he found himself in the dark, though he had never before shown similar fear. If the lamp chanced to be burning, he would gurgle and croak good-naturedly; and it was the absence of light which was responsible for the nervous wailings, which sometimes continued even after he was taken up.

The day he was six months old he managed to roll over in a frolic and gave an unmistakable laugh—not the coo which had previously accompanied the flourish of limbs, but a real chuckle. The following month was one of rapid development. He would gurgle when spoken to and seemed to try to imitate sounds, as well as actions. At this time he first attempted lip sounds, usually spouting them forth after an amusing effort to pucker his mouth, as his mother did hers. The only one of these sounds which seemed distinctively his own was one that we interpreted as "gu," which was noticeable whenever he was especially pleased. He heartily enjoyed a romp and had to be watched to prevent his throwing himself back over the arm of any one who was holding him, as he seemed to find this a pleasurable muscular sensation.

One day while he was in the tub, his mother took hold of his wrist and guided the dimpled hand to pat the water, an action which brought forth the pleasant chuckle and which he voluntarily imitated whenever he had the opportunity to splash. He would also imitate the gesture of shaking a good-by with the hand.

He was incessantly busy, reaching for anything desired, from the stove to a flower, and having no idea whatever of distance. He frequently missed articles for which he lunged and after each such failure, he would hold up his hand and earnestly examine it, as if puzzled to find nothing in it. While whirling his arms about like an animated windmill he often thumped his face with his rattle, but such self-inflicted hurts never brought tears.

The Reasoning Process.

The most decided gesture of his limited sign language at this time was the reaching out of the arms, when he wished to be taken or desired any special pleasure. He would clutch at his bonnet when he desired to go to ride, and had various ways of making his needs known. He watched things that fell and often threw playthings purposely, in order that he might watch the downward motion. We considered that this indicated a slight process of reasoning in the little brain.

He no longer stayed where put, when lying down, but wriggled about on the floor. Once he accidentally rolled over from his back to his stomach, and he so liked the new exercise that he repeated it frequently, always with a delighted catch of the breath.

Though he could now sit alone, he was apt to topple over when reaching for some object, of which he miscalculated the distance. His toes still seemed more enjoyable than any other plaything, and he had discovered that bending the ankle, as he grasped the foot, brought them nearer.

There was not much variation to the actual sounds which he made at this time, but the inflections were intelligible to his mother. A certain puppy-like whimper indicated desire; but the tone varied when coaxing for a frolic, or anxious for an object beyond his reach. The only word which he recognized in ordinary conversation was his own name, which he must have associated with something pleasant, as he looked around and gurgled whenever it was mentioned in his hearing. He would not thus turn for any other word, not even "baby."

Signs of Affection.

It was in the latter part of the sixth month that he began to pat his mother's face, as if caressing her. He would also pull at his carriage, when near it, and then throw himself back against his mother's shoulder; a new form of coaxing, not unlike the affectionate habit which kittens have of rubbing against one whom they associate with the possible fulfillment of their desires. He now looked behind him, when he saw his reflection in the mirror, instead of back of the glass as he had previously. Thereafter he apparently understood something of the position of objects thus reflected.

The cutting of his lower front teeth caused a lull in his development, as for several days he kept very quiet, though not really sick. Early in the next month he ceased to attempt to pick up the articles applied on his creeping-rug, and in various ways showed that he had commenced to distinguish between flat surfaces and solids, though he still tried to catch notes in the sunshine, moving shadows, and similar illusive attractions. Occasionally he returned to his former method of hunting behind the cheval glass for the baby visible in its depths. This may be considered the period when he purposely combined sight, touch and voluntary motion. He rolled and wriggled about the floor, but made no attempt to creep. He enjoyed watching all motions that took place within a limited range of vision (as setting the table, rolling a ball on the floor, etc.) but had no interest in movements covering a wider area (like the workmen raking the lawn, sweeping the paths, or sprinkling the street).

In the second week of this month, the doctor ordered the mother away for a few days' rest. Whether because

he was lonesome, or because he was front teeth, he was very quiet during her return, he fretted when she left, fearing another disappearance. He had a fondness for her sympathy, when he instances in reaching for any desired peering from beneath his eyelids, with a liking for bright pink, never failing blue and red balls for one of his favorite playthings.

The Baseball Instinct.

Several of his playthings were attached to his high-chair by gay ribbons, and he would pull these down, accompanying the movement with a laugh. Not until the beginning of the summer did he realize that he could pull them down; but, having once understood this, he had a constant store of amusement.

Though perfectly contented while seated, especially if he could watch his mother longer sat up when placed on the floor, roll and tumble about.

He would now wave a vigorous and energetic hand, by whenever any of us said "by-bye." This was a month of slow development, and the dog was one of his favorite pastimes, but the fear of a cat which had originally been the cause of his fear of darkness.

His first—indeed only—boisterous outburst was in the ninth month, and lasted during the greater part of the month. This was particularly noticeable when seated, and seemed a deliberate endeavor to attract attention, so may be classed as the first consciousness. He shouted and screamed when seated on his rug on the lawn, from which vantage he noted all movement with interest, being especially charmed with the flight of birds.

At this time he took a great deal of interest in his own head, and spent much time in examining tongue, hair and eyelids.

Undoubtedly he now knew with certainty the names "papa" and "mamma," and the meaning of such words as "no, no," and "pat-a-cake." He also knew when it was and was not allowable, for whence he would look around, half mischievously, as if consciously courting danger.

By the middle of this month he could reclining to the sitting position at will, sideways until half-sitting, push with one hand, and, with an odd, wriggling back, jerk himself into sitting posture, a movement which would dislocate the hip joint if he repeatedly tried it. From this time he was independent of anyone to amuse him.

He usually sat with the sole of the right foot in front of the left, and that of the right turned outward, long before, in an attempt to reach a chair, he would hold himself almost off the floor and sat down, and a shout of pleasure. At frequent intervals he would repeat, to his mother's alarm and his own joyment; and, as this up and down movement altered his position, he soon began to do this from place to place. When this subtilty became systematized, we found that he would himself with his left foot and use it in sweeping paddling movement, which he had learned from him and made a half-circle toward the right, refused to creep in the conventional way upon another.

WENONAH STEWART

YOUNG ENGINE BUILDERS

TWO MASSACHUSETTS BOYS WHO BUILT A YOUNG ENGINE

MOTIVE AND TRACK

[Young America:] Edwin H. and John F. Stewart, the former 16 years of age and the latter 14, are two Yankee boys at Montvale, Mass., who have a talent for making things. They first learned to work in their father's barn, and then began to make models of steam engines. They were thought of and successfully put into operation. Then they conceived the idea of building a full-sized engine. As the tracks of the Boston and Maine run back of their home, they were acquainted with many railroad men. From them they got the wheels of an old horse car, the boiler of an old stationary engine, which was made of felt and sheet iron, and then they got an oscillating engine from a machine shop. They geared onto the forward wheels by hand. Then they built a tender which carried the boiler in its rear. Steam brakes were constructed, which were made of wood.

The street-car company loaned the boys the rails, and finally engine "999" was put on the track. It ran on four trips. The younger brother Edwin, who is 14, drives the engine, while the older one runs the engine. The engine runs at a speed of 10 miles an hour. Here are some of the dimensions: Length of engine and tender, 22 feet; height, 4 feet; width, 4 feet; length of boiler and smoke box, 7½ feet; boiler (outside), 2½ feet; number of tubes, 1½ inches; steam pressure, 150 pounds; diameter of wheel, 30 inches; weight of engine and tender, 10,000 pounds. It takes three bushels of coal to run the engine for one afternoon, and the engine can run for ten miles an hour. Here are some of the dimensions: Length of engine and tender, 22 feet; height to top of cab, 4 feet; length of boiler and smoke box, 7½ feet; boiler (outside), 2½ feet; number of tubes, 1½ inches; steam pressure, 150 pounds; diameter of wheel, 30 inches; weight of engine and tender, 10,000 pounds.

It ought to be said that the boys built the engine when the younger was 13 and the older was 14. In the three years that have elapsed since they have rebuilt the engine almost entirely.

THE TENDERFOOT. HOW HE DID UP A BEAR, ACCORDING TO OLD BILL ELLIS.

By a Special Contributor.

"All went I was ever done up was by a tenderfoot in that gulch yonder," said old Bill Ellis, as we sat down to rest after a morning's hunt in Bear Valley, in San Diego county. "It was about the biggest of the lot. He had bothered us many a year, but one day we got him located somewhere over in that gulch, and we gathered dogs and hunters for miles around, and surrounded him. It wasn't long before there was a racket in the bottom of the gulch near the yonder, and several of the dogs that had been hunting hurry to go in, come a flyin' out. Most of the dogs stayed, and down the gulch started a twistin' and smashin' brush, as if the tail of a playin' with it. And mixed up with the twistin' and breakin' of the chaparral was the gayest roar of howls and yeeps you ever heard from a dog. Pretty soon we could get a glimpse of the bear, big as a horse, as the tough red arms of the dogs beat like grass before him.

With a yell from the top of the ridge there went a whoop and 'whooooooooo' went the ball a-singin' over the other side, as a branch of a laurel cut in fell over just about an inch from the bear's head. He whirled about with a great smash of chaparral, and a grand scatterin' of bull-foundland—bangs, just as another bullet raised a cloud of dust from the dry ground behind him. This made him turn to his old course, but the shooting woke him, and two of 'em made a break for his hind quarters, which he hitched onto his stubby tail.

He was a sudden twist of brush, as if the cyclone settled down to business, and a loud yelp came from the dogs that carried so much hair on his tail that he couldn't get it out of the way in time when he whirled around. You could see the big claws they came sweepin' around, mowin' brush and all, and below 'em in one grand wipe, and in a twinkling the hair of the dog's tail was tangled up in the brush turned out good, and he was a pullin' at it so as to tickle his ribs with the other end of his tail.

He jumped clear off the ground and grabbed

the dog with a howl that would break a typhoid

and send the dog clear off the ground in the

The hair on the tail give way, and the dog sprang up the hill like a little whippet that had just run after the stone the boy threw behind him. The bear was scared

out and down the gulch he went, cuttin' a

through the heavy tangle of lilac and buckthorn

he dashed through a clover patch. But the rest of

us only made the bolder by the bear bein'

and in a jiffy two of 'em was samplin' his

tail down now.

He began to run, and then he hurt. He stung himself around

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material a bear likes to practice on, we let him come along because he might lead the bear away from some of us. He had emptied all the fifteen shots out of the magazine and scared the wits out of the boys across the gulch with the bullets he kept whinin' over their heads after strikin' the wrong hillside above the bear. And now he stuffed the magazine full again, and with a wild look in his eye, he said:

"Come on, fellers! Now is the time! He can't get out of that gully."

"He'll get out quicker'n a bird—Hold on, there, what are you at? Stay here!" I yelled, as he started down the hill, jumpin' over the brush like a deer where it was low, and smashin' through it almost as well as the bear where it was heavy.

"Git out of there, if you want to see your mammy again," yelled a feller farther down the ridge, but it only made the shiny new rifle flash brighter as the tenderfoot jumped higher over the brush.

"That blasted pop-gun will only make him madder," I yelled again, louder than ever, but the silver plate on the rifle only flashed the faster, as faster and faster he went, right into the track of a bear so big that no sane man would tackle him that way with a cannon. They yelled at him from the other side of the cañon, but it was no use, and right on down to the very bottom of the gulch, where the bear was straightenin' out that gully, with the dogs a howlin' in his rear, that tenderfoot hopped, as gay as a lark for breakfast.

"When he reached the bottom, he was only twenty yards ahead of the bear, on a little open flat, and only a few yards from the edge of the gully. You ought to seen that bear come a flyin' out of that gully when he saw the shine of that new rifle. I have seen over a thousand grizzlies since I came to California in 1846 and have killed over two hundred, but I never before saw a bear jump like that one. He just seemed to jump for joy and, with half a ton of solid meat to give him heft enough, he made a spring that would have made a tiger sick with envy.

"It was just beautiful to see that tenderfoot stand his ground. He was lost in the excitement and didn't know that there was no use of runnin'. He had no time to think of anythin' of that sort, for the bear was on him so suddenly. He really thought the bear was so clumsy he couldn't get out of that gulch. I have been in some awful tight places myself, got well clawed several times, and have seen half a dozen men retired by a grizzly, but I never before knew what suspense was until I saw that bear clear that twenty yards in two jumps—or rather one and a half, for the first jump carried him half way to his intended victim. But right in the middle of the second jump, that shiny rifle cracked, and the big heap of rollin' fur that, a second before was a billin' with fury, dropped like a wet rag.

"When we reached the place, the tenderfoot was sittin' on the bear, rollin' a cigarette with hand as steady as if he had only shot a rabbit.

"Hit him right in the eye!" bawled out old Jim Sykes, who came tumblin' down the other hill in a hurry when he saw the bear didn't get up.

"And whaa—ah the dewce do you suppose I would shoot a ba—ah comin' at me? Is the ree—ah?" replied the tenderfoot, with a look of surprise that we should see anything wonderful about it.

"Just one chance in a thousand," said old Tom Chubb, one of the oldest bear hunters on the coast, next to me, as he come a-waddlin' down another ridge and looked the tenderfoot all over from head to foot before he took a look at the bear.

"And how many chances in a thousand do you want foh a ba—ah?" asked the tenderfoot, with astonishment that beat all of ours.

"I couldn't lose the chance to burn him up with a witherin' remark, for his coolness made me mad, and I was mad enough already to think a tenderfoot had beat us all, so, with all the contempt I could rustle, I said:

"Them what knows nothin', fears nothin'."

"You don't need to know anythin' to shoot ba—ah. All you want is to pack your nuhve along with you, when you go a travelin'," he answered, firin' up his cigarette with a hand more steady than any of our'n.

"We all stood there and looked him over from head to foot for about ten minutes. But nobody said nothin'. He had the field all to himself. There was no appeal from the results."

T. S. VAN DYKE.

NOTABLE SPREAD OF INTEREST IN FORESTRY.

The board of directors of the American Forestry Association says of the spread of interest in forestry in its annual report (*The Forester*, for January):

"The thing which is conspicuous above all others in the development of the last year is the growth and spread of popular interest in the questions which concern the country's forests and in forestry. This has come out most clearly in the correspondence of the association, in experiences and conversations which its members have had in all parts of the country, and especially in the public press. In the East and in California, the interest has shown itself conspicuously in the activity of forest associations, and other organizations which have allied themselves with their work. Throughout the Rocky Mountain region there are few associations to give expression to this interest, but it has none the less made itself apparent in the tone of the press and in utterances at public meetings of various sorts.

"In the plains region this increasing interest has been notable. The number of applications for planting plans and for working plans which have been received by the Department of Agriculture, and the numerous additions to this association's membership indicate the practical way in which the country is taking up forestry. That the interest has everywhere ceased to be chiefly sentimental is shown most clearly by the number of students now registered in the three forest schools. At Cornell there are twenty-four, four of them seniors; at Biltmore there are nine; at Yale, where the new forest school was started in October under the most favorable circumstances, with Prof. Henry S. Graves at its head and Prof. J. W. Toumey as assistant professor, there are seven.

"This summer there have also been between sixty and seventy student assistants at work in the field under the Division of Forestry. The applications for the position reached the large total of 232."

INDIAN PLANT LORE.

USES TO WHICH THE CALIFORNIA NATIVES PUT PLANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

AS THE California Indian never rose to even the lowest stage of civilization, it is hardly to be supposed that he appreciated the esthetic qualities of the abundant flora of his native environment. That he acquired a knowledge of the economic value of the plants we have much evidence. The buttercup seeds he parched and beat into a flour. This was sometimes eaten in the dry, powdered form, and sometimes as a gruel, made by dropping hot stones into a grass basket of water until the water was hot, and then mixing in the meal. It is said to have had "the peculiar rich flavor of parched corn." The seeds of the sage, called "chia" by the Indians, were ground and made up into gruel. When the first white sailors landed on this Coast, the Indians offered them a dish of "chia," as a peace offering. This meal is estimated highly even today, as it has great nutritive value. Acorns, the seeds of the sunflower, and those of the yucca, were used in a similar way. The root of the spathium, or tobacco root, furnished a farinaceous substance which was gathered in large quantities and stored away for winter use.

These flours have been superseded by the white man's product, but some plant dishes are still relished in their former form. The natives are very fond of the succulent "Indian lettuce," which comes up early in the spring. They prepare their salad in a peculiar way. They lay the plants on the ground near the homes of a certain kind of red ant. The ants scamper over the leaves for a time. Then the Indians shake the insects off and devour the leaves, which now have an acid flavor, as if sprinkled with vinegar.

The "Indian rhubarb," or umbrella plant, received its more common title because the natives are so fond of its stalks. From the yucca, besides the seed flour, they made a choice delicacy. They gathered the young flowering shoots and peeled off the leaves. The remaining mass was baked in the ashes and tasted much like a baked sweet apple. The fruit of the holly-leaved cherry was eaten fresh, and was also used to make a fermented drink. The cherry stones were ground and made into a small globular tit-bit.

Most fruits and bulbs were relished, either raw or cooked, and many succulent plants, as the poppy, were boiled for greens.

The yucca is prized for other qualities than mere food production. The leaves are warmed in the ashes until they are pliable, then soaked in water, and afterward pounded until the fibers are freed. These fibers are long and strong, and are used to make horse blankets, ropes, twine, nets, hats, hairbrushes, shoes, mattresses and baskets. For weaving their finest baskets, the "squaw grass," or sour grass, was robbed of its wiry, tough leaves. The fragrant sumach, or "squaw berry," furnished valuable basket material from its twigs, which are tougher than those of the willow. The bark of the spreading dogbane was woven into cloth, and it is still used for making ropes, mats and baskets. The wild pie plant, or canagire, served to tan their trophies of the chase. This canagire has recently been cultivated for its tannin, in hopes that it would prove an effective substitute for oak bark.

The Indians had a knowledge of the medicinal qualities of plants. From the large-flowered datura they obtained both a narcotic and a stimulant. They pounded the root and then boiled it in water. The decoction, in a certain strength, was taken to produce stupor; and a different grade of it was imbibed by the young female dancers before a festival, and by the warriors on the eve of battle.

The chamisal, or greasewood, made into a tea, cured colds, cramps, poisonous bites or lockjaw. An ointment was made by frying its leaves in grease. The yerba buena, or "good herb," while sometimes used yet as a mere pleasant beverage, was prized as a remedy for dyspepsia and other digestive disorders. The yerba mansa was held almost panacea for all diseases. Its root is blood purifier; as a powder, it heals all wounds; as an external application, it destroys rheumatism. Its leaves, even when dry, are effective in reducing inflammations. The Indian pink is used as a healing poultice for ulcerations, and a tea made if it is good for numerous complaints. The root of the wild peony was used as a powder or as a tea for colds, sore throats, etc. The yerba santa, or mountain balm, in the form of a tea, was used for all pulmonary and throat troubles. This plant, as well as the Cascara sagrada and the grindelia, was introduced to the Spanish padres by the natives, and they have since become world-famed in the art of healing.

Plants also supplied a means of improving the personal appearance. From the root of the canagire a dye was extracted, with which the Indians painted their bodies a vivid reddish brown. By roasting the seeds of the wild cucumber they obtained an oil that speeded the growth of their hair, and the poppy greens, fried, produced another highly-prized hair oil.

If cleanliness did not prevail among the Indians, at least some attempts in that direction were made. The yucca stem, beaten into pulp, made a soap, the root of the amole, or soap plant, is saponaceous without preparation, and the blossoms of the California lilac make an excellent lather, which is cleansing and refreshing and redolent of spring time.

While the soap plant itself is not edible, the Indians of the lower Sierras call on it to help replenish their larders. After the June freshets have fallen, here and there in the stream are left little pools teeming with fish. The squaws gather quantities of soap root and make a thick suds in these pools. A scum soon forms on the top. The fish cannot get enough air down below, and so come to the surface to breathe. Then the watchful squaw soon fills her basket.

As civilization crowds upon the native, he relinquishes much of his primitive industry and accepts the white man's fabrics. Perhaps the civilized man is the loser in not receiving in exchange some of the lore of the vanishing races.

KATHERINE A. CHANDLER.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

L. G., South Pasadena, writes: "I have a small room, 10x14, facing the north, that I would like your advice about fitting up for a bedroom. It is a front room, but the sun never shines into it, and I want to make it as bright as possible. There are two large windows in recess, with a 6-foot seat. The woodwork I am having painted white. I have a single, white, iron bed, with brass trimmings, and an old-fashioned, high, mahogany bureau, a white wood chair, and a wicker rocker. I had thought of a yellow, old-fashioned paper for the walls, but have not been able to find an inexpensive one that is pretty. I do not wish to spend very much upon the room, as it can only be used in the summer. Would paper like sample be pretty on the walls, with a garland frieze and plain pink ceiling? I want the room pretty for a temporary guest room, but it is ordinarily a sewing-room. I have white Swiss curtains and dark shades for the windows. My ceilings are quite high. I thought a valance of some thin material would help to shorten the windows. The floor is now painted, but I shall put down plain white matting."

Your ideas for your little guest chamber seem so complete that there is little left for me to suggest. Your sample of paper is charming, and I distinctly like the idea of the garland frieze. A valance of the white Swiss muslin, like your curtains, would lower your window and be quaint and pretty. Two small rugs or mats of pink and white-flowered carpeting would look well on your white matting. Cover your window seat with a cretonne having pink or red flowers, a white ground, and make two big, soft cushions, with 3-inch ruffles of the same for it. On your old-fashioned bureau put two tall candlesticks (brass or silver, if you have them,) crystal or china, with pink wax candles and shades of pink, paper roses.

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In Japanese Style.

E. L. M., Los Angeles, says: "Will you kindly give me some ideas about furnishing my bedroom in Japanese style? I have an iron bed and dresser, etc., painted white, a couch, and willow rocker, also bamboo screen, with matting for floor."

You could carry out your Japanese suggestion better if your bed and dresser were black instead of white. Your woodwork should also be black. I do not know what your walls are, but it would be well to have them kalsomined a soft dove gray, and for a frieze use the Japanese pictures on paper that can be bought at the curio stores in book form. They are in bright colors, and look quite foreign and artistic when made into a frieze. Against your dove-colored walls hang some pictures, framed in this way: Have your frame made of a flat, smooth band of wood, about three inches wide; cover this smoothly with Japanese calico in bright colors, and hang it up by a green-silk cord, finished with Chinese, or Japanese, silk tassels. Colored photographs of scenes in Japan look well framed in this way, and the whole thing adds a pretty, bright spot of color to your walls. You can also assist the foreign air of your room by having plants placed here and there on very low, broad stools of black wood. Thin curtains of yellow silk would look well at your windows. Use toilet articles of Japanese make, and if possible introduce a steamer chair, with cushions of Japanese stuffs.

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A Fresno Cottage.

A. G. says: "May I ask for some suggestions for the furnishing of a five-room cottage? I have a square hall, with a window to the right, and my parlor opens from this hall. There is no door, so will have to use portieres. From the front hall there is a passageway, and both bedrooms open off of this. There is a little sewing-room at the end, with a large window, and from this room you go into the dining-room. This is a large room, extending across the length of the house, with a window at each end. Now, this room is papered with terra-cotta-colored paper, and I would like to paper the little room so that it can be used for a sitting-room, with a lounge in it. Should the parlor and square hall have the same paper? The narrow hall, I suppose, should be papered like the little room. Now, I should have a portiere from the little room into the passageway, and one from square hall into passageway. What shall I get? I have no parlor or entrance-hall carpet. I would like to have a seat in the bay window. What should it be upholstered with? In the dining-room, what could I have for inexpensive curtains? Please give me advice about small window seat in dining-room and color for rug. My china closet has drawers underneath, it is best, is it not, to curtain them across? My dining-room furniture is golden oak, also my table for hall and hat rack. Would wicker do for small table in dining-room? My bedroom set is maple. What is right for bedroom curtains?"

Your parlor is terra cotta in coloring. I would, therefore, advise the use of dull blue with it. If you get a very soft, old shade you will find that it contrasts beautifully with the terra cotta. Send to San Francisco for samples of India or raw silk in this shade, and select the shade that contrasts best with your walls. This for window curtains hung in straight scarfs to the sill. You can hang under curtains of cream net, if you wish to, but the windows will look very pretty without them. Your portiere in square hall could be of velour or jute, in this same shade of blue, or you could hang a Bagdad here, and in the doorway at back of hall hang blue denim. Paper parlor and square hall alike. The passageway and little room should also be alike. I would suggest a delicate tea green for this. This makes a pretty light and opens up well, the blue also goes well with it. In little sewing-room vary it by papering the ceiling with white ground and green figures. Cover couch in here with blue denim, with blue pillow, and

one of tea-green silk. Upholster seat in parlor with dull-blue corduroy or velour, like curtain. Use some orange in lamp-shade or cushion in here. The cushions you mention can all be used. Rugs of blue Brussels, on white matting, would be pretty for floors, and a single strip of matting down passageway. White-dotted muslin would be good for dining-room curtains. Why not do this room in buttercup yellow, a soft creamy shade. Paper with yellow, and in this case, perhaps, you had better curtain with yellow silkoline. A green rug, or one of blue and white, would look well. Use a table cover of yellow denim, and small side table of wicker, with white linen doily. Have linen doily in center of large table, and fern on this. White dimity is pretty for bedroom curtains. Use dotted Swiss at front door and hall window.

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More Japanese.

P. J. L., Los Angeles, says: "I write to you for advice in furnishing my bedroom. I am fond of things which are quaint or different from what most people have. Do you think it would be a good idea to furnish my room in Chinese or Japanese style? The furniture which I have on hand is a set of oak, table, wicker rocker, bamboo bookcase, with shelves and matting for floor. I also have a great many rice sacks, a large Chinese garden hat, two large Chinese jugs, two Chinese gin bottles, Japanese vase, Chinese silk-embroidered table cover, a number of cups, saucers and small curios. What shall I use at windows, and what shall I do with the rice sacks which I have ripped up and pressed? I intend purchasing a kimono, so I want my room to be a typical Chinese and Japanese one. I forgot to say that I have Chinese lilies, but they will bloom only a few weeks longer. What would be a good color scheme? What could I use in a Chinese line that would replace my pitcher and bowl on washstand? I will greatly appreciate any advice you may offer."

When wishing to give a distinctive character to a room, I usually begin with the walls. I would, therefore, advise you to use your rice mats for a dado against the wall. If they are carefully and smoothly put on with split bamboo tacked over the places where they are joined, you can get a beautiful effect. You can use either a narrow shelf at the top of the dado or the bamboo as finish. Above the dado paper as advised above

your two felt table covers. The subscriber would throw out any scheme for money that you might have in mind. No red and crimson as seen in rug, curtain introduce any strong greens with your all, avoid olive green with this shade of red and yellow together if you can though, in some instances of a soft terra cotta in walls an orange lamp. A very soft shade of dull blue would be good for bookcase curtains, cushions, etc. in this case, you could lighten the effect of drapery at your windows by hanging them underneath. Use white-embroidered your little tables. With this bit of white and your white matting on floor, I think your walls and draperies falling into here will not feel obliged to re-paper. I am to the kind of papering you speak of in Use. Cover your couch with dull-blue denim, using pale-green cushions. Your footstool square, and about 18 inches high.

Furniture for a Long, Narrow Hall.

J. M. D., Los Angeles, writes: "Incidentally of our hall, parlor and dining-room very hard to furnish, for the stairs are making the hall long and narrow. The and silver flowers on a deep terra-cotta woodwork is a dark walnut. The double of red and white glass. We shall probably furniture and draperies for the hall, and be as inexpensive as possible. The parlor room, connected by double doors, are green flowers and a dash of silver on the ground. The woodwork in the parlor is the dining-room redwood. The parlor has a very handsome tan and green rug, white matting. We shall have a green couch feet; oak chair, four wicker chairs, black piano, walnut bookcase, handsome lace chenille portieres, oil paintings in gilt frames. In the dining-room we have a rug in white dominates, handsome lace curtains, etc.



RESIDENCE OF D. M. SMYTHE, PASADENA, SHOWING ADAPTED SPANISH INFLUENCE.

with cartridge paper in dove gray or a white ground, with Japanese figures in blue upon it. You may be able to find a chrysanthemum pattern, which would look well on this upper part of wall. If you use this I would advise putting it all over above the picture mold and on the ceiling. Much of the advice given to E. L. M. will help you as to window draperies, etc. Conceal your washstand with a Japanese screen. Dispose your bric-a-brac on shelves against the wall and over the doorways. Hang your Chinese hat in a conspicuous place, and set a pretty tea table near a window. You can then carry out your ideas by dispensing tea, dressed in your kimono. Azaleas will beautifully replace the Chinese lilies, and later you can use chrysanthemums with fine effect. Be careful to avoid a spattering of bric-a-brac in your arrangement. You know the Japanese like clean spaces, and never "worry" their arrangements.

• • •

A Foothill Cottage.

"Subscriber in Foothills" writes: "Dear Madame: I have been greatly interested in your articles, and I write hoping you may be able to help me a little. I have a six-room cottage in the foothills, west-front parlor, 15x15, and a good-sized alcove, west window in each room. Furniture all antique oak. Three rockers with cushions. A couch which needs re-covering. Two small tables, one with olive-green embroidered felt spread, the other a scarf of olive and tan, with embroidered crimson-plush border on one end, and light, old-gold plush on the other. I have a handsome bookcase and desk combined. Have a Brussels rug, with brownish-gray ground, mixed, some crimson in small figures. Ceiling and woodwork in both rooms painted white. In opening into alcove have crimson portieres, light matting on the floor. Both rooms are papered in light cream, with delicate festoons in light Watteau colors, harmonizing with the room. I have so much dark red in the room that my paper seems too light and to lack character. Can you advise me what to do in the way of paint and paper? How would it do to put blue and white silk curtains on my bookcase? You sometimes advise a stool with castors. How high and how big should I make it?"

My first and most urgent advice is to do away with

and chairs, black walnut rocker and also a box couch; I thought of placing double windows facing south. What do you think of couch with?"

As your hall is long and rather narrow, it is not very light. You might use a box couch in the hall. This would apparently increase its width. Cover the velours, in terra cotta or dull blue. Former color have cushions of dull-blue. You will have to buy furniture, get two Flemish-lace rush or cane seats, and place at either end. You will not need a rack if you have a seat in dining-room.

Flemish Oak for a Dining-room.

R. T. S., Los Angeles: If you wish oak furniture in your room, you should work in here stained a dark brown, to the tone of chairs and table. The furniture treated in the same way, and will look with Flemish-lace cover and silver. You will find that hardware of old silver with the brown wood, especially if you for wall coloring. Curtains of white lace insertions of heavy Flemish lace, will windows, and for a bit of contrasting decorative purposes, as candle shades, table cloth, orange or crimson will look well. The angles or a bunch of poppies on the table see at once that I am right. I think, instinct, you will derive much pleasure from Flemish-oak table. When set for dinner, receive that the crystal bowl of pale-green, the decanter of wine, the basket of fruit, beautiful on the brown surface, will dead white than they could ever look like.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" possible, all proper and clearly stated question care of The Times, from whatever source or writer be a resident of California or not; and have been clearly understood on any particular privately, making necessary explanation. Answer frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

"I HITTIN' ole an' blin' in one eye, an' I didn't know 'im when he first come in, but when he say, 'Hello, Dan Sublett, yo' ole raskel!' I thought 'em hard for 'em to jump on I say, 'Foh Gawd, dah li'l' man Preston!'"

The master and former slave, separated for nearly four years, met at the Palace Hotel yesterday. "Li'l' man Preston" is Col. Thomas Preston of Lexington, now visiting in this city. He is certainly anything but "li'l," as he is over six feet tall and built in

"before the war," the Prestons had large holdings near Lexington. Among their slaves was a likely-looking lad named Dan. Nobody knew his other name, but from having been leased out to farmers, he acquired the title "Sublett," and remained with him ever since. Dan became attached to young Tom Preston, and between master and slave there existed a real affection. The scene of the old master's eyes brimming with tears, and his voice was husky as he spoke to his former servant. Col. Preston solicitously inquired after his condition, but found he was doing nicely at the moment. When he left him he promised to look after the boy if anything should ever happen to him.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Treasure Trove.

EIGHTY-FOUR pieces of silverware, evidently hidden by thieves, were found partly under a log and covered by brush and leaves in Stites's Woods, near Plainview, yesterday afternoon.

To whom it belongs and when stolen is the question the police will try to solve. Samuel and Kemper Deal, sons of Attorney S. B. Deal of Newtown, and William and Everett Donnelly, of the same place, were roaming through the woods yesterday, at a point known as "Hobo Hollow," when they stumbled upon the stolen goods. In jumping over a log their feet pushed aside some leaves and a silver spoon was uncovered. This caused the boys to search among the leaves and brush, with the result that they found the plunder the thieves had hidden. They gathered up the silverware and took it home. Chief of Police Deitsch was informed of the find and officers will investigate. Detectives of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company were sent for and they spent last night in the woods in the hope of catching the thieves. Considerable silverware has been stolen from cars and they will try to identify that which was found.

Little Sanimie Deal was the first to discover the stolen goods. He happened to step on a silver spoon, and when he informed his companions of this they all began to search among the leaves and under logs. Of the eighty-four pieces of silverware unearthed, forty-eight were found by the Deal boys and the rest by the two Donnelly brothers. The value of the stolen goods will reach into hundreds of dollars. Among the silverware were two large soup tureens, which cost about \$25 apiece. These are among the lot found by the Deal boys, and were made in Denver, Colo.

The other articles are large and small spoons, forks and dishes. Some of them have the names C. E. Hoge and C. A. Taylor on them. When the postoffice at Newtown was robbed about two years ago boys found some of the plunder in the same part of the woods where the silverware was discovered. The locality is much frequented by tramps, and on that account has been named "Hobo Hollow."

Messrs. Deal and Donnelly, parents of the lucky boys, will do all in their power to find the owners of the stolen goods.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Sandwiches.

A man of \$15, Elmer Pfifer, son of a wealthy banker in this city, Sunday ate two dozen ham sandwiches in eight minutes.

In a cafe, went to the lunch counter, ordered ham sandwiches, and while eating made the remark, "I have eaten two dozen and still feel hungry." A traveler at the counter offered to bet him \$25 he could eat three dozen ham sandwiches in an hour. Pfifer accepted the bet and placed \$50 more with two other men as a proposition.

When the bet was ordered, and Pfifer started at 11 o'clock and finished at 11:48.

He then invited all comers for the gastronomic society of America.—[Arcola (Ill.) Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.]

Hen Took a Ride.

A SITTING hen who chose her nest under the seat of William Perkins's best cutter sleigh, caused Perkins and a young woman friend, whom he took for a ride, a most unpleasant experience.

Snow has been scarce for two seasons, and the sleigh was stowed in a warm corner of the barn. Without looking under the seat, Perkins hitched in his best bay mare, went for his friend, and started for a spin.

After going a mile or so at a rapid gait, the sitting hen found it hard to keep her nest. She left it suddenly and commenced to attack the ankles of the young woman.

A scream from the woman frightened the mare and the woman jumped.

The hen then attacked Perkins's ankles. He could not stop the mare, so jumped and ran back where his friend was half buried in the snow.

The mare continued its mad run for two miles, when it was stopped by a sleighing party. The sitting hen still stood guard over her eggs, most of which were broken. She was subdued and put into a bag, and the party returned over the road.

They found Perkins sitting with the young woman, who was nursing one badly sprained ankle and another somewhat henpecked.

Both were taken home, and Perkins declared he would look under the seat before taking any more sleigh rides.—[Essex (Conn.) Correspondence Boston Globe.]

Mysterious Blindness.

P HYSICIANS in Brooklyn are greatly interested in the case of Leah Lipitz, the seven-year-old daughter of Alexander Lipitz, a court interpreter, who was stricken blind four weeks ago and who has been under their care ever since. Just what caused the blindness the physicians are unable to explain, but they believe it to have been paralysis of the optic nerve.

Leah is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lipitz, and lives at No. 1729 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, paying strict attention to her schooling and reading almost constantly when away from school. The child was apparently in perfect health on January 26, when she was put to bed by her mother, with whom she slept, but at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, when she awakened, she called to her mother and asked her to open the blinds of the window or to light the gas, as she could not see.

Mrs. Lipitz explained that the blinds were open, and that the room was light. The child cried: "But I can't see, mamma. What is the matter with me?"

Mrs. Lipitz examined the child's eyes and found that the lids were closed, and when she opened them the child declared that she could not see. Prof. Knapp, an eye specialist, could offer no immediate explanation of the peculiar affliction. Dr. H. W. Smith, of No. 657 Chauncey street, Brooklyn, has been in constant at-

undercurrent in the bayou, which is unaccounted for, and which often sweeps the bottom clean, relieving the loadstone of its collection.

The locality of the suck hole is getting to be a much dreaded one, especially by the superstitious. It is known to all negroes as the "Death Hole," and farmers in that section find it difficult to employ negro help. Many cattle and hogs have been lost.—[Hodgenville (Ky.) Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.]

* * *

tendance upon the child ever since, but apparently there is no improvement, and it looks as though the child would be permanently blind.

Little Leah is a beautiful child, and the wonderful fortitude with which she bears her affliction is pathetic. She sits constantly in a chair, unable to move around the room, and yearns for the books which afforded her such delight. It is thought her constant reading and the strain upon her eyes are the causes of her condition.—[New York Herald.]

* * *

A Strange Wedding Ceremony.

A N INTERESTING wedding took place this week at Tabor, a small town near here. The principals were Mary Halle and Jake Rochelle. The ceremony was a revival of a quaint Bohemian custom.

On the evening of the wedding the guests gathered at the home of the bridegroom. There he bade farewell to parents and home ties, thanking his father and mother for their care of him through life, and received the parting blessing. From here the guests, with the groom acting as their leader, proceeded to the home of the bride. As the old custom was, they found the house locked, the windows barricaded, and everything quiet.

Siege was laid to the house and an entrance was forced. Now the parents rebuked the crowd and demanded their wish. The bridegroom, in an eloquent harangue, demanded their daughter. He was refused, and her parents declared she must be sold at auction and go to the highest bidder.

A plate was at once seized and passed among the guests, all of whom eagerly dropped in their coins, the bridegroom taking care to give the largest sum. In this way he won his bride.

The contents of the plate were then presented to the bride as her dowry.

The bridal company betook themselves to the church, where the Roman Catholic service was read, and then returned to the bride's home, where dancing and feasting were kept up the greater part of the night. Up to the time of the festivities the bride wore a veil, but this was laid aside and a common shawl worn instead, symbolizing to the world her departure from girlhood to womanhood.

The Bohemians, with their quaint customs, their social qualities, and vigorous and aggressive habits, are a people any State might be proud of. They are law-abiding, industrious, and make good citizens in any community. South Dakota has enjoyed an immigration of large numbers to her farm lands in the last few years. Colonizing, they not only enjoy their former customs and habits, but take up the American ideas and customs.—[Yankton (S. D.) Dispatch to the New York Journal.]

* * *

Eloped by Automobile.

MARRIAGE in an automobile going at fifteen miles an hour is the latest in the line of elopements.

Miss May L. Winter, No. 1426 Druid Hill avenue, and Francis J. Schaub, No. 1325 West Baltimore street, adopted this method of getting into the matrimonial yoke.

The wedding took place in Washington yesterday. Miss Winter is a Catholic. They endeavored to have the ceremony performed by a priest, but were compelled to get a magistrate. He climbed into the automobile with the couple on Pennsylvania avenue, near Seventh street, and united them as the machine moved.

Miss Winter and Mr. Schaub were believed by her mother to be at the Auditorium Theater, this city. Miss Winter is pretty, semi-brunette, and one of the most sought-after of the Northwest Baltimore girls. She is 24 and Schaub 26. He conducts a law and collection agency at No. 16 East Lexington street.

Mr. Schaub admitted the marriage.—[Baltimore Dispatch to Cincinnati Enquirer.]

* * *

Drove a Needle Near His Heart.

HUGH GLOUCESTER, who bites steel nails in half as if they were lumps of cheese, who eats tacks with the ease of an invalid disposing of an egg shell, who swallows yardsticks and chews aluminum, almost reached the limit yesterday by driving a needle into his chest with a hammer.

The last-mentioned feat came near resulting in the undoing of Hugh Gloucester. He is in the Hahnemann Hospital, where by a most delicate operation, two physicians removed the needle. Blood poisoning may result and cause the man's death, but at present Gloucester suffers no inconvenience from the injury.

Had the needle penetrated an eighth of an inch higher, the physicians declare, the man would have been killed almost instantly. The needle would have entered his heart.

As the physicians began cutting away the flesh to extract the needle, which had broken off, the patient remarked when asked if it hurt: "It is nothing gentlemen; cut away at your pleasure. This was a piece of foolishness on my part. A man bet me three dollars that I couldn't drive this needle into me and live. In a moment of recklessness I accepted the wager. Pull me through if you can."

The operation over, Gloucester reached for a three-foot rule lying near-by, and in a twinkling it had almost disappeared down his throat. He pulled it out and asked for nails. The nails were provided, and he bit several in half. He then swallowed half a dozen tacks and afterward taking a piece of aluminum from his pocket, chewed it as if it were gum.

The man lives at No. 1018 Wood street. He declared that since last Friday he had swallowed 600 tacks.—[Philadelphia Record.]

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 17, 1901.

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IT'S "UP TO" UNCLE SAM.



(Uncle Sam, cogitating:) "Well, now; I didn't expect that of John."

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

ELEVATED-ROAD MANNERS.

JOHN GILMER SPEED, writing in the March number of Ainslee's about the boorish manners to be found in New York and Brooklyn, says that in New York there has developed what might be called "an elevated-road manner, which must in the end obliterate every vestige of good breeding." To illustrate, he follows in imagination a man who has acquired this manner, from his home in West Seventy-second street to his office in Wall street. This is the picture which Mr. Gilmer draws. It must be confessed that it is not very attractive:

"At 9 in the morning he has had his breakfast, looked over his newspaper, seen his children off to school, kissed his wife good-by, and steps out into the handsome street in which he lives. He is well groomed. His boots are highly polished, his gloves are fresh, his hat is brushed to a glistening smoothness. He walks erectly, with his head up and eyes to the front. He seems the personification of prosperous amiability and unruffled content. He walks toward the elevated station. As he hears the trains thundering along he quickens his pace; when he gets to the bottom of the stairs he jams his hat tighter on his head and begins to rush up two steps at a leap. When he gets to the top he crowds to the window for his ticket, rushes through the gate and reaches the platform very red in the face and his blood full of the heat of battle. Every weaker man, woman and child must get out of his way, for he must be the first on the train. Sometimes he is, and sometimes not, for there are hundreds of others just like him in that very neighborhood, and they are all, every mother's son, trying to do exactly the same thing. When he enters the train, he makes himself as disagreeable as possible, for his bulky body enables him to clear a way by merely leaning on the others who have to stand. Upon the men who have seats he frowns as though they had usurped rights which were his. And so all the way downtown he is a burly bully, ready to fight anything that comes in his way. Finally his station is reached, and he rushes through the long arcade leading to Broadway as though there were a prize waiting for him in that great thoroughfare. And there is. In Broadway he regains his serenity. He readjusts his hat, he pulls down his waistcoat, he shakes himself together, and reassumes the look of well-being which he had when he left his own doorstep. All day he is patient, courteous, quiet and mannerly. He leaves his office to go home with the same self-poise. But when he reaches the elevated railway station the same devil which possessed him in the morning takes him in hand, and stays with him till his home street is reached. This is a very interesting type of ill-mannered metropolitan. I often speculate as to how long this Jekyll and Hyde business can be kept up. Even in Stevenson's story the good Jekyll was finally lost in the vicious Hyde."

The scenes and the type of man above described are not by any means confined to New York. The scenes are daily enacted, with variations, in all large cities—and in some cities that are not so large. The type of individual described by Mr. Gilmer may also be found at most railway stations, where the traffic is large. This elbowing, crowding, hoggish individual is not always of the masculine gender, by any means. Persons of the so-called "gentler sex" are quite often as serious offenders in this regard as are men.

There are doubtless many persons who are "seat-hogs" by birth, bringing up, and natural inclination. But there can be no doubt that many otherwise well-intentioned persons have suffered their railway manners to deteriorate very seriously by reason of the inadequate accommodations which are furnished by city and suburban railroads. The necessity for making a rush for seats or standing up on a long trip is enough in itself to transform many an otherwise quiet and peaceable person into an aggressive, ill-mannered, and often ill-tempered individual, ready to do or die in the attempt to secure a seat. So far as the lack of sufficient seating accommodations is responsible for the development of bad manners in railway stations, and other public places, the evil ought not to be wholly beyond remedy. Some wholesome legislation is evidently needed, in New York as well as in other parts of the country, to prevent the overloading of public conveyances, and to compel transportation companies to furnish accommodations in some degree commensurate with the needs of the public.

THE POWER OF JOURNALISM.

THE increasing number of magazines and newspapers brought on for public favor seem to indicate a new era of life in thought, and that some enchanter, like the Finnish Kelow, the harper, is abroad in the forest of literature. Luxuriant leafage and smiling flower life followed along his path, won into bloom by his minstrelsy.

In those fascinating journals, which, like swift birds, come fluttering in with the days, are many new names and promises for literature and art.

The Fourth Estate, which tells of journalistic life and the recent assembly of some of its leaders in New York City, asserts that the popular press, while it has given systematic and serious appreciation to the progress made in the past century in the arts and sciences, has failed in any adequate testimony to the growth of journalism—a profession which undoubtedly has made as rapid an advance as any of the arts, sciences and philosophies. In addition, journalism has been a powerful adjunct in the growth of them all.

Since the days of Benjamin Franklin and the Pennsylvania Gazette, many chapters of graphic interest might be told. In all these years political influence has received its impetus from the heroic life of the secular press, and the newspaper has been like a guard of honor standing between the people and dishonest government. Diplomacy must bear its broad light, and its judicium has become an important sentence in the gauge of national eminence. Even the hero of the battlefield finds his highest meed of praise in the annals of the home newspaper, which sways with the flag, and sets his name in the lists of bravery.

The daily paper which records the annals of mind, the principles of justice, the needs of social and civic reform, is like an officiating priest before a high altar, who intones a great credo. The printers, editors, pressmen, compositors and publishers unite in a service whose chief glory lies in the fact that it may reach the humblest home and furnish the watchword of common life. It may bring truth inside the walls of a prison and the conviction of spiritual law to many who never enter a church. The controversies of the street and the forum, from which society and the pulpit withdraw in distrust of wisdom for the emergency, are daily brought to judgment by the secular press.

In this era of hourly change, whose problems were many of them unknown to our forefathers, or have gained new solutions through scientific discovery, journalism must keep in the ranks with telegraphic speed. Its cylinders and steam power, its press and types, assert the colossal energy which compasses the earth for the elusive tints of world-ideas.

The divinity which illuminates life, teaching patience, courage, duty, brotherhood, shines on the daily page, and the smallest newspaper in the humblest neighborhood may have an undreamed influence; for the recognition of greatness has no fixed law.

Who would fancy that a spider's web is as important to the safety of a ship as the cordage rope? Yet it is asserted that the chronometer of every vessel in our seaports has been regulated by the slender thread. A cricket, one dark night, called to the captain of the ship that his vessel was nearing shore, when the man on the lookout failed to supply the information. The gossamer web of Arachne and the little insect-call were as great forces for the safety of the mariner as the mighty wheels and timbers. A small newspaper may influence wide-reaching thought and call the way to safe harbor.

Self-respecting journals, which hold themselves superior to personal attack and petty invective, will increase with the growth of intelligence and culture, until they become the very crown of stoic virtue and exhibit the desire to fortify other souls along the briar path of human life.

The evocative power of journalism over all that is eloquent and expressive in the soul of man is one of its noblest offices. In addition, by a sense of gayety and humor and its lavish processes of illustration, it sends sun rays of enlivenment to many dull homes.

While humanism sometimes wearies of the daily chronicle of man's anguish and the abysses of his downfall, the annals of the courts assert that important legal evidence often attaches to the most slender thread of journalistic chronicle. With electrical swiftness journalism gathers up the statistics of grim war and sends its thousand messages to the heart of suspense. It forces its way through the dangers of the desert to search for Livingstone, and across polar snows to look for André, and wins the love of the world. Recognizing the genius of womanhood, journalism has opened its doors for women's upward development, and is quick to announce that her eyes first divined, at Harvard College, the new star of this century, Nova Persei, the greatest stellar phenomenon observed in over three centuries. Journalism, ready to show courtesy to the humblest woman wage-earner in its service, illustrates the words of the gallant Winthrop that "The spirit of Amadis is not extinct, and deeds of the chivalric age do not utterly disdain our day."

Journalism represents the growth of modern civilization. As the preserver of language its existence has been a living education. While advocating freedom of speech, its daily magnificent procession of old and new words are alone historic evidence of the growth of mind and heart which no method like that of the Harnsworth experiment could have accomplished.

As the upholder of the faith, journalism has stood for

its defense. The reporter at his desk has the highest example of bold work of Luke, who reported the acts of Christianity would have lacked many of the New Testament but for that act. Its light the secular press more and more dignity of labor, the brotherhood of man world was made for Lazarus as well as for

The growing compassion for animal life come from the promulgation of the vegetarian effort. Journalism supplies, in the wings of that enthusiasm by which homes for the needy do honor to the age. By the popularization of classical study the wisdom of the schools is brought range of the masses. When, by reason exile, the reader dwells in some vast human comradeship, the morning journal him on a far-seeing world. It evolves where all was silence. He reads not only record of the nations of the earth, but record of events personal to himself. The friend over the sea who died yesterday that in the splendid eventide of the Orient came to the flag, and there is the rough contest, his college friend has found gold dikes, and he has found the comradeship images by which he is no longer alone.

There is an unwritten history of the honor of journalism. A vast army women are today striving in various contention, not only to keep the record of events to transmute the warm pulses of their bosom into the medium of consistent thought illustrating a many-sided life, and diffuse social organization, in their allegiance in which they serve, they represent a noble nation.

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERTY.

How far away that dead old past doth seem! How like to fiction or a strange-wrought dream! When this wide land lying between the mountains cradled the savage, lifted to the breeze Forests as vast as empires, plains as low As if all life from this whole earth had fled! When ne'er the roar of iron horse was heard, Nor busy Industry the silence stirred; When the slow tread of ox team broke the ground Across the continent, when night and day Dangers beset men as they onward passed! Brave sons of Freedom—o'er the desert An empire's space unfolding wide to view! With hills and plains and grandeur ever new! No rails of steel the mighty distance span! No cities stood in this unpeopled land! The distant West, how full of mystery, How dim the forecast of its destiny! The mighty Now was not foreshadowed in its greatness ne'er had touched the hope! No visions stirred of the grand Yet-to-be! This proud Tomorrow of our liberty.

Slowly the nation woke and Freedom awoke! The solemn voice of Destiny was heard: The East and West clasped hands, thine and mine! Westward, with shining beams, did westward roll! O'er tracks of steel the iron horse did speed! Church, school and printing press followed! Great cities rose upon the widespread plain! And now we sit beside this western sea, With gems of empire budding silently—Empire of freemen a continent to be, The school of progress and of liberty.

March 12, 1901.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

[New York Mail and Express:] One good Dewey is that the oftener he is overfeated the stronger he appears to become.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] The British wants to know something about the new might be well for this august assembly to some live American newspaper.

[Washington Star:] The British Parliament is just beginning to fully realize the importance in pushing our revolutionary ancestors to some.

[New York Tribune:] American journalists abroad this year in regiments. This may readily be spared from this country, likely to increase the lasting prosperity of some. It is a pity we can't export our men.

[Minneapolis Times:] It is stated that of the inauguration ceremonies succeed in subduing and regulating the camera and consent of the governed. This triumph of success in governing the little kingdom Philippines.

[Baltimore Herald:] The man who other term has proved himself equal in responsibilities, and the continuance of used by him offers a guarantee that he not be less conspicuous for progress than the first.

[Kansas City Journal:] "Kansas is supposed to be pretty thoroughly satisfied with the lynching the other day," states the Democrat and Chronicle. So it does have the lynching, although the progress in matters of this kind, a miss is as well as a



Across Naples Bay. By Robert J. Burdette.



The Measure of a Day.

"From Widdleton to Widdleton is eighteen miles;
From Widdleton to Widdleton is eighteen miles;
None of it sits and the rest of it smiles—
"From Widdleton to Widdleton is eighteen miles."

When the way is the sweetest, safest and best,
Somebody holds you asleep on her breast;
When the day is the freest from all alarms,
Somebody carries you then in her arms,
Smoothes your fears in her kisses and smiles—
"From Widdleton to Widdleton is eighteen miles."

When the day grows older—when the gristle
turns to bone,
Somebody teaches you to walk "all alone."
When the little feet stumble and the baby lips
call,
Somebody picks you up when you fall;
Chars away the hurt with a thousand wiles—
"From Widdleton to Widdleton is eighteen miles."

When the dewdrops die in the life of the sun,
You push away the arms that would hold you
when you run;
You laugh at her fears as she kissed yours away,
When you glory in your strength in the glory of
the day;

You burst all the torrents and you leap all the
stiles—
"From Widdleton to Widdleton is eighteen miles."

When the clouds in the west light the going of
the day,
You lean on the staff that you flourished all
the way;
You slip on the grass, and you stumble at the
stone;

You walk with backward glances and you
measure sigh with moan;
Till the laughter of the morning lights your face
with quiet smiles—
"From Widdleton to Widdleton is eighteen miles."

Mount Change.

One needs a little change from continuous travel, so
we sailed across the Bay of Naples one raw and gusty
day to see how many varieties of seasickness might be
indicated by an enthusiastic amateur in an hour's sail-
ing; for this bay is not always the sapphire mirror
to travelers and us poets tell you it is. "Ischia smiles"
of the time, and "Capri waits" all the time. So
nominally do the people who go there. One of my
travelers on this trip, Mr. Kendricks of Los Angeles,
went to Capri, and was there storm-bound for
two days, waiting for a chance to get back to Naples.
Two Italian longshoremen put us aboard the little
island in a yawl. They collected 20 centimes from each
of the two Italian passengers for this service. When
we came to a foreigner the fare boomed up to f.2, went
up under the pressure of steady and most abusive
language to f.1, and finally steadied at 50 centimes, at
which the market closed and we had to pay it. It isn't
too much for the service. What makes you mad
is to go to an office, to tell the man you want to pay
the highest rate for a ticket that will take you where
you want to go without any further bother; to have them
give you a bound book of 110 pages for a trip of fifteen
days with only one change in it; to hear him call upon
the gods he can remember and a few that he invents
simply that the book includes every last solitary
thing on the entire trip, boats, ships, railways, horses,
milk, gratuities, tribute money to robbers of high
and low degree, blackmail, hush money, bribes, corrup-
tions, election expenses and city council boodle,
then find that you have to strew your pilgrim path
in a trail of unforeseen, illimitable, and everlasting
fines, tips and taxes.

It is a wheelman paying toll. He doesn't so much
pay 2 cents a mile for the privilege of smashing
his wheel over a corduroy road built to hold mud,
it is the annoyance of being held up at every toll
by an old man who is too deaf to hear when you
know far you've come and where you are going, or a
woman who makes the wrong change by counting it on
fingers, while she gives some unseen female in a
room a recipe for a new pattern in some sort of
sewing work. You pay out money in Europe from
nothing until at last you lock yourself in your
room—if you happen to have a room with a door that
locks—to brood over your approaching bankruptcy.
When you count up the obelisk of expenses you are
pleasantly glad to discover that you have spent
less than \$10 in the morning to see you through
the day. But it took you about every minute of the busy
day—that's what frets. You wouldn't mind
a success in America fields.
A triumph
little brown
leather.
I am
equal to the
chance of the
time that the
progress in
Kansas City.
A slightly
civilized
day," observe
So it did.
The provocation
is as good as

Bay country. Because, while the cold is not intense, as measured by the thermometer, there is no way of getting warm. Your hands are cold all day, your fingers are numb, there is no place to sit comfortably for a cozy hour with a book or for letter writing. If you find a sunny nook it is always placed where the wind howls and raves. And you fall into the same habit. There is a cold sense of chilly discomfort all the time. Haven't I heard the disappointed tourist swear at the glorious climate of California—which is unquestionably the most perfect on earth—for this very reason? One has to live in a semi-tropical climate for a year before he learns how to be comfortable in it.

But as we huddled together under our carriage robes—which were our own heavy steamer rugs, for it never occurred to the driver that we could possibly need anything of the sort—we saw the fishermen trotting along the stone-paved streets barefooted and apparently happy—though I don't believe they were comfortable. We met the women and girls trudging barefoot along the macadamized country roads. Such perfect roads, and through such a picture-book country. Zigzag, switch-back up the dizzy terraces—roses peeping over the walls at us, oranges and lemons on this side—which was right over our heads—and lemons and oranges on that side—which was directly under our feet. And growing, not in well-ordered rows, forty feet apart, as they grow for us in California, but in thickets, with interlacing branches, with a fig or a loquat stuck in here and there where the thicket was not quite dense enough. What would our California oranges say to such weather as this? A light screen or reeds to the seaward side of the terrace, sometimes a light screen of reeds over the tops of trees. But these are not our California oranges; they are not so sweet, not so juicy, not so "orangey."

These wonderful terrace gardens and orchards on the sea drive from Sorrento to Salerno! A man will build a retaining wall that would cost him \$2000 in Illinois to hold up as much land as would cost him \$50 in the same State. And then he will plant in that tiny patch oranges and figs that you couldn't grow in Illinois for \$1,000,000. So things even up a little when you come to strike a balance.

The Road to Amalfi.

Along a road that somehow clings to the mountainside, past grottoes and ruins, over the pages of a book written closely, and between the lines with history, legend and fable; past singing brooks and leaping fountains; always the scarred cliffs, the oranges and vines; always the blue sea and the sleeping islands; past ruined watch towers that, like faithful sentries, still stand at their posts where they were placed by Greek or Roman or Saracen centuries gone by, and look steadfastly out to the sea where no enemy threatens, until we sleep the first night at Amalfi.

We sleep in an old monastery. A Saracenic watch tower keeps needless guard against nothing far down below our windows; our room opens off the cloisters, and we dine in the ancient refectory. It is cold, but a cave is hollowed in the wall, dark and deep. In this cavern a fire is lighted, and the flickering rays that dance upon the walls suggest the remote existence of heat. If these sacred walls are haunted by the monkish ghosts that meditated and prayed and fared better than "baronet, squire or knight of the shire" years ago, they do their spiriting very gently, and do not disturb the sleepers who profane these holy cells with worldly dreams. The silver moon shines white as snow upon the Cathedral of St. Andrew, with its suggestions of Saracenic influence in its facade of alternate courses of white and black stone.

Amalfi is a promising young town, some 1400 years old and 7000 people. If it keeps on growing it may some day grow to be as big as it was 900 years ago, when it numbered 50,000 inhabitants. But the Turks once fell upon it and occupied it—and any place that has once been occupied by a Turk has to be destroyed and burned over with fire before it can again be fit for Christian habitation. And then the sea undermined it, and in one way or another it lost its grip on the top of things. But its picturesque beauty is indestructible. Two years ago a landslide carried away a portion of the old Capuchin monastery—now used as a hotel—and buried two English girls, daughters of a clergyman. The scarred face of the mountain, the chaos of earth and massy boulders, great river points of rock—this is their sepulcher. A few more springtimes, a few more perfect Italian summers, and it will be beautiful with young trees, with clinging vines and perfumed flowers. Children and birds will play and sing in the sunshine on the grassy slopes. The blue sea will sob and sing forever at their feet. By and by men will build their homes there. Orange and olive and grape will burn golden and green and purple in the light that sifts through the rustling leaves, and all this place of death will be beautiful with throbbing, laughing, singing life. And this will last longer than a marble tombstone in an English churchyard.

A City of Yesterday.

Because the things that men build last such a little while, we say, when we have crossed the ancient river "Silarus," traversed a brigand-haunted plain, now swept in summer time by a malaria more to be dreaded than any brigand that ever lived or who still survives in the incomprehensible grotesquerie of grand opera. The Roman poets sang the praises of "the roses of Paestum." They must have been beautiful and fragrant in the sweet days of their blooming, which was about two thousand years ago.

The Greeks founded this city on the shores of Italy 2600 years ago. They named it Poseidono, in honor of their sea god, and they built here three tabernacles, one to Neptune, one to Ceres, and one to law and order, their own judgment hall. These temples are the state-

liest and most perfect Greek ruins in the world outside of Athens. The Temple of Neptune is older than the Parthenon. The Romans came when the town was but a child of 800 years and changed the name to Paestum. It was 1500 years old when the Turks landed here and smote the town with fire and sword. The inhabitants who escaped the sword fled to the inland, and they never returned to rebuild their city. The roses of Paestum withered ages ago. The brambles and nettle—the pitiful things, so despised in our prosperity, but which cover as best they can the ravages of war and the waste of the relentless years—mantle with the beauty of wild things the crumbling city walls which still perfectly outline ancient Paestum. And the temples—stately, majestic, beautiful in the gray tones of the centuries and perfect grace of outline and proportion—lonely, but with the serene and sublime loneliness of majesty and grandeur that rebukes pity and compels the homage of admiration, look out to the distant sea.

For even the god for whom the city was named and the temple was built has retired from the shrine that was his own, as though he feared that the sobbing of his restless waves would mar the silence that ministers before these forsaken altars. No ruin is there of any house to say with the pathos that is always heart-reaching: "Here once upon a time men dwelt; they lived and loved and suffered, and here they died." Nothing but these temples, roofless to the sun and the storm skies, empty toward the mountains, open to the sea. As though men had come here between the sea and the mountains and the sky and builded these temples to the gods—and then the men had gone away, and the sea had drawn back and the gods were left alone in their sanctuary of grace and beauty forever. And the gods?

Well, they, too, are gone. We lay our hands on a fallen, shattered altar and utter mocking incantation in a tongue strangely unknown to Poseidon or to Ceres, to Zeus himself, and laugh to think we should wait for an answer. The oracle is dumb; the gods are dead. What strength of majesty in these massive temples compared with the simple tent which Moses pitched in the wilderness, for the religious rites of a hopeless nation of freedmen, a thing of linen and silken hangings, of flimsy embroideries and rough coverings of skins. But that tent and its word of prophecy and revelation, the truth that it taught and the God it worshiped—that is of today, as of yesterday and forever. Its sacred songs are the living hymns of the world. What flimsy, perishable material for enduring temples in marble and granite, alabaster and bronze. They were mighty and wonderful architects, these wise old Greeks. But they didn't know how to build temples. A little over 2000 years old are these Greek temples at Paestum. Three thousand five hundred years ago Moses dedicated the tent to the worship of the God of Abraham. Two thousand years ago the high priest who stood at its altar of sacrifice, Himself the great Sacrifice, said: "Before Abraham was, I am." How much longer parchment lasts than bronze! How soon a temple of marble crumbles into dust! How eternal is a word, formed by a breath!

Pompeii.

And homeward from Paestum we walk through the streets of a city where men bought and sold, where women sang to the babes at their breasts, where the laughter of children came rippling out of the court or the garden, mingling with the ceaseless music of the fountain; where the heart of a youth beat more quickly at the touch of a hand, soft and gentle, and the blush mantled the cheek of a girl who listened to the whisperings of love coupled with her own name, that seemed sweet and beautiful to her only because some one held it dearer and sweeter than life. This was the boy, this ash-incrusted figure; with every godlike muscle knotted in a fierce fight against a death that laughed at strength and courage, at speed or cunning. And this is the girl, just as she stumbled and fell, more than 1900 years ago, her face half-hidden in the hollow of her arm as she strove to hide it from the pitiless rain of stifling ashes that sifted into the streets, and the temples of the gods and the homes of men and women. You see the ring on her finger—a gift from him? Her limbs are round, graceful, delicate—death had no pity for beauty as it had no reverence for courage, no fear of strength.

And here is another pitiful thing in these death-swept streets—the dog, contorted in an agony of terror and pain—so he died at his master's door, alike faithful and dependent to the last.

This is Pompeii, with its silent mills, its temples and gardens, the bright paintings on the walls of its homes, the many fountains, the sparkle of their songs quenched and hushed, the chariot ruts in the streets, like human foot tracks—marks of a life so strangely resurrected that it seems never to have died. Paestum was lonely and desolate. But Pompeii? While we wait in the doorway of the house of Sircius, reading the inscription in the mosaic of the threshold, "Salve lucrum," a servant may appear to conduct us into the presence of his master. At the thought I inwardly hope that his master speaks English, and in the nervous effort to recall the Latin for "Good morning, I have read your book," I awake and find myself in 1901. An ominous cloud is hanging over Vesuvius; it is near sunset, and the nights in Pompeii are 2000 years long. So we hasten back to Naples.

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A NATURAL REQUEST.

[Philadelphia Press:] "What can I do for you?" asked the druggist, who had been aroused from his sleep by the violent ringing of the night bell.

"Why, m' fr'en," said De Kanter, "I want look at yer City Direct'ry, an' shee what my 'dresh ish, sho I can go home."

Labor in New Zealand. By Frank G. Carpenter

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS A WEEK.

WAGES. WORK AND HOLIDAYS IN THE BELLAMY LAND OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I HAD lost myself in Auckland. I had been visiting Frank Dillingham, our American Consul, who lives in one of the suburbs under the shadow of Mount Eden, and had started back on foot when I met a coarsely-dressed, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, healthy-looking young man and asked him to direct me to the Star Hotel.

"I am going that way," said he, "and, if you will walk with me, I will show you." So we went along together.

"How are times here?" said I.

"Very good," was the reply. "We all have plenty of work and we get enough to keep us from starving."

"What is your business?" I asked.

"I belong to the street-cleaning brigade. I have a job with the city, and I get 8 shillings (about \$2) per day.

"What hours do you work?"

"Oh!" with a laugh, "my hours are not bad. No one here works more than forty-eight hours a week. We put in enough time on the first five days, so that we can have a half holiday Saturday. We street cleaners have a soft thing. We have only four hours' work on Saturday. We begin at 4 o'clock in the morning and get through by 8, so that we really have the whole day for ourselves."

"But how about wages on Saturday?"

"The wages are just the same as for the other days. I suppose I should say I get 48 shillings (\$12) per week, instead of 8 shillings a day.

Forty-eight Hours a Week.

This conversation gives you some idea of work and wages in New Zealand. This is the land of the eight-hour day and the weekly half holiday. So far as the men are concerned, the laws do not fix the number of hours, but forty-eight working hours is the usual week of the laboring man, and every person has his weekly half holiday. Where there is no weekly arrangement the day lasts for eight hours, and when men are employed by the week they piece out the eight-hour day by working overtime, so as to give them only four or five hours on Saturday or some other day of the week. All government employees put in forty-eight hours a week. The various trades unions fix this as their time and at present the only people who work longer are the men on the farms and the clerks in the stores. There are a few trades which necessarily require some overtime, but, as a rule, the unions equalize this and the law steps in and supports the unions in their rules.

It was recently decided in a trouble between the employers and the shoemakers of Auckland that forty-eight hours must be considered a full week's work, and that no shoemaker should be paid less than 20 cents an hour. The Auckland butchers limit their labor to sixty-one hours, but they take off nine hours of that time for meals, so that the week's work is forty-eight hours. The wages of the different classes of butchers are fixed by law and the employer who breaks the law will be fined not to exceed \$50.

I have before me some decisions of the government boards of conciliation and arbitration regulating such matters. In all of them the union rules as to time are upheld and an hourly rate of from 25 to 50 per cent. higher than the regular wages is charged for all overtime.

The Weekly Half-holiday.

The weekly half holiday is compulsory. The day is usually fixed by the local authorities and the factory or merchant who keeps his store open is fined for doing so, even if he dismisses his employees. If the merchant keeps his clerks he is fined for that. I see a record of a man in Foxton who employed two boys under 18 years of age on Saturday afternoon a few months ago. He was called up by the court and heavily fined. Another man employed a carter to work on a half holiday. He paid about \$5 and costs. The saloonists here have scratched the country as with a fine tooth comb for pretty girls to act as barmaids. The law provides that every barmaid must be given her half holiday once a week, or the saloonist pays \$25. It is the same with all classes of clerks and it is the same in the factories.

The question of the day on which the people are to take their weekly vacation is usually settled by the municipal authorities. It is fixed in January of each year and continues from then until some other day is appointed. In some towns it is Tuesday, in some Wednesday, in some Thursday, and in many Saturday. Saturday is the day usually chosen for the factories, even though the stores in the same town may close on another day. If Saturday is the day fixed there are certain classes of men, such as grocers, butchers and market men, who may meet together and choose another day for their regular holiday.

Hard on the Drummers.

This closing of the stores for one-half day each week seriously disarranges the work of the commercial travelers. The merchants will not buy on a holiday and the salesmen have to regulate their trips so as to skip the holiday towns on such days. The railroad guides publish the names of the towns, with the days of the week set aside as holidays opposite each town.

On half holidays the streets are as deserted as on Sunday. There are cricket matches, golf meetings and excursions. Most of the people put on their best clothes and go to the parks, and the whole town takes a vacation. Some go off into the country and you will now and then meet a man on a tramp trip from Saturday to Monday. On such days the saloons are usually open. They are not known as saloons, but hotels, and you

never expect a hotel to shut up. As far as I can see, however, there is much less drinking at such times than you would expect, and nothing like that of Saturday afternoons in the cities of Scotland.

The clerks seldom work much more than eight hours a day. I have gone along the streets at 8 o'clock in the morning and found many of the stores still closed. There is also a proviso that merchants and banks must close their places at 5 in the afternoon for two-thirds of each month. There is a penalty for delivering goods on a half holiday, and the law provides that the clerks shall not be worked longer on ordinary days to make up for their half holiday.

A Chat With the Secretary of Labor.

It was to ask some questions about this and other labor matters that I called the other day upon the Hon. Edward Tregear, at the Labor Department in Wellington. New Zealand has a Department of Labor which ranks even with the other departments of the government. It is on the same basis as the Treasury Department and Agricultural Department, and the Secretary for Labor has as much influence in New Zealand as a Cabinet minister has in the United States. The present head of the Labor Department is Mr. Tregear. He has been Secretary for Labor for the past decade, and has been one of the prime movers in all of New Zealand's experiments for the benefit of the laboring men.

It was in his office at the Department of Labor that I met Mr. Tregear. He is a slender, bright-eyed, intellectual-looking man about 40 years of age. He is a good talker, especially on the subjects nearest his heart, namely, those connected with the labor movements. During our conversation he told me that he was at the bottom a socialist, and that he believed New Zealand's efforts toward equalizing the rights of man to be the beginning of a development which would spread and which would in time better the social condition of mankind.

How the Workingmen Conquered.

I asked Secretary Tregear how the laboring men had come to get the upper hand in New Zealand. He replied:

"It originated in a strike which failed. It was the last strike we had, and it was more than seven years ago. At that time the unions controlled many branches of trade, and they were fairly-well united. Among others there was a union which handled all freight at the wharves, called the Maritime Union. It was an old organization, with plenty of money in its treasury, resulting from assessments upon its members throughout a period of years. As the funds increased, the old members decided that all new unionists should pay an initiation fee somewhat proportionate to the share each would have in the assets of the treasury. There were but few laboring men who could do this, and the consequence was that entrance to the union was difficult. Nevertheless, the union would not permit non-union men to work, and though they could not handle all the work themselves, they still protested against the ship owners employing outsiders. The ship owners could not stand this. They took on extra men and defied the union. The members of the union struck, and through their relations with the other unions brought about a general strike all over New Zealand. Their demands were unreasonable, and the sympathy of the people was with the non-unionists and the ship owners. Men came from all places to help the ship owners. The feeling was so great that even the clerks in the stores asked for vacations, put on overalls and worked for a time on the wharves as common laborers. The unemployed were given places, and the result was that the strikers were terribly beaten, and they knew it.

Laboring Men in Parliament.

"They reconsidered the situation," continued Mr. Tregear, "and decided that their only chance for a fair show in the future was in electing workingmen to Parliament. They at once began their campaign, adopting the rule that every candidate of the workingmen's party must be a workingman. They then argued the question of their rights in the shops, on the streets and on the stump, and as a result soon had enough members in Parliament to hold the balance of power. The people outside the laboring classes became interested in the struggle. Public sentiment changed. The people saw there were two sides to the question, and we now have a number of workingmen members of Parliament."

"But do your workingmen representatives stick to their class after they are elected?" I asked.

"In most cases they do," replied Mr. Tregear, "but in some not. In the latter instances the workingman starts in enthusiastically. He is all for labor and nothing for capital. He is soon corrupted, however, by his association with the rich. The dinners and attentions of his wealthier parliamentary fellows turn his head. By the end of the first session he has risen above his class and changes his working suit for a tweed suit. At the end of the next sessions you find him in black broadcloth with a tall hat, and thereafter he probably votes with the capitalists. As a whole, however, our workingmen make fairly-good representatives."

I asked as to the feeling between labor and capital. Mr. Tregear replied:

"I think it is very good. As I told you, we have not had a strike for seven years, and there are no indications that we shall have any in the future. The government has enacted certain factory laws, and our arbitration and conciliation acts remove the possibilities of strikes."

Factory Laws.

"Give me some idea of your factory laws, Mr. Tregear," said I.

"These laws regulate the building and management of the factories. They require that the buildings be

well ventilated, and that the machinery be as to preserve the life and health of the workers. Every factory must have certain sanitary features. It must be kept clean and must furnish water.

"As to the management of the factories, the law for Labor went on, "we have many laws for the workingmen, and especially the unions. The law is such that it includes nearly every man in the country. A factory is defined as a place where two or more persons are working for hire or handicraft; any such place comes under the act, and is subject to government inspection."

How New Zealand Guards the Workingmen.

"And are all factories inspected?" I asked.

"Every one of them," replied Mr. Tregear, "a chief inspector and 163 local inspectors. The country is divided up into districts, and each is under charge of one of these inspectors. By law the factories must be open to such inspection at any time of night, and their managers must give all information desired as to the workmen or workwomen, and keeps a record of the age, sex, character, hours of work and wages of each of his men. If this is not in accordance with the law, he will notify him of the fact and prosecute him."

As to Women and Children.

"We have very stringent laws for the protection of women and children in the factories," Mr. Tregear continued. "We have women inspectors who go from factory to factory to investigate the conditions of the women. According to law no woman is employed for more than forty-eight hours in a glass factory. No boy under 14 or girl under 16 is allowed to work in a brick or tile works or any place where there is dipping in the metal trade or the dipping of glass is going on. This is to protect the health of the children."

"Up to what age do you keep your children in factories?" I asked.

"We do not allow any to be employed under 16, and all under 16 must have passed through the of the public schools. No woman, and no child under 18, can be employed for more than 48 hours a day and a half without an interval for meals, so that all the meals shall be taken outside the rooms. This is to prevent any work being done during meal hours."

No Store Orders.

"How about wages, Mr. Tregear? Are people paid in orders on stores?"

"No, we have strict laws as to such payment for labor in goods is illegal. Wages, goods or articles furnished by the employer supplied on his premises cannot be brought set off, nor can the employer sue his employee so bought. Workmen must be paid in at least once a month, if they so desire, in written agreements those engaged in manual labor must be paid weekly, and if not so paid they are money due or thereafter to become due on the work. The wages of those who make \$10 per week cannot be touched for debt, and if a man goes bankrupt the wages of his dependents for four months preceding are protected on the estate."

Wages of Workingmen.

I here asked Mr. Tregear to give me some idea of wages in New Zealand. He handed me a report, from which I have deduced the following:

"Farm hands with board get from \$1 to \$2 a month, and without board from \$1 to \$2.50. Shepherds receive from \$250 to \$350 per month, shepherds about 5 cents per sheep. They have their union and regulate wages."

"Masons, bricklayers, plasterers and carpenters from \$2 to \$3 per day, and plumbers and painters the same. Saddlers are paid from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Watchmakers from \$2 to \$3."

"As to common everyday laborers they are paid from \$2.25 per day of eight hours. Engineers from \$2 to \$3 per day, tailors from \$1.75 to \$2.50, from \$5 to \$8 per week, and compositions \$15 per week."

"In dry-goods stores, clerks are paid from \$2 to \$3 per week; grocery clerks receive from \$2 to \$3 per week, and bakers about the same. The different provinces of New Zealand being paid in the gold fields."

The government has a minimum wage for all classes. According to law every one who works in factories must receive something. It is to maintain an apprentice merely for the privilege of a trade. Young people under 18 years of age are paid at least \$1 per week if they are apprentices, \$1.75 per week if they are boys, irrespective of the factory act the pay for overtime same 12 cents an hour.

A Government Employment Bureau.

The Labor Department has its employment bureaus at Wellington and at 200 other places throughout New Zealand. At these bureaus the government brings the two together. This applies as to factories, but as to domestic service, hands. From these bureaus the government employs for the public works, and it advances money to laborers to take new places of employment. In one year 10,000 thousand men obtained work through the bureaus, and of this number more than

married, and with their families represented a population of almost five thousand.
For the Prevention of Sweating.

New Zealand does all it can to prevent sweating or house industry at starvation wages. There are laws against taking work home from the factories, and the employer who allows his workmen to do so is subject to a penalty not to exceed \$50, while the workman himself can be fined \$25. All work done for factories outside the factories by other parties must be recorded, and also the names and addresses of the persons by whom said work is done, together with the amount paid for the same. Anyone who gets work from a factory is not allowed to sub-let it under a penalty of a heavy fine. He must do the work himself, or have it done by his own workmen on his premises. A label at least two inches square must be put upon all goods made outside the factories, showing just where the goods were made and how. The failure to affix such labels is liable to a penalty as high as \$30 for each offense, and the removing them after having been affixed is finable up to \$100. Wellington, New Zealand.

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"HELLO GIRL" DETHRONED.

AN EXCHANGE OF SIXTEEN HUNDRED SUBSCRIBERS WHICH RUNS ITSELF.

(Philadelphia Record:) Automatic telephone calling has gradually and quietly come into vogue for inter-communicating office and building systems. There appears to be as yet no well-defined limit to which it can be carried—that is to say, where it can be said the expense of multiplying automatic selective apparatus is greater than the ordinary switchboard connections, with the cost of manual switching added. A remarkably complete and interesting system of absolutely automatic company has been recently installed at New Bedford, Mass., and has been in operation since November last with entire success. The displacement of the "Telephone Girl" by automatic devices has enabled the new company to offer unlimited service at a very low rate, considerably less than that at which the old "central" system previously used in this town could be offered. The new system now has a waiting list of subscribers.

The advantage of the system is that each person makes his own connections, without the intermediary of a "central" and "telephone girl," although there is, of course, a central station, where the selective apparatus is installed. In this system it is impossible for a third person to overhear or interrupt a conversation, for, if an engaged phone is signaled, the caller receives individual notice of "busy" by the ringing of his own buzzer. Persons trying to effect a connection does not interfere with a phone already connected to another subscriber. Hanging up is also entirely automatic, the placing of the receiver on the hook cutting off all connections and leaving the phone ready to receive or originate further calls. Calling is effected in the following manner: On each instrument there is a dial containing figures from 0 to 9. This dial may be revolved freely by hand in a clockwise direction. A number is called by successively pressing the numerals of which it is composed into the next position, beginning with the left-hand numeral. Two holes are placed opposite each figure for the manipulation of the dial. When the figure is pressed into the lowest position and the dial released it returns to its original position of rest, when the next figure is brought to the lowest position, and so on. For instance, in getting 4231, the "4" is first brought to its lowest position, then the dial is released; then the "2," "3" and "1" successively. A pressure of the button on the telephone set closes a local primary battery circuit and rings the bells of both the caller and the number called. Before making a call the receiver is removed from its hook.

It is asserted that a second is sufficient time to bring the figure on the dial to its lowest position and allow return, and one second is ample time to produce a call of both stations, so that five seconds is sufficient to make a connection.

The details of the connections cannot yet be made known, owing to pending patent arrangement, but the system is in actual operation nevertheless. Each subscriber, according to a description of the plant printed in the Electrical World, has a complete metallic circuit of wires connecting with the exchange. At the last point each pair of wires from a subscriber's telephone is connected to a small machine contained in a case less than 12x8x6 inches, that is the essential element of the system." This little machine is made up of two contacts actuated by electromagnets, supplied every from a central station storage battery. Each contact of the disc at the subscriber's end of the line makes a corresponding alteration of the contacts in this selective apparatus. In small exchanges of 100, or even 200, only one machine is required for each subscriber, the instrument selecting automatically, without any assistance whatever, the number of the instrument called. "In larger exchanges, up to 1000, the connections of machines corresponding to each telephone must be made through one trunk line, and each of which leads to a group of machines. One of the machines on the trunk line makes an automatic connection with the machine corresponding to the telephone of the desired subscriber. Where the number of subscribers is larger than the so-called 10,000 system, such as that at New Bedford, where each trunk line first connects with the telephone, selects another trunk line, and this machine of the telephone desired." The system requires the use of about one and a half machines for each subscriber. The New Bedford system accommodates for 1000 subscribers. Extensions to it are made by adding additional machines and without disturbing those already installed.

Successful and economical has the system proved—so much so that being required for the entire New Bedford system, and even he is not present all the time—connection being possible with distant points as well as with manual contact connections, that an extension of the New Bedford system to outlying territories is already contemplated. With the elimination of the trouble of connecting "calls" it is possible to offer unlimited service at very low rates. Those prevailing in New Bedford are \$24 per year for residence phones, and \$36 per year in business houses. Under the old system the charges ranged from \$48 to \$36 for the same services. At Fall River a corporation has been formed to take over the system, and several other New England towns are taking steps in the same direction.

BUSINESS IN MEXICO.

FUTURE OF COTTON MANUFACTURING AND OTHER INDUSTRIES.

From a Special Correspondent.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 9.—The stagnation which now exists in the cotton manufacturing industry of Mexico will prove a benefit rather than a misfortune if the lesson it conveys is taken to heart. A large proportion of the cotton mills producing the coarser grade of goods are now closed down as a result of overproduction. There are other complications in the situation which will necessitate a reorganization of this business, and will undoubtedly lead to greater care in the organization and extension of other new industries and greater conservatism in loaning money upon industrial securities.

The staple article of consumption in Mexico in the line of cloth is a coarse, grade of cotton, from which nearly all the clothing of the people is made. It was but a few years ago that cotton manufacturing was almost unknown in the republic. This condition did not last long, however, after the promoters from the United States and other foreign countries realized the possibilities of the situation.

In 1883, \$12,000,000 was invested in cotton mills in this country. Now, over \$30,000,000 is represented in plants coming under that classification. As Mexico is not an exporter of cotton goods, as soon as the local demand was supplied trade reached its limit. The high price of cotton in the United States, from which country Mexico secures a large portion of her raw material, the expense of fuel other than water power, and the large capitalization and fixed charges against the mills were a combination of circumstances which rendered the industry unable to withstand any period of severe depression.

Industrial stocks being somewhat of a novelty financial institutions, in their desire to advance the interests of their respective localities, have loaned rather freely upon them during the past five years, and one of the most serious conditions resulting from this depression in the cotton-cloth market is the overloading of a few public and some private banking concerns with this rather indefinite collateral. This state of affairs will lead to some trimming and readjustment, and will increase conservatism in the future in loaning upon industrials, though it is not believed there will be any serious financial disasters, owing to the remarkable solidity of nearly all financial institutions in this country.

Discussing Remedies.

The result of the depression in this branch of business has been a drop in the price of cotton-mill stocks, in some instances below the amount for which they were pledged. The remedy for the present depression is already being actively discussed, and it is generally agreed that a solution will be found in time which will again put a more encouraging face upon affairs. The mills will develop more water power, thus using less expensive fuel, will put in machinery for the production of a higher grade of goods, will increase the consuming power of the people by development, and reduce the fixed charges by reorganization. Another thing which will be of material assistance in starting these mills again will be a drop in the price of cotton in the United States, which is looked for as inevitable. The method employed in building some of these mills may lead to loss in certain directions, for the stocks have in a number of instances been "kited." The stock of the parent concern has been pledged for money to build another mill, and so on until the original investment sufficient only to erect one plant has been used to erect several, all of which are heavily encumbered. Normal conditions of prosperity can hardly correct entirely such a procedure as this, for even under extraordinarily favorable conditions it would be difficult to carry such enterprises to a successful outcome. In brief, the industry has been rushed to death, encouraged by prohibitive tariffs and favorable concessions which led to enormous profits in the first days of the business. The mills will be reorganized, the needs of the market more carefully studied and catered to, the cost of operation cheapened, and in time the industry will accommodate itself to the needs of the country. As a result of this process the water will be squeezed from the stocks, badly-managed plants will succumb, and there will be more or less loss distributed among those who furnished the original capital and those who loaned money upon those industrial securities without taking into account the tendency to overdo. The present condition has been foreseen by shrewd observers for several years, but the building of cotton mills in Mexico became a sort of mania, and had to run its course.

Mining Outlook Promising.

The cotton industry, however, seems to be the only point in Mexico's industrial affairs which presents any unfavorable aspect. Mining is the great resource of this country, and in less than twenty-five years the production of gold and silver alone has risen from \$25,000,000 to \$78,000,000, to say nothing of other metals which are mined incidentally. There is no possibility of overdoing the mining development, for the product is staple throughout the world over and always finds a ready-cash market at fixed prices. It is not too much to say that twenty-five years from now the output of precious metals from Mexico will be many times what it is today, for in the great States of Sonora, Chihuahua and Durango, Oxaca, Nueva Leon and others the ground has as yet been barely prospected for mines. The increasing mineral output of the country represents the rapid growth and development of the mining industry, and where one property may be found producing freely at the height of its prosperity a hundred have been recently discovered, and are being prospected with ample promise for the future.

The mining laws of Mexico are admirable in their

simplicity and justice. This is an easy country to do business in. All rights are fully protected, taxes are minimized, and everything is done to encourage the development and solid wealth of each and every district.

The State Legislatures and local authorities are friendly to the mine owner, be he native or foreigner, and nearly all of them are of the latter class, and any local legislation within reason can be secured to improve mining facilities.

Great Industrial Growth.

The industrial development of Mexico is shown in the fact that in less than twenty-five years the railroad mileage has increased from 420 miles to nearly 8000. The tonnage of these railroads has increased in still greater proportion, and rates charged for traffic compare favorably with any section of the United States. A striking feature of Mexico's industrial growth is shown in the fact that the postoffice handled about 10,000,000 pieces of mail in 1883, and last year handled nearly 120,000,000 pieces. While in the past seven years the export duties have remained about the same in amount collected by the government, the receipts from import duties have risen from \$15,000,000 to \$28,000,000. In five years the telegraph tolls collected increased from \$600,000 to over \$1,000,000. Nearly all of these items have a direct bearing upon the industrial growth of the country, for there is no other cause to which this increase can be assigned.

Education is compulsory throughout the republic, though it is much hampered by a lack of facilities due to inadequate financial resources on the part of the federal and local governments, and also to the fact that the ruling class is not yet fully alive to the value of education among the poorer and more dependent people. The general condition of the latter class in Mexico has improved greatly in the past decade, especially in their earning power. The average wages paid to the natives in Mexico ten years ago was about 18 cents a day. The average wages throughout the republic last year was 65 cents a day, a fact of tremendous significance in summing up the general condition of the people.

Hope in the Indians.

The hope of Mexico for the future is in her Indian population. In towns and cities these people are not of admirable character. In the country, where dissipation and criminal practices have not yet reached, the Indians are of docile disposition, eager for education, faithful to their employers, and anxious to improve themselves and their children in every way. Foreigners whose business interests have led them into the interior of Mexico where they have been dependent upon these people, oftentimes conceive a great admiration and even affection for them, and believe that a few years of wise and paternal government will render the coming generation superior to any people of their character the world over.

Northern Mexico is periodically afflicted with a shortage in the staple crops, corn and cotton, and during the past year not over one-half a crop of grain has been harvested. When the shortage is very extensive the Mexican government has been in the habit of suspending the import duty upon grain, and thus allowing a supply to enter from the United States. This will not be done this year, as the country can subsist on what it has, and it is thought that it would be unjust to those having grain for sale to bring them into competition with the American product to supply the needs of the minority.

For those who follow mining as a profession, and who can secure the necessary backing, Mexico presents an alluring field of endeavor. For those who are ready to undertake large agricultural enterprises, with unlimited capital at their command, the fertile valley lands upon which water can be placed for irrigation present great opportunities. For those who have articles for sale suitable for the Mexican trade this country is still an open field. For those who aspire to become financiers, and to control large interests through rendering assistance to others in the shape of money, Mexico offers chances for several Napoleons in government and individual directions. For those who are capable of serving the financial, industrial, commercial, railroad or mining interests in expert capacity, Mexico offers many opportunities which, if properly utilized, can lead to fame and fortune. It is not a country for a poor man without special information of salable character.

Ancient as Mexico is, as many centuries as are included in the history of her people, modern Mexico is the creation of the last quarter of a century. Should her growth be proportionate, and there is no reason to doubt but that it will, the results in evidence today will seem but the merest beginning, twenty-five years from now, in the light of what will then have been accomplished.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

WILL CUT THE BEARS' WHISKERS.

[Philadelphia Press:] Whiskers have been tabooed at the Zoo, and a crusade against them will shortly be started. Within a few days, the keepers will trim the bears' mustaches, which have grown very long and annoying the beasts.

The whiskers have curled around so far as to tickle the bears every time they move their heads. The hairs are fully eight inches in length, and caused one bear to cut himself so badly with his claws in trying to push them away, that the keepers feared for a time that serious results would follow.

The trimming of the bears' whiskers will require several days, and is a dangerous operation. Each bear has to be cornered and placed in a cage so small that in it he is unable to move. The objectionable whiskers are then trimmed with long shears. The position of Zoo barber is not much sought after.

The animals often struggle and fight until exhausted before they will submit to the operation, and it takes all the patience of the keepers to bring it through successfully. The day for the trimming of the whiskers has not been set yet, but it will be a lively one at the Zoo.

"MESCAL."

By a Special Contributor.

COME, señor, have your palm read! A few centavos are nothing for the secret of your future."

The solicitation, couched in the Spanish-Mexican patois of the frontier, had become exasperatingly familiar of late. I was employed on a Los Angeles daily and was on my way, as usual each morning, from my home in the San Fernando Valley, by way of the Cahuenga Pass, to the little station just beyond the divide, where I took the train into the city. Midway of the pass stood an old stone watering-trough, at which I was accustomed to refresh my horse while journeying through the hills. For upward of a fortnight past I had regularly encountered at this point a solitary evil-visaged Mexican, who had announced himself as a palmist "sin paralelo," and occupied the few moments' pause in my ride with persistent importunities for my patronage. What did not tend to enhance my regard for this unprepossessing individual was the crafty manner in which he invariably inspected my horse out of the corners of his small, restless eyes. The horse, moreover, appeared to resent the scrutiny quite as much as myself, and from the first asserted his antipathy for the vagabond faker by steadfastly refusing to approach the drinking trough until I had invited the stranger to withdraw a few paces. On this particular morning, however, my curiosity became aroused as to why the fellow continued to frequent so unpromising a locality, which at best was a lonely spot, visited only by transitory horsemen and teamsters. Therefore, as my horse fretfully sipped a few draughts of water, eyeing the peon suspiciously the while, I remarked: "You must be intensely fond of your occupation, considering the little recompense you appear to derive from it. Why not go into the city, where, at least, your field for solicitation would be larger?"

"Ah, señor," replied the peon, with affected pathos, "I am indeed fond of my profession; but, however little I may realize from it here on the highway, the city would yield me less; for they who live in the city care little about the future. It is the present alone that interests them."

I was inwardly forced to recognize a certain amount of truth in his argument, and by way of appreciation tendered him a small coin.

As I deposited the silver in his hand, however, with a quick movement he caught the tips of my fingers in his clasp and fixed his eyes on the open palm. The precipitateness of the act was all but demoralizing to my horse, which sprang backward with a suddenness that came perilously near unseating me. The Mexican, however, held tenaciously on to my hand, incidentally taking care to keep out of range of my frantic animal's hoofs. As soon as I could recover myself I wrenched my hand free, but not until the peon had vouchsafed this admonition:

"Señor, a terrible accident threatens you from horses. Take heed in time, therefore, and rid yourself of that bronco you are riding."

I made no response, but as I touched my spurs and galloped off down the pass the peon shouted after me a parting injunction.

"Sell him, señor," he cried; "I warn you he is under the spell of a demon."

As the words greeted my ear I glanced admiringly down at the sleek, arched neck of my spirited charger.

"Mescal," said I, reaching down and patting his splendid shoulders, "do you hear that? He says you're possessed of a demon, and that I must sell you—but I sha'n't."

The Mexican's ominous characterization of my horse was no revelation to me, and instead of inspiring me with any apprehensiveness, his apparent concern for my safety somewhat amused me. Moreover, the knowledge that Mescal's disposition was so thoroughly consistent with his name was rather a source of gratification than of regret to me. It was an odd name for a horse, but he had come by it legitimately—that is, he had been so called ever since the Mexican bandit, Garcia, had broken him as a colt to the saddle and bestowed the title upon him. And for two years thereafter Mescal had borne his unscrupulous rider on all his marauding raids until the latter had been so hard pressed up in the Ensenada Hills by Sheriff Doyle of Yuma that he and his followers were forced to abandon their horses and take to the chaparral. I had chanced to be along with Doyle on that occasion—assignments of that character were accepted as a matter of course by newspaper men out here in those days—and as the forsaken horses of the fleeing outlaws dashed down the hill in an effort to escape past us, I launched my riata at the leader, a gaunt but fleet and gaudily-equipped animal. My calculations as to the distance of the mark had proved accurate—but so had the aim of the Sheriff of Yuma, for hardly had my noose settled about the shoulders of the horse when another loop, hurled from the opposite direction, fell directly over it, and Doyle and myself had together captured the bandit chieftain's steed. The others of our posse having corralled the rest of the stampeding animals, Doyle and myself fell to work to dividing our spoils between us. He graciously acknowledged my precedence, momentary though it had been, in the capture, and insisted that the horse should be mine, while, by way of evenning up the division as nearly as possible, I voluntarily surrendered to him the beautiful silver-mounted saddle, the intrinsic value of which far exceeded that of the horse. The Mexican bridle, however, I retained, for engraved upon a silver plate, attached to its headstall, was the legend, "Mescal. Propiedad de Joaquin Garcia," together with some additional data, briefly expressed in

Spanish, relative to the horse's antecedents. The general appearance of the animal indicated the grossest ill-treatment in the past. The small of his back was literally covered with saddle galls, while his thin sides were furrowed with deep, calloused ridges, where the cruel rowels of a merciless rider had plowed their way. But, true to the nature of the western bronco, abuse had not in the least diminished either his fiery spirit or his sterling hardihood, and that he had been highly prized as a mount by his late owner, notwithstanding the marks of the latter's brutality, was evident from the pedigree engraved on the silver-mounted headstall. Six months of rest and good pasture had worked

"Doyle leaves Yuma with a posse early morning after Garcia. You will go with him." I paused with my hand on the door-knob.

"May I take my own saddle horse?" I asked.

"Take a whole cabalgada, if you choose—of town on that 2:30 special," and, having said the matter, the editor-in-chief proceeded paragraphs as though I had never existed.

It was ten miles out to Cahuenga station, where I was stabled, and 12 o'clock when I received word, but two and a half hours later found myself out of Los Angeles aboard the Southern Pacific, with my horse trying his utmost to kick his



"WITH A FRENZIED SCREAM MESCAL SPRANG FORWARD."

a miraculous change in Mescal's appearance. From his previous gaunt condition he had developed a splendid proportion and grace of figure, while the former disfigurements to his cuticle were entirely eradicated by the filling out of his glossy black coat.

On the morning following my colloquy with the peon I remarked his absence from his accustomed rendezvous in the pass, but upon arriving at my office in the city I found among my mail a letter which immediately recalled him to my mind. It was a proposition, written in Spanish, and purporting to come from a Mexican stockman, offering to purchase my saddle horse if I chose to sell him at a reasonable figure. The connection between the communication and the peon palmist was too palpable to escape detection, and the only cognizance I accorded it was in the purchase of an extra

of a palace stock car that had been coupled in rear for his exclusive accommodation. It was night when I arrived at Yuma, and, having secured Mescal from his uncongenial quarters, I mounted and rode away in quest of Doyle. After a brief search located that individual up in the Federal building playing poker with his chief and sole deputy, the District Attorney, and a Kick-a-Poo scout, with unconcern as though Garcia and his band were safely within the walls of the Territorial building.

"Where's the rest of your posse?" I asked him after the customary exchange of courtesies in place.

"Why," he explained, "the Coroner was sent for a few minutes ago to hold an inquest on the



"I WARN YOU, HE IS UNDER THE SPELL OF A DEMON."

lock for my stable door before setting out for home that evening. Nothing further developed of the circumstance, however, nor did the palmist ever again put in an appearance at the stone watering-trough on the San Fernando road. In fact, the entire matter had quite passed from my mind, when one day, about a month later, I was directed to report at once to the managing editor of the paper. As I entered the sanctum of the dignitary in question he was industriously occupied with the preparation of his editorials. Being naturally of a taciturn disposition, he was not accustomed to waste any superfluous utterances on the subordinate members of his staff, and, upon noting my presence, without pausing in or glancing up from his work, delivered the following laconic order:

a half-breed desperado who got wind that I was getting together, and fearing, I reckon, that his own personal interests might be at stake, to exterminate the members before they could work. He started in on the wrong party, however, happened to be Cal Jenkins, the County Clerk, too swift for him—which is how the Coroner had to be needed thereabout temporarily. But he'll be around in the course of half an hour, so you can count yourself, and the two customers you pick up down near the border will be there by then, seeing as Garcia's gang has thinned out what here of late. Reckon there ain't none

the grousers left in the whole drove now, which is less than half their number when we mixed things with 'em last fall."

"And where have you located the outfit this time?" I inquired.

"Down in the Manzanita Mountains, close to the Mexican line," was the reply.

"Not that's only twenty miles from here," I demurred, "and leaving in the morning will bring us there in broad daylight. We'll never get them at that rate, for it's open plain every foot of the way between here and the Manzanitas."

"Ah, I see!" returned the Sheriff of Yuma, astutely, "During on a good twelve-hour sleep, as usual, before going to work. Well, you won't get it this time, 'Cabeza Mescalito' (sleepy head,) for we'll be in the heart of the Sierra Manzanitas long before sunrise. It's now 10 o'clock, and we leave before midnight, which reminds me," he added, "that you'd better go down to the corral and rope yourself a horse. Bring your saddle with you!"

"Yes, and something more," I answered.

"What?" inquired my friend.

"Mescal, of course," I replied, carelessly. "Mescal!" ejaculated the Sheriff, incredulously. "Going after Garcia with his own horse? Well—I'll—be—"

The full moon was hanging low over the rugged crest of the Manzanita Range as our little cavalcade drew near at the edge of the dense chaparral that covered its slopes, after a brisk ride over the intervening desert.

"We'll wait here," announced Doyle, "until Pie Mescal," indicating the Kick-a-Poo scout, who had dismounted and was just vanishing in the thicket, "goes ahead and takes a look at the camp. It was Pie," he explained aside to me, "who located the outfit, and he knows just how to reach it."

Half an hour later the Indian returned with the information that the outlaws were still encamped where he had previously found them, which was in a small, dry, distant about a mile ahead. Upon receiving this intelligence the Sheriff commanded his party to fall in, file behind the guide, then gave the order to advance. Thus we proceeded with the utmost caution, up the narrow trail, through the tangled brushwood, and at length a silent signal, passed from one to another down the line, warned us of our approach to the bandit stronghold. At almost the same instant a shot was fired by one of their sentinels told that we had been discovered, and, throwing aside all caution, we dashed forward to the attack. Though taken completely by surprise, the outlaws appeared to keep their heads, and as far as we could reach their horses, sprang upon their stirrups, and desperately essayed to repulse us. In a moment we were in their midst, firing rapidly but, with a certain coolness, for no shots could be wasted in the face of such superior numbers. At the height of the combat I suddenly perceived a tall Mexican, wearing a blue-embroidered jacket, the description of which I had seen one time before seen in print, forcing his horse toward me. It was Jacquin Garcia. Instantly I leveled my revolver at his head, and pulled the trigger. There was no report. I had fired the last charge from my brace of pistols. Before I could even attempt to reload the bandit would have got me to a certainty, but as he was in the act of covering me a revolver shot rang out near my ear, and reeling in his saddle my antagonist hit the ground. The next moment my deliverer's horse was struck by me—and his rider was Sheriff Doyle of Yuma. Hardly had he vanished; however, before another back horseman bore down upon me. I can imagine of that long stiletto even yet as its owner's hand brandished it aloft in the moonlight. Then, as he made despatch, my horse reared back on his hind legs, and the blow that was intended for me struck him a glancing blow in the side of the head. In that instant, with a frenzied scream, Mescal plunged forward, and catching the Mexican's leg in his teeth, tore him from his horse. Then, as the outlaw's body lay on the ground, the infuriated animal sprang upon him again and again with his powerful forefeet, before I urged him to leave the spot and join the members of our party. From this on the odds were in our favor, and one by one the surviving bandits gave up the contest and appealed for quarter.

At length, with the exception of a few who had sought under cover of the darkness into the mountains, none had were either prisoners or numbered among the slain. Retracing our steps to the scene of the final stage of the fight, we dismounted for the purpose of examining the bodies of the fallen bandits. Among one that lay face downward in the sand, I found him to find that the entire back of his head had been crushed in. From this I knew at once it was the man who had fallen a victim to Mescal's vengeance. Taking hold of his arm I turned the body over. At first I started back in amazement, for the pale skin shone full upon his upturned face revealed the unmistakable features of the palmist of the highway.

Alas! Mescal! The stiletto had inflicted a deep slash across his right eye, which rendered him partially blind. He was thus permanently ruined as a man, and to insure him against the possible fate of the animal I took him back to Los Angeles, and had a leather collar made for him, attaching the silver plate taken from his headstall and on which I engraved the single word "Exempt." And him free among the green pasture lands of Fernando ranch, where he will continue to remain for the remainder of his days.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

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[The American] Among other things which William M. Evarts in the hearts of his countrymen, the fact that he was a strong advocate of sleepless nights in the morning.

THE PAPER NAUTILUS.

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL SHELLS THAT HAVE COME TO CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the shells of the sea the nautilus is queen. There are no others so delicate or more beautiful. The models of the ancient ships seem to have been fashioned after the nautilus, with its beautifully-carved prow and graceful keel. The shell is a pure, translucent white, involuted, or corrugated, like iron roofing, which is remarkable for strength and lightness. The rounded prow is jet black, which marking extends well down the keel to the center of the shell where it fades away. It belongs to the order of cephalopoda, which are also represented by the common squid, the octopus and the ammonite, and possess a more complicated structure than any other group of mollusca.

The nautilus and argonaut of the living tribe have external shells. They have powerful jaws, similar to the mandibles of birds, and the tongue is round with recurved spines; the eyes are very large, and in all probability the animal possesses the faculty of both hearing and smelling. They have eight arms, studded with suckers, as has the octopus, and it is said that only the females are provided with shells. The shell is not molded on the body of the animal, nor is it attached by muscles, but can be cast off or taken up at will; and it is believed that with the incubation of the eggs the shell is discarded. The special function of the shell is thought to be for the protection and incubation of the eggs. A nautilus kept in the Avalon aquarium would invariably leave its shell when it was taken from the water, and when the shell was returned to the tank

and thus the search went on. They have ranged small in size, from two to four inches in length being about the average. The prices asked for these rare shells range from \$2 to \$10 for the sizes mentioned. At first only the shells were found, but as the flight proceeded it was found that most of the shells were inhabited when they reached the shore, the animal leaving its house and returning to the water when cast up.

Among the most enthusiastic of the shell-gatherers was Mrs. E. J. Plummer of Avalon, a photograph of whose collection, taken by herself, appears herewith.

S. J. M.

STEAMER ON A ROPE.

FOR TOWING BOATS THROUGH THE CURRENT OF THE IRON GATES.

[Philadelphia Record:] For centuries the navigation on the Danube, the largest river of Europe next to the Volga, was greatly hampered by the so-called Iron Gates, a celebrated defile in the river, at the confines of Hungary, Servia and Roumania. At this place the river is crossed from shore to shore on a length of about 3000 feet by rocky masses, and many a ship went aground in the Iron Gates, which always had been a terror to all navigators. It is the most magnificent and greatest river defile in the whole of Europe. During the years 1890 to 1896 a scheme was carried out here which involved immense difficulties. A canal 275 feet wide and 7 feet deep was cut through the rocks of the Iron Gates. No less than 14,000,000 cubic feet of rocky masses had to be blasted, and more than 50,000,000 cubic feet of stone and earth had to be excavated. A great number of dams, of a combined length of 35,000 feet, had to be built to protect the canal. The expenditure for this work amounted to about 12,000,000 florins. Since the completion of this canal the navigation on the river has steadily increased, and thousands of steamers and barks now sail every year down to the Black Sea.



SOME NAUTILUS SHELLS.

it would nestle back into it again. The motive power of the nautilus in swimming is a siphon from which it ejects a powerful stream of water, driving shell and animal along, while the argonaut uses its boat, with its siphon turned toward the keel, its arms wrapped about the shell. When it crawls, the position is reversed and it then carries its shell on its back like the snail.

Respecting the habits of the nautilus very little is known. Rumphius, a Dutch naturalist, who wrote in 1705, says: "When the nautilus floats in the water he puts out his head and all his tentacles, and spreads them on the water, with the poop of the shell above water; but at the bottom he creeps in the reverse position, with his boat above him and his head and tentacles on the ground, making a tolerably quick progress. He keeps himself chiefly upon the ground, creeping also sometimes into the nets of the fishermen; but after a storm, as the weather becomes calm, they are seen in troops floating on the water, being driven up by the agitation of the waves. This sailing, however, is not of long duration, for having taken in all their tentacles they upset their boat and so return to the bottom."

Perhaps Rumphius's observation may explain the remarkable visitation of the nautilus to Santa Catalina Island in the past month. Immediately following a strong southeast wind, which continued for eight days, these rare shells began to come in. Previous storms from the same direction have failed to produce this effect, however, and it is perhaps only a coincidence. Never before in the history of the island had there been such a plight known. Some eight years ago, perhaps twenty or thirty were picked up one winter, but since that time scarcely half a dozen have been found until the present winter, when large numbers of them made their appearance, coming in with every tide. A fisherman at the Isthmus has a collection of sixty. One lady visitor at Avalon found fourteen in a single day. Many others have from two to a dozen. The search went on day and night. Late at night, like the glow of the will-o-the-wisp, the lights of the enthusiastic searchers could be seen flickering on the beaches, and long before daylight another relay of enthusiasts took their places,

One drawback, however, remained. The current in the Iron Gates is immense, it averaging from 14 to 18 feet per second, and it was especially difficult for the heavily-laden ships to steam upstream through the Gates or to tow the barges against the current.

It was therefore decided to build a special wire-rope steamer for the purpose of towing ships through the defile. This steamer was built at Budapest, and has recently been put on the river. The Vaskapu, as the steamer is named, is entirely built of steel. It has a length of 1836 feet, is 25½ feet broad, its draft being 5.44 feet. It is divided into nine watertight compartments, and has double bottom, so that even in the case of a serious accident the vessel will not sink. A wire rope 20,000 feet in length, and almost one foot in diameter, having a resistance of 85 tons, is strongly anchored to a rock at the upper end of the gates at the bottom of the river bed. This rope, or cable, runs over a drum installed on board the steamer. The vessels to be taken upstream are towed to the steamer, and the cable is then drawn around the drum by means of a steam engine of 300 horse-power. The wire-rope vessel has in addition two other engines, so as to enable her to run independent. The total power of these two engines has a capacity of 1000 horse-power. The speed of the steamer, with two loaded vessels of 600 tons in tow, is 1.3 miles per hour, when sailing against the current, and between four and five miles per hour when going downstream. The steamer has also been equipped with a powerful dynamo, which furnishes electric light and feeds a searchlight.

[Indianapolis Journal:] None of our Presidents has been more a master of style than President McKinley. The power to state a proposition clearly and in good English is common enough, but President McKinley adds to this a sort of epigrammatic quality that makes his state papers unusually readable. He has what Macaulay called "terse, luminous and dignified eloquence." His inaugural address was not long, but it contained many sentences that expressed a completely-rounded thought in the best possible form.

SPRING PHOTOGRAPHY.

CAPTURING INTERESTING MARINE VIEWS WITH THE CAMERA.

By a Special Contributor.

THese are the days when the enthusiastic amateur packs up his outfit and runs down to the beach for a brief outing. At no other time in the year can he secure such good surf pictures and moonlight effects, while he almost weeps with despair at being unable to catch the glorious colors in these gorgeous sunsets.

There are so many subjects for the camera that plates and films are soon exhausted, and then, perhaps, we find we have missed the best of all. A yacht is always a picture, whether lazily floating past with a gentle breeze, flying toward us with all sails set, or at anchor; every spar and rope outlined against the dark-blue sky and the graceful lines of the hull in bold relief. Then there is the stately ocean steamer, gliding smoothly along, and most fascinating of all, the weather-beaten ships from some foreign port, unloading strange cargoes at the dock. The photographer is in his element amid scenes such as this.

Marine photography is divided into three branches—yacht, sunset or "moonlight" effects and "seascapes." To secure pictures of the first, it is well to avoid the crowds which attend the regular yacht races. Time is always limited then, good positions scarce, and it is seldom one gets an opportunity to secure a really good picture. It is best to go alone or with a small party, each member of which is equally enthusiastic on the subject, when plenty of time is at your disposal, and you can study the composition. If you have an acquaintance with the owner or sailing master of one of the boats, you are fortunate, indeed, as no jockey is prouder of his horse or loves better to show it off than the master of a sailing vessel, though it be the tiniest sailboat of the fleet, and it will be a joy to him to sail his boat so that you can get it in any position you may desire. In taking these pictures the best station is on the deck of another vessel, but the end of a pier is not a bad point from which to snap-shot the water craft, and you there have the advantage of a stationary support for your tripod. H. C. Delery writes on yacht photography as follows in the Photographic Times:

"A vessel viewed from different quarters presents an entirely different aspect. A three-quarter front usually shows life and spirit, a broadside depicts no character and seldom looks well, while a stern view suggests grace and ease of motion."

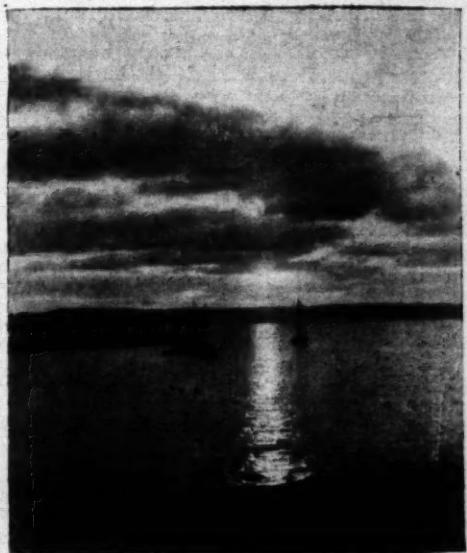
A pretty picture is that of a yacht, with free mainsail, coming directly toward the camera. This is a very difficult picture to secure, however, as it requires cool nerves and a steady hand to press the bulb at exactly the right moment. The boat will at first appear to be moving quite slowly in the finder, but will suddenly increase in size, until her sails fill the field ere we have opened the shutter. Continuing, Mr. Delery says:

"Morning and evening are the most suitable times for marine pictures. The rays of the sun, falling at a low angle, cause the waves to cast a shadow, giving life to the scene, which would be impossible if the sun were at its zenith. The lighting of the sails is also improved.

light, and as distances at sea are very deceptive, and the course of the vessel so erratic, all the depth of focus which the lens possess will be required.

"Regarding steamships, they look equally well when taken three-quarter front or full broadside, and a stern view should never be attempted. It is better to wait until she is well under way, and the effect is greatly improved when dark smoke issues from her smokestack, but we should remember that, while we are striving for grace and beauty in a yacht, a steamship should be given a very dignified appearance."

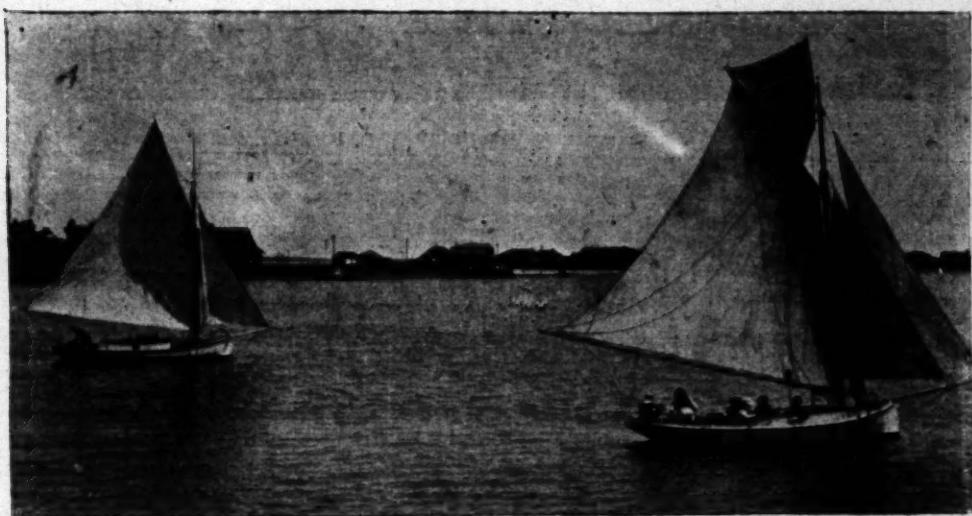
At the last meeting of the Camera Club some beautiful pictures of the racing yachts on the Atlantic were thrown on the screen, and members are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to secure similar pictures on our own Western Coast. The picture here given was made by



MOONLIGHT AT CORONADO.

C. O. Valentine, while on a photographic visit to Catalina last summer, and will serve to illustrate Mr. Delery's suggestions.

Few people who are not themselves photographers understand how "moonlight" pictures are secured in the daytime, and many amateurs are puzzled when looking at the finished picture. The process is simple. To secure the best effect the sun must, of course, be near the horizon, and clouds more or less dense be present. Point your camera toward the sun, and watch until it is partially obscured by the clouds, pressing the bulb at the instant when the light strikes the water in a long line. Should you be fortunate enough to have an old boat in the line of silvery light, your picture will be greatly improved. The "moonlight" picture presented with this article is from a negative taken by Mrs. Pearl E. Wotton during the Camera Club's outing at Coronado last fall.



YACHTING.

If no clouds are present, no exposure should be made with the sun shining directly on the sails—there will be no contrast with the sky. Better try to get the canvas a little in shadow. Excellent effects are produced in cloudy weather, with the nicely-rounded sails standing out against a dark-cloud bank."

In this country it is almost impossible to find such conditions as Mr. Delery mentions prevailing in the summer, hence the winter and early spring afford the best opportunities for beautiful pictures on the water, and Catalina's sheltered harbor usually contains fine material in the sailboat line.

"Shadow effects on the water," continues Mr. Delery, "can only be produced when the sea is perfectly calm. A ripple caused even by a passing boat may spoil the entire scheme. For this kind of picture a stern view of the boat gives the prettiest effect. For yacht pictures a fast brand of plates should be used, and the lens stopped down as much as possible; there is very little danger of underexposing. The glaring light of the sky reflected on the water, and further intensified by the white canvas of the vessel, furnish an abundance of

For this character of work Mr. Delery recommends a slow plate and a small diaphragm, with a quick exposure. The latter is important, as the plate must be underexposed. "So also in the development," says Mr. Delery, "the shadows should be well restrained, and be as near clear glass as is consistent, and yet retain a slight outline of whatever objects may be in view. Non-halation plates are a great help in this kind of work."

"Seascapes, being closely allied to landscapes, can be governed by the same rules of composition which apply to the latter. Great difficulty is generally experienced, owing to the unequal balance of the lights. The foreground here will need more study than on the open sea, and should contain some minor object to break the monotony too often seen in this kind of picture."

Some very pretty rock, surf and ocean views are to be found at Point Firmin, particularly when the ocean is rough. The surf there is very high at times, the spray reaching to the glass about the lanterns during the wintry storms. On the occasion of the club's trip to the Point last year some beautiful photographs were secured.

As to the papers best suited for reproducing this class

of photographs, Mr. Delery says: "There is nothing which can equal the matchless beauty of the print. Platinum and other processes may be used, but carbon is truer to nature, which we are trying to represent, and while it does not give the color, it will, in many instances, give the appearance and especially so in marine work if a color is secured, and it will give the picture a delicacy which no other process can rival."

Considering, more particularly, surf photography, first requisites are a knowledge of the speed of the shutter and the relative sizes of your lens and plate, then comparatively easy to determine the proper exposures. Osborne I. Yellott, in his article "Hints in Surf Photography," gives much valuable information along this line. He advises that an exposure meter be taken on all photographic trips to the beach, though exposure tables are of little use there among other things, to the reflection of the sun. Mr. Yellott recommends a very rapid plate for the surf, but states that, as a general thing, inochromes or ray filters are not necessary. He cautions the user to rub the metal parts of both camera and tripod, to guard against rust from the moisture prevailing at the seashore. It is also well to pack with several large pins to fasten the focusing board securely, as the wind is often troublesome. The usual care should also be exercised to keep the holders out of the brilliant light at the beach. It is a good plan to do as one of the club did, remove plates from the camera in a hurry to catch a view of a yacht, and then forget them and leave them on the pier in the brilliant sunshine the rest of the day.

The lens should also be kept protected at all times except during the moment of exposure, since it is coated with moisture and spoil what would otherwise be a good photograph. Mr. Yellott also advises the beach photographer to array himself in a waterproof suit before beginning operations in the surf line, as advice given from his own experience is the best. Be sure to get the horizon level on the glass, otherwise you may have to trim away the best part of your print.

Mr. Yellott says: "Before making an exposure decide what you are going to take. Study the scene. Determine beforehand whether you wish to have the crest break, or on their downward fall after having struck the beach and rebounded, and glistening spray and foam. If you wait for a breaker until it is at its best, you will get a picture that is not at its best long enough for you to realize and press the bulb. It frequently happens that a second after you take it, but this is one of the many disappointing features of surf photography."

"Having decided at what stage you are going to take your breaker, notice the point in the water where it is when it reaches that stage, and then focus an F-8 stop on the water at that point. Test the water by watching two or three breakers on the glass. If you think it is about right, adjust the diaphragm you have cut the light down to the proper amount. In this connection it is well to remember that cutting the lens down serves, primarily, to reduce the amount of light entering the lens, it also gives definition. Cutting it down to an F-32 stop has the effect of bringing in focus a point which is actually focused upon, and while it has a tendency to bring objects in focus between the camera and the water, focused on, yet that tendency is quite limited. Therefore, you want the water in the foreground, the breaker in the middle distance sharply defined, and well to focus on the former. Cutting the lens down will then bring the breaker into focus. There are two other facts to be taken into consideration in connection, first, that the tendency of most subjects to appear blurred in the negative is increased the nearer they are to the lens, and the second is that in order to expose, one-half more, is necessary for subjects fifteen or twenty feet of the camera."

HELEN L.

THE TOLSTOI SON WHO DIED

[St. James's Budget:] Luovitch Tolstoi, the son of the great Russian novelist, died at the age of 21. He had little sympathy with his father's ideas, but he was his father's favorite, and seemed destined to grow up with the same views, but his opinions changed with riper years, and he not only lost his sympathy with the religion of his father, but he also lost his father's love. He was a man of great ability, and he wielded a gift pen, and wrote certain aspects of his father's teachings. His work, apart from many excellent stories, urged universal matrimony as a counter to the Kreutzer Sonata." Though it was of course Tolstoi to lose the sympathy of his father, the change of belief did not affect their relationship. Tolstoi has the courage of his opinions, and they are in spite of the world, but he respects man's right of freedom of thought and action.

HOW GEN. CORBIN SHOWED THEM HIS BACK

[National Magazine:] There was a president at the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club of Washington that will be embalmed in the memory of the organization. The club is composed of prominent respondents, and their annual dinners are always a glorious array of distinguished guests. For once official dignitaries and exemption from the social season were to be had. Secretary of War Root made a speech in which he spoke of speaking of Gen. Corbin reference was made to the well-known "backbone." An interview with the general was requested to rise and show his backbone to the guests. Quick as a flash, the general remarked: "The General was never known to stand back on an enemy."

THE FERN FAMILY.

HOW SOME OF THE MEMBERS LOOK AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

By a Special Contributor.

GO, LOOK under the edge of huge rocks, or back in the cool shade where the leaf mold is deepest, or struggling against the stem of a giant tree, or—almost any place that is secluded, cozy, retiring, there you will find treasures, such as Capt. Kidd did not even dream of. Ferns—ferns of all sizes and degrees of fineness.

Steading waist deep in the water which trickles down the narrow ravines, will be Woodwardias, great, graceful, tall, higher than your head, even when you stand upright. In the shyest spot, hiding in the grasses, look for the delicate lace fern. On the hillside, under the trees, or swaying gracefully from overhanging rocks, will be the favorite of all—need it be named?—the black-veined maidenhair.

Not these first named are not all the woods and cañons. The rains have brought others so quickly, more quickly than the first three, that a very patient reader can almost see them unfold. Wood ferns, rock ferns, bird's-foot, coffee, and whole hosts of the broad-branching bracken grow everywhere in goodly numbers.

The bracken is the only really-accommodating member of its family. It will grow where the most careless searcher may find, even beside the roadway. The other ferns hide away, refuse to thrive in the wagon track! And so it is, that the average person comes back from his fern hunt, quite convinced that there are none in the woods, except great bracken and a few rock ferns. Eyes



GOLDEN-BACK FERN.

and feet that wander are a necessity if ferns are to be found. The straight and narrow road will not be their hiding places.

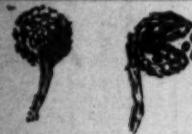
For general suggestions as to how to find them, early in order to have plenty of time. Take some box or basket to carry them home in, and if with roots and all, a strong, long-bladed knife or a

axe? The nearest-by places are among the hills of Angeles Park. Follow the road from the main entrance until you find a path overlooking the so-called Angeles River. Stay with this path until the hills in opportunity of scrambling up their sides.

There are sword ferns in plenty, already well provided with spore cases which take the place of seeds.

There is even a greater number of rock ferns, nearly

now being supplied with its dainty but sturdy



SPORE CASES, MAGNIFIED FIFTY TIMES.

These rock ferns spring swiftly into life after the rain, for the last year's underground stem is a storehouse, and there is, besides, a tangle of thin roots to collect moisture. This moisture is the food supply and makes it ready for the new growth which lie tightly curled along the underground stem. The fern works very fast, indeed, after the rain supply, and in a short time the leaves are out and have their rows of brown seed cases.

There are not so many maidenhair and golden-back ferns as are familiar to us, but yet they are in numbers great enough to render the mountain side a masterpiece. The brown-stemmed coffee fern adds

to the beauty of the hillside. Made a better fern, the golden back is most en-

teresting. Press one of its leaves against dark cloth, and a beautiful golden imprint will be left. This yellow

mark is a kind of wax, which serves a mighty purpose

in life. On a hot, dry day these ferns will curl up,

never known to rise again. When picked, the edges of the leaf soon

begin to curl. The reason is this: The cell walls are very thin and give off moisture very readily, thus enabling the food material to be carried quickly where needed. The yellow, wax-like coating on the underside of the leaves protects the layer of cells against too much evaporation. Yet this is not the only duty of the yellow dust. The pores of ferns are always on the underside of the leaf. If evaporation is too great, these pores close; but most of the time they must be open to

perhaps four or five weeks, the young fern begins to look quite grown-up, for it has a little underground stem, roots, and new leaves.

The underground stem becomes a storehouse for the early growth of next season, but the little plant will not be fully grown and bear spores for several years.

The clusters of spore cases are arranged differently on different ferns. The coffee fern and bird-foot fern have a tidy way of turning back the leaf margin to protect their cases. This hem serves a triple purpose, as it prevents clogging of the pores by the water in the rainy season, and too great evaporation during the dry season. They are, perhaps, the hardiest of all our common ferns, and often survive a long, dry season in places exposed to the sun.

For the great, beautiful Woodwardias, or many lace ferns, you will have to go farther than Elysian Park.



TIP OF A WOODWARDIA, SHOWING SPORE CASES.

permit the plant to breathe, and as a passage for the water current. They must not be stopped up by water. Since the fern usually grows in moist and shady places, the wax-like powder acts as oil, collects the moisture in drops which roll off and leave the pores free to do their work.

As the golden back grows older, a brown powder appears on the yellow under side. At first it comes in fine lines, which spread, until nearly the whole surface is covered. Each grain of this fine powder is a spore case, similar to one in the clusters of cases which decorate the lace, sword, and other ferns.

These spore cases in themselves are very interesting. Long ago, before people knew the purpose of these brown specks, there were some odd beliefs about fern seeds. It was believed that they were formed in some mysterious way on midsummer nights. To find them, one must go alone at the witching midnight hour, and with magic words at his command. About half a century ago, the microscope and a keen-eyed observer found out the truth.

Each brown grain is a tiny, transparent case filled



BIRD'S-FOOT FERN.

with fine particles called spores. Around each case is a ring of strong elastic tissue, which has one weak place. When matured, the weak place gives way, the tissue acts as a spring, straightens out, tears open the case, and the spores are flung out. Millions of the spores simply die, but in damp, shady places a few begin to grow.

Oddly enough, this first growth from the spore does not look in the least like a fern. It is a thin, very delicate, light-green scale, about a quarter of an inch broad. It lies flat on the moist ground and is fastened to it by minute hair-like roots. In a short time a thin stem, bearing a tiny ball, appears. The ball unfolds into the first little leaf. A second leaf appears in the same way. The scale grows brown, and withers. In

But with a day and a dollar at your command places are plentiful enough. Even all of the dollar is not a necessity. Santa Monica can prove her claim to six cañons, close enough at hand to be easily reached with a horse, on a wheel, or, for a very good walker, on foot. By leaving the main road and exploring the little side cañons or clefts in the hills, long-stemmed maidenhair, with large, though delicate leaves, will be found in profusion. One day's trip into several of these cañons has brought the searcher home with eight different varieties of ferns.

The cañons above Pasadena are supplied in the same delightful way, and higher up in the mountains are found two or three more varieties. These mountain ferns are dainty, little ones, the underside usually cov-



BIT OF A COFFEE FERN.

ered with tiny, overlapping woolly or papery scales. When the weather is too hot or too cold, they have a very fascinating habit of snugly curling up and exposing only the protected side until more pleasing weather comes.

With the smiling, golden sunshine and bright, blue sky to beckon, surely all who care and can will hie away to the woodlands and meet the ferns upon their own ground.

JANE GRAY.

SHE WAS LORD FAUNTLEROY'S MAMMY.

[Knoxville (Tenn.) Correspondence Louisville Courier Journal:] Priscilla Whitson, a very aged colored woman, died here last week in an old colored woman's home. She was for years the family servant and nurse in the family of Dr. S. M. Burnett, husband of the authoress, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and nursed Vivian Burnett, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," during his babyhood and boyhood. The old woman was engaged as nurse and maid in Dr. Burnett's family immediately after his marriage to Frances Hodgson in this city, and she went to Europe with them in the year after Vivian's birth. She was born a slave. She grieved for several years over the parting of Mrs. Burnett and her husband, and it was the one great grief of her life that Mrs. Burnett did not mention her in her story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which she was always fond of reading.

Vivian Burnett is now a reporter on the Washington Post.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

The Limit of All Powers.

N IN the administration of President Harrison, Senator Clark of Wyoming, then a practicing lawyer in the Territory, as it was in those days, was appointed a Judge of the Territorial Court. He was not certain about accepting the position, and he went over to have a talk with Judge Corn, the Democratic incumbent.

"Hello, Clark," said the Judge. "Have you come over to be sworn in?"

"No," said Clark. "I have not yet made up my mind to take the place."

"Oh, take it by all manner of means," said Judge Corn. "It is a pleasant job, and I think you will like it."

"But," said Clark, "I have a good many private matters to attend to, and I cannot accept for some time yet, anyway. If I conclude to take the place I will let you know."

"All right," said Judge Corn. "Come over and I will swear you in, but," he added, with a laugh, "while I can swear you in all creation cannot qualify you."—[Washington Post.]

A Wild Ride.

WHEN I was younger than I will ever be again," said the professor with a three-story head and eyeglasses of the telescopic order. "I was the victim of such intense mental abstraction that I removed myself entirely from the world of practical affairs. I was in the boundless realms of thought, and paid but fleeting attention to the active field of human action. It was necessary to notify me when I should attend my classes, eat my meals, and even when I should retire.

"I was at one time requested to lecture in a New England village, and agreed to do so. The theme was one that had received my best thoughts, and the mere prospect of delivering it was a physical pleasure. When I arrived at the depot my thoughts were concentrated upon the prepared address. I realized that my train was an hour late, and that I must hurry, but beyond the mere fact of hurrying I did not grasp a detail.

"Drive fast!" I shouted to the driver of a dingy-looking vehicle as I sprang in and handed him a \$5 bill. "Spare neither horse nor whip."

"Away we went with a plunge. The carriage rolled like a ship in the trough of the sea. Street lights seemed a torchlight procession moving rapidly by the other way. Constables shouted, dogs barked, small boys chased us, and business ceased that people... stand on the sidewalks and gaze. Up one street and down another we dashed madly. We took corners on two wheels, grazed telegraph poles and knocked over such movables as ash barrels and dry-goods boxes.

"After half an hour of this bewildering experience I stuck my head out of the window and shouted, 'Are we nearly there?'

"Where did yez want to go, sir?" came the edifying answer.—[Washington Star.]

Direct and Forceful.

I HEARD of a broad hint that was amusingly given at Paris last summer," said M. H. Spooner of Philadelphia at the Hoffman House yesterday. "A party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—were just sitting down to a supper at one of the cafés, when to them came a third man. It was an attractive party, and the third man wanted to join it, but the others were not so keen; hence the joy of the meeting was principally confined to the interloper. Nothing abashed, however, he sat down and began to talk. He discussed the exposition and the latest scandal involving mutual friends. Then he paused for breath, but not one of that parti Carré said a word, so he blithely started off again. This time he gave the Chinese question, trans-Atlantic travel and the coming elections in America the benefit of his views, until lack of breath brought him to another full stop. No comment from the four silent ones came to relieve the situation, and so, a trifle disheartened but still courageous, he set his mouth to work again. The Boer war and the Philippine situation he wore to a frizzle, and finally, in absolute desperation, he turned in and gave the weather a twist. Then, with bellows to mend, he lay back in his chair. The four remained as unresponsive as before, but he, alas! could do no more and simply sat there and panted for breath. One of the fair ones finally came to the rescue and relieved the situation. Leaning toward the exhausted conversationalist she sweetly said, 'I hope we don't tire you listening.'—[New York Tribune.]

Different Views of Botticelli.

A WESTERN member and a southern member went to the reception given by the Daughters of the American Revolution at the Corcoran Art Gallery the other night.

They were held up at the top of the grand stairway by a daughter with a glittering eye who discussed various learned subjects with them.

As they came out the southern member said, "Funny thing that woman should have asked me how I liked Botticelli. Now, I take it Botticelli is a wine!"

"Wine your grandmother!" replied the western member; "Botticelli is a cheese."—[Washington Correspondence New York World.]

In Debt All Around.

O WEN FINNEGAN, a right brave-hearted son of Erin, began life actively as a deck hand on an Alabama River steamer in the palmy days of steamboating,

before the railroad removed most of its picturesque and comfortable craft from the inland waters.

Finnegan declared, according to Hannis Taylor, that when he was a deck hand the cook, who was also an Irishman, would call to him, "Ah, there, Finnegan, ye blackguard, come and eat. And be in a hurry, ye scampen."

Finnegan would hurry forward to get his humble dinner.

Finally Finnegan got to be an officer on the boat, and the cook's tone changed to, "Mr. Finnegan, dinner's ready."

In the fullness of time Finnegan became captain, and the cook's speech underwent another change, "Capt. Finnegan, yer honor, will you please take your tay?"

That was the cook's way of acknowledging that Finnegan had reached the top of the ladder. And the story that "Good Hannis" tells bristles with that worldly wisdom that comes of human experience.

There was a man in Mobile many years ago, so the story goes, who had a notable personal resemblance to Finnegan. This man was noted for contracting debts and never paying them, for thriftless habits generally, and for partaking of too much strong drink. A visitor to Mobile approached this man one night in Royal street and asked him, "Aren't you Owen Finnegan?"

"I dunno, I dunno," answered the poor fellow in a wandering way. "I am ownin' everybody else. I reckon I am ownin' Finnegan, too."—[Boston Courier.]

Who Was Really Shy?

IT WAS a cold evening last week that a man might have been seen sliding into a haven of rest called a café under the shadows of the owls on the Herald Building. His clothes were old and tattered, and he would have been classified as a tramp were it not for his dignity, which bespoke better days. He looked around the dingy but yet cozily-furnished old-time chophouse, smiled to himself and went into a rear room which was decorated with numerous old war relics. He walked briskly up to the bar. The dispenser of liquids asked with his usual bewitching smile:

"What'll it be?"

"A little of your best whisky."

The liquid was quickly set in front of him. He poured out an extra large allowance and swallowed it with a smile. Then he began a search in his pockets for a commodity to offset the pecuniary obligation which he had incurred.

Finally he threw down several pennies and started for the door. The liquid mixer looked at the coin a moment, and yelled:

"Hey, there! You're 3 cents short."

The man with the unkempt hair coolly turned around, deliberately set the door ajar, and then in the politest of terms said:

"I beg your pardon, I'm not short, but you are."

Before the joke had flashed across the mind of the guardian of what is known as "hot stuff" the man had fled.—[New York Telegram.]

Sort of Columbus Joke.

THE lawyer who evidently considers life one huge continuous joke entered the clerk's office at the City Hall yesterday with an expression of extreme radiance overspreading his countenance. The clerks and others having business in the office at the time ceased their several pursuits. Experience had taught them that the aforesaid lawyer would say something of an entertaining character.

"Gather 'round, boys," he said. "I have a dandy for you this morning. It's the best, so far, of the year 1901."

The speaker paused. The others silently waited for what was coming.

"Now, listen carefully," resumed the lawyer, "and note the beauty of the connection between the three sections of this little conundrum. Here it is: If the postmaster should visit the zoo, and while there be eaten by the wild animals, what o'clock would it be?"

There was another pause. Finally the clerk in charge of the dockets ventured the answer: "It would be all day with the postmaster."

"Wrong, entirely wrong," commented the lawyer. "I didn't ask what time; I asked what o'clock would it be."

A third pause. Then by general consent the answer was requested. The lawyer gayly announced:

"Ate P.M."

Before the gathering had recovered the lawyer had flitted from the room and was headed for the Court of Appeals to try the postmaster-zoo-wild animals conundrum on the higher tribunal.—[Washington Star.]

He'd Sooner Walk.

AT a funeral some time ago two old men, after a long discussion on the good qualities of the deceased, turned their conversation to the dilapidated appearance of the hearse which bore the remains of "poor Con Conway" to their last resting place.

"Well, now, Mickey," said one to the other, earnestly, "I wonder greatly at Biddy to put her husband in that ould hearse."

"Aye, troth, you're right there, Pat," answered his companion, absent-mindedly.

"Sure, I'd sooner walk than be seen going to my grave in that ould yoke."

How Lincoln Got a Suit.

THE Philadelphia Press says that Seth Thomas, who died in Camden, N. J., on Sunday, was employed as a tailor in Philadelphia during the Civil War. The firm employing him conceived the idea of presenting a suit of clothes to some general then in the field who would get the most votes at a fair in aid of wounded soldiers. But none of the generals would consent to the scheme, declaring it to be beneath their dignity.

The firm then sent Thomas to President Lincoln to

ask him if he would object to being dressed in a broadcloth suit, which the firm would pay for and allow the patrons to exhibit him by subscribing the money to pay to it, which to the general fund of the bazaar.

Lincoln smiled and said, "Why, that is a good scheme to assist a worthy cause, add about \$200 to the fund." He then called Cabinet officers, who put down the names of Thomas called them off.

Later Thomas took the clothes to him, in a suit in which Lincoln was buried. Instead of clothing realized several thousands [New York Tribune].

The Kaiser His Limit.

CORRESPONDENT in the Chicago Journal how the Kaiser, at a recent review in Berlin, commanded old Gen. Von Meerschmidt for him at a critical moment. "If Your Majesty am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to say the general.

"No, no," replied the Kaiser, "you are not resign. Indeed, if your blood didn't course through your veins quite so fast you would be a more leader."

On the evening of that day the Kaiser and his met at a court ball. The general was taken young ladies.

"Ah, Meerschmidt," cried William, "that is ready to marry. Take a young wife, then the temperament of yours will soon vanish."

The general bowed as he retorted: "I beg to be excused. Your Majesty! A person and a young wife would be more than possibly stand."

On the Government.

THEY were two big, burly Indians. The feather in the hat of one who is known as the bright-red ostrich tip in the other would have told that if the unmistakable had not evidenced it. A government employee not who, had one who may possibly in happening make a "stake" out of the tribe these Indians belong, was doing the honors of the day and showing the braves about the door of the House restaurant.

"Let's have a bite to eat," suggested the graft.

"All right," was the quick reply of the At the luncheon counter the one who the most English asked, "Guv'munt pay?"

"Oh, yes," responded the host, thinking that best way to inform them that they would stand good for the bill.

"Ugh!" grunted the brave, "we eat lot, And they did. Four cups of coffee each, hard-boiled eggs, three, ham sandwiches, doughnuts, a whole baked chicken, ice cream pie each, and besides that a thirst for was absolutely appalling. The luncheon time the Indians got through, and the "guv'munt" clerk had to foot made his look like 7 cents.

"Guv'munt heap good," grunted the picked his teeth in true "white-brother" corridor. "We eat here again." But it will company with that particular clerk.—[Washington Star.]

Clever Retort Never Materialized.

SENATOR DEPEW was riding home car the other day. At the Baltimore and two ladies boarded the car. One was a stranger—she had a new dress-suit case—and was a resident. At least she posed as an oldest inhabitant at that, for in a very voice she named the various public buildings not quite sure whether or not the City Hall, White House, or whether the Pension Treasury Department, but when the car yette Square she was apparently quite well knew the Arlington Hotel by sight, and the White House across the park. A moment was opposite Senator Depew's home, and the Senator to alight.

"That large building," said the woman companion, pointing to Depew's home, "is a fish hatchery."

Senator Depew caught the words upon the platform of the car, and for a corner laughing. Then his face became started as if to run after the car, but it was out of sight.

"By George," he said, "I have just thought I ought to have told that lady."

But what the clever retort should have will even know, for, still laughing and Senator Depew disappeared under the home.—[Washington Post.]

NEW GUINEA TREEHOUSE.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] The treehouses are used by the natives when expecting a hostile tribe, an event occurring very often in the interior. Being mortally afraid of natives never conduct war operations at first alarm of danger the people attack the treehouses, where a goodly store of weapons always ready to be used against an enemy. The only way the enemy conquers is by the trees, which is generally impossible, deadly precision with which the stones used as places of burial for persons of high rank.

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measured by their present value and come sorrow to the Holy Spirit. A chapter on "The Spirit in Creation," in which the author teaches that the power to see, whether it is exercised in poetry, art, music or research, comes from the touch of God upon the mind of man. He has published numerous works of exemplary and devotional character, and all his books contain devout suggestions for the best ideals of the Christian life. By the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. H. Revell Company. For sale by Fowler Bros.]

HISTORY.**ROYALTY.**

A new edition of an old favorite collection of biographies of England's queens cannot but be acceptable at a time when attention is directed to royal influence in the passing of Queen Victoria. The present volume gives the reader from the time of the Norman conquest to the reign of Her late Majesty. The style of the book has been revised by Geneva Armstrong. The 12 mo. volume, which is cloth bound, with this page, is illustrated with twenty-eight full-page portraits. The Queen of England. By Mary Howitt. Revised by Geneva Armstrong. B. S. Wason & Co., Chicago. [MSA]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Answering numerous questions of propriety which interest society are answered in this sensible book of etiquette. The dispenser of hospitalities will find these invaluable. The work gives directions for dinner receptions, musicals, balls, garden parties, weddings and christenings. Proprieties of funerals, correspondence, of visiting and the use of cards are in the enumeration. The book gives directions for the toilette, and what to wear on various occasions. The directions are made out by an excellent index. The illustrations include decorations, photographs of table arrangements, and the proper dress of maids in service. Encyclopedia of Etiquette. What to Write, What to Know, What to Do, What to Say. By Emily Holt. McPherson & Co.

ENGINEERING.

Another states that Englishmen who come to this country are impressed with their own want of knowledge of the growing manufacturing industries of America. The peculiar environment of the people is producing a people so versatile and so far-seeing and so energetic that the very forces of nature seem to take more shape in their nervous hands. We find the United States especially favored by nature in the distribution of its gifts. The keystone of a general manufacturing system in engineering and this again is founded on the bill of materials. There follows an account of the manufacture of machine tools, locomotives, the subject of railroads and communication and closes with chapters on labor question. Whatever may be political opinion on the subject the recent organization of the United States Steel Company, with a capitalization of \$1,100,000,000, is a phenomenon which will interest Great Britain still further, and Mr. Morgan has said to have the amalgamation in industrial shape as though it were an everyday affair. This concentration of productive power is one of the miracles of this time, and the combination will be watched with strong interest by investors and employers, both in this country and abroad. An anonymous English engineer, who prepared these plans, visited numerous iron works and obtained his conclusions by the advice of the managers and proprietors of this country. He announces from a comparison of figures and states that the British iron industry is stagnating in comparison with this country. The book is entertaining for one who has the spirit of interest in watching the mighty epic developing in the colossal purposes of science. Americans can but read such a book with honest pride in the national progress toward industrial supremacy. It seems from this work that the trained engineer found much to surprise and admiration in the excellence of American methods of doing our work. The new century's problems will be many and connected with the title of this book. American Engineering Competition. Being a Series of Articles Resulting from an Investigation Made by the New York Times. Harper Bros. Price, \$1.]

LIFE IN OLD VERMONT.

The friends of the books of this author, who enjoy the rural primitive life in Vermont, will follow the "Bam." The family conclave, when the boy's finally passes from that of "Bub" to that of "Samuel," is one of the characteristic pictures. His first day at school, when he is troubled to understand why a small kitten should have a longer name than an old cat, are among his first troubles. Fishing and hunting episodes, the wonderful tales of the Canadian, are features of the boy's history. Lovel's Boy. By Rowland E. Robinson. Houghton Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Stoll & Company.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly for March contains its usual political and literary table of contents. The political movements of the day are represented by the names of

Woodrow Wilson, Henry B. MacFarland, J. W. Root, and W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. One of the amusing sketches of the number is that of Charles Battell Loomis, "How to Write a Novel for the Masses." Sarah Orne Jewett furnishes a chapter of her popular serial, "The Tory Lover." Edith M. Thomas contributes a lyrical poem on "The Flutes of the God."

The Book-Lover for March and April contains nearly three hundred pages of book reviews, sketches and accounts of famous books, libraries, and matter pertaining to book lore. The present issue, which is an edition-de-luxe, contains numerous chronicles of authors, with characteristics of their work, with typical selections from classic and modern literature. The publication is one of esthetic interest and literary entertainment.

Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Criterion, tells of the causes which contributed to "The Greatness of Queen Victoria." "One Century of Drama" begins a series of articles by Charles Henry Meltzer. F. W. Coburn writes of "American Art in the Nineteenth Century."

S. W. Shufeldt writes of "Bird Haunts of Norway" for the current number of Frank Leslie's Monthly. "Scientific Child Study" is contributed by Edward Marshall. Fiction is abundantly in evidence. The important contribution of this issue is Montenegro's account of the expedition of the "Stella Polare," entitled "Farther North Than Nansen."

The Book World contains four short stories among its special March features. "The Literary Side of Our Presidents" is a sketch by John De Morgan. "Glimpses of Japan" is contributed by Robert Stuart MacArthur.

An important contribution in the current issue of The Critic is R. Heber Newton's review of "Phillips Brooks; the Preacher and the Man." N. S. Shaler has an earnest review of Huxley's "Life and Letters." Edward Dowden writes of "The Poetry of Mr. Kipling." The number is entertaining and timely, containing a collection of fine illustrations.

Camera Craft for March contains numerous illustrations. "Typical Mexico and Its Opportunities" is a sketch of pictorial interest written and illustrated by F. M. Steadman. Among other sketches of value is that of O. V. Lange, "Photographing by Lamplight." "The California Camera Club Outing to Shasta" is a page of entertainment.

Sports Afield for March contains an illustrated sketch on "New York's Zoological Park," by Idah Meacham Strobridge. Morris Browning Rice continues his sketches on "Our Common Birds."

One of the graphic contributions of the Home Magazine for March is that of Arthur Inkersley, "How the Railroads Fight the Snow." Eugene Wood writes on "The Knack of Singing." Galusha A. Grow tells of "A Forgotten Page of American History."

Good Health for March is a magazine with suggestions in diet and dress, with chapters of physiological import. "Brook Farm," by William Pen Alcott, in this number, contains a number of portraits.

The leading article in the International Monthly for March is that on "National Expression in American Art," by Will H. Low. Mr. Low considers that art has arrived at its maturity in the Old World and further advance is problematical. He thinks that, although American artists have not reached the same degree of technical expression, they are not wanting in temperamental artistic qualities. M. Andre Lebon, Minister of Commerce, under President Faure, contributes to this number a study of "France's Present Place in International Commerce." He considers the equilibrium of public safety greater where there is no one single source of prosperity as the wheat crop in this country. Thomas H. Morgan writes of "The Problem of Development;" James Sully of "Child-Study and Education;" E. R. L. Gould of "Civic Reform and Social Progress."

Harper's Weekly (No. 2305) contains William McLean's "Old Clubs of Quebec." "The Voice of the People on the Philippine Problem" is represented by numerous letters, the result of the Mark Twain and John Kendrick Bangs dissertations.

Cassell's National Library (No. 392,) edited by Prof. Henry Morley, in its weekly edition publishes Paul Hentzner's "Travels in England." The number also contains Sir Robert Naunton's "Fragments Regalia," first published in 1641.

The present issue completes the first year of Impressions, a San Francisco publication which, it is stated, receives generous support not only at home, but in the East and in the Hawaiian Islands. The present number has a table of contents which are principally literary estimates of books. Among the contributions of interest is "A Peep Into the Vatican Library," by J. C. Powell, which is illustrated by a reproduction from a photograph. Among the names of the contributors are Thomas R. Bacon, Elizabeth W. Putnam, Howard V. Sutherland, Dorothea Moore and Adeline Knapp.

Morgan Robertson writes of "Masters of Men, a Romance of the New Navy," for the Saturday Evening Post (February 23). "Our Cities of the Twentieth Century" contains an account of the growth of California, as illustrated by San Francisco.

The American Queen, in its March number, contains Mrs. Frank Tremper's illustrated sketch, "Some Pet Dogs of Social Favorites." The number abounds with helpful home suggestions and directions in the realm of domestic science.

Success for March offers an abundance of entertaining material. Miss Gould writes, it is said, her first signed magazine article for this issue, devoted to the work of the ladies among the enlisted men of the army.

"The Instruments of Tycho Brahe and the Prague Observatory," by H. C. Wilson, and "The Attraction and Figure of the Earth," by W. W. Payne, are contributions of general interest to Popular Astronomy for March. The editors have also added other sketches which make this number valuable to the student of astronomy. Sir Norman Lockyer's "The Sun and His System" and "Scientific Progress During the Nineteenth Century" are important chapters in this number.

"Nature in Literature" is to be the subject of the April number of Impressions—to include articles by

George Hamlin Fitch, Charles Warren Stoddard, Adeline Knapp, A. L. E. H., and others. The supplement will be a careful reproduction of some beautiful photograph of nature. May, the fairy month, will be devoted to fairy literature, folk lore and the child mind.

The Popular Science Monthly concludes Prof. Simon Newcomb's "Chapter on the Stars." Havelock Ellis continues "A Study of British Genius." "The Geologist Awheel" is a contribution of general interest. The magazine, with its extended table of contents, maintains its high authority in recent scientific progress.

The Century Magazine for March contains the initial number of Irving Bacheller's "D'ri and I, a Border Tale of 1812." The popularity of "Eben Holden" will lead the admirers of that novel to read this serial with interest. Lovers of music will find a contribution of importance in George Henschel's "Recollections of Johannes Brahms." Augustine Birrell continues his sketches, "Down the Rhine," which are pictorially illustrated. The fiction of the number contains among its representative names those of Bertha Runkle, Hamlin Garland, Flora Annie Steel, Olive Huie, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Jonas Stadling writes of "The People at the Top of the World." "The Topics of the Times" are presented with acceptable variety.

The Black Cat for March contains H. A. Fillmore's "How David Came Home," which is one of the prize stories of the number. Jessie Reno Odin, Henry Reed Taylor and Henry Adelbert Thompson are the other contributors of the number.

The Review of the Republic, among its notable articles, gives the opinion of Miles M. O'Brien on "Free Libraries in Public Education." Andrew Carnegie writes of "The Woman in the Queen." Subjects connected with philanthropic growth engage the pen of various eminent thinkers. "Our National Progress" is contributed by Maurice L. Muhleman.

The Sierra Club Bulletin for February is a publication of interest. "The Work of the Division of Forestry in the Redwoods," by R. T. Fisher, is one of the important contributions of the number. "Parks and Peaks of Colorado," by Vernon L. Kellogg, is the illustrated initial contribution and gives a noble impression of pictorial scenery in the West. John Muir is the president of the Sierra Club, the purpose of which is to explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast and publish authentic information about them.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Cassell & Co. announce for early publication a new novel, entitled "The Wisdom of Esau," by R. L. Outhwaite and C. H. Chromy.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, are the publishers of "Rodari Sculptor; a Story of Pisa," by Virginia E. Pennoyer, and not Lee & Shepard, as misannounced by an exchange. Charles Mills Gayley, professor of English literature of the University of California, commends this story for its plot and style.

The Dodge Publishing Company, New York, announce as an ideal gift for Easter, "Thoughts," by the compilers of the famous "Borrowings."

"The Romance of the Heavens" is the title of a popular yet scientific book on astronomy by A. W. Bickerston, professor of chemistry at the New Zealand University, which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

Harper & Bros. announce with the March publications a new library edition of the books of Mark Twain, "The Progress of the Century," by eminent specialists, and the third novel in the American series, "Martin Brook," by Morgan Bates.

"The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages," by Henry Osborn Taylor, is on the list of recent announcements of the Macmillan Company, which is one of the Columbia University Studies in Literature.

D. Appleton & Co. announce that they are preparing an edition of Père Didion's famous "Life of Jesus Christ," to be sold through the regular trade at \$5 for the two volumes. It has hitherto been sold only by subscription.

The Literary Outlook announces that "Mr. Trennell, Mate of the Ship Pirate," which was written by T. Jenkins Hains, and published in this country about a year ago, has been gone over and edited with annotations by Mr. Harmsworth for English publication. During the spring Mr. Hains's book "The Cruise of the Petrel," will be published.

"The Hosts of the Lord," by Flora Annie Steel (Macmillan Company,) is announced as a dramatic and absorbing story.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce "A Journey to Nature," by J. P. Mowbray.

Not long ago, it was announced that Frederick R. Burton had written music to Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Freedom, Our Queen," for use at the second inaugural of President McKinley. It may not be generally known, but Mr. Burton is the author of several books of fiction. Speaking to a friend about his work, Mr. Burton recently remarked, "Once I counted nineteen of my books on a shelf in a bookstore, but not one of them would I acknowledge; a few are unavoidable, as they have my real name attached." Mr. Burton has contributed extensively to the various magazines, and has a new novel ready now, which will be brought out this spring.

"The Solitary Summer," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is announced, with numerous illustrations reproduced in photogravure. The author's exquisite humor is said by the London Times to make this sequel to "Elizabeth" "a happy inspiration, which has the charm of its predecessor." (The Macmillan Company.)

"The Black Gown," a historical novel by Miss Ruth Hall of Catskill, N. Y., has received a cordial welcome from readers and critics alike. The characters in this story by Miss Hall were prominent figures in Albany a century and a half ago, and the richness of the local history "up State" is again brought to attention. Miss Hall is a member of a literary family, and her father, the late Joseph B. Hall, was a politician and a newspaper editor of note.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

SEEN IN NEW YORK SHOPS.

STYLES THAT WILL BE FAVORITES WITH THE SUMMER GIRL THE "COMING" SEASON.

BOLOPO effects are likely to be as popular as ever with the early spring costumes, and will assert themselves in every conceivable shape—long and short, with or without sleeves, or merely elbow sleeves.

Some of the smart costumes in light cloths will have little boleros of panne velvet, untrimmed, save perhaps with a tiny finish of silver soutache braid and an elaborate collar of lace. In fact, boleros are almost infinite in their variety. Some will be made of spangled nets, for which a proper finish is a narrow fringe of gold, silver or jet. Again will be seen boleros in the heavier laces, which are always stylish, besides the jaunty little affairs for foulards, or other soft materials, made from alternate bands of velvet ribbon and lace insertions.

That skirts will be more voluminous there is no question of doubt, as with the advent of warm weather and thin fabrics there comes the opportunity for Shirring, smocking and ruffing in their make-up. Much Shirring will be affected by slender women, on both bodices and sleeves, while occasionally the entire waist will be Shirred over a lining in rows around the figure, or in perpendicular rows from neck to waistband, while the same idea is carried out in the sleeves.

The earliest designs in shirt waists are eliciting special attention, particularly those in cotton madras, in which the combination of colors is truly wonderful. These range from stripes of vivid greens and yellows, flaming reds and rich blues, to the most delicate of pastel shades. In the way of making they show distinct points of difference from last year's designs. Box pleats and yokes have disappeared from the backs, which are perfectly flat, with just enough fullness at the waistline to draw the material in closely to the figure. The cuff is narrower than formerly, and the box pleat down the center front is lessened in width. The favored long-waisted effect is obtained by stitching the fullness in a V well below the waistline. Long shoulders will prevail, and more fullness will be noticeable at the top of the sleeves.

The prettiest white waists are those made of Irish linen, hand embroidered. Some of the designs are polka dots, fleur-de-lis and tiny clover leaves, and to accompany such waists are all-white stocks with cravat bows, hemstitched and embroidered. Other linen waists are embroidered in colored figures on the same order as the all white, being most popular in bright red, emerald green, pink, light blue and violet. The stocks to be worn with these waists are in cheviot, in color matching the embroidered dot.

A novelty in waists for traveling or the cool days of spring is of fine Scotch flannel in pastel shades, but introduced in checked and plaid effects rather than stripes. The handkerchief waist in Persian patterns is almost exclusively devoted to negligée or house wear, to accompany taffeta petticoats.

Golf vests this season are rather new in shape as well as gorgeous in color, brilliant red being favored. Next to red is "golfer's green," which is a few shades lighter than the old-fashioned bottle green. After green comes the blues, white and yellow, the latter being used but sparingly in combination with other colors. Many of the knit golf vests for women show red groundwork with white or black figures. The shapes vary, and all are double breasted. There is a single pocket on the left breast, usually closed with a button flap, and, while the vests are designed without sleeves, these may be obtained in either flannel, silk or satin, in self or contrasting colors. The edges of these vests are bound with red, white or black silk, and the buttons are either in brass or nickel, or are self-covered.—[New York Tribune.

WELLESLEY'S NEW DEAN.

[New York Tribune:] Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, the new dean of Wellesley, is the third woman to be honored by the Wellesley trustees with this office. Miss Pendleton, whose home is in Westerly, R. I., where she received her early education and her preparation for college, became a student at Wellesley in 1882, and was graduated with the degree of B. A. in 1886. For the two years following she acted as tutor in the mathematics department, and in 1888 was appointed instructor in mathematics, the same year in which Miss Ellen Hayes was made professor of that subject. In 1891 the degree of Master of Arts was granted to Miss Pendleton, who had studied in the meantime, during 1889 and 1890, at Newnham College, Eng.

On the resignation of Miss Mary E. Gorham, in May, 1897, Miss Pendleton was made secretary of the college, and on assuming this office retained her work as instructor in mathematics only until the close of that year. At the time of her appointment as secretary she was at the head of Stone Hall, the dormitory next largest to College Hall, but retired from that position at the conclusion of the year. Upon the resignation of Miss Mary E. Woolley to become the president of Mount Holyoke College, the charge of College Hall—the administrative building, where nearly three hundred students and members of the faculty live—was given to Miss Pendleton. Her appointment as dean will go into effect in June. In addition to the office of dean, she has also been honored with that of associate professor of mathematics.

With these three offices—secretary, dean and associate professor, though the latter will not call for much more than nominal work—Miss Pendleton will have a heavy burden of executive duties. But close continued acquaintance with Wellesley as student, instructor and officer has amply qualified her for these duties.

The president and the dean-elect are closely in sym-

pathy. Last April Miss Pendleton accompanied President Hazard on a journey through the West, visiting en route many colleges, schools and several Wellesley clubs.

WHEN ROYALTY DINES.

THE BRITISH KING EATS HIS FISH WITH TWO FORKS AND DRINKS LITTLE WINE.

By a Special Contributor.

If one wishes to be very Anglo-maniac in regard to table etiquette or rather table furnishings, fish knives must be dispensed with.

This is a peculiarity of the King of England's dinner table. His Majesty substitutes two forks, when upon the fish course he concentrates his attention. Nor does he eat bread with his fish; in fact, he eats no bread either at dinner or luncheon, but only a specially prepared toast, cut in small pieces. The King, it may be remarked, drinks but little wine with his meals, his abstemiousness in this respect being most marked.

Fine silver does not play an important part on the royal table, save on state occasions; crystal and fine porcelain being more in evidence. Simplicity in other respects as regards meals, has always been a characteristic of Sandringham and Marlborough House; both the King and Queen abhor long or elaborate menus, and absolutely refusing to remain at dinner over an hour; forty minutes is the length of time preferred and often adhered to.

The menus for dinner are printed on prettily-illuminated cards, surmounted by the royal arms, and with a dainty view in sepia of Windsor Castle, or Buckingham Palace, whichever place the court may be. The menu is headed "His Majesty's Dinner." Then there comes the date, and after that the French names of the various dishes, including two kinds of soup, two kinds of fish, two entrees, two relevés, two roasts, three entremets, with a side table of various cold meats.

It is worthy of note that during Queen Victoria's time, the dinner provided for the ladies and gentlemen of Her Majesty's household, in another apartment, was an infinitely more elaborate affair than her own. The dinner hour is 9 o'clock.

Royalty takes its breakfast and luncheon in private, as a rule, that is, members of the royal family only are present; at dinner, are ladies and gentlemen of the household and guests.

Each royalty has his or her own servant. King Edward VII, as the Prince of Wales, traveled everywhere, with a footman to wait on him at meals; in addition, his valet always accompanied him, two gillies who took charge of his guns, and, of course, an equerry.

Queen Victoria was waited on at table by her two Indian servants, to whom she spoke in Hindooostan; if these servants made the mistake of becoming too proficient in the English language, they were returned to India, and new ones substituted.

Guests at Windsor rarely see their royal host and hostess until dinner time; it is usually arranged that guests arrive late in the afternoon; they are received possibly by the Princess Victoria, the King and Queen only receiving royalty in person. The next morning, guests breakfast in their own rooms. A visit usually extends to the second day; one is seldom invited for more than two days, very often only to dine and sleep.

In striking contrast to the comparative simplicity of English royalty at table are the marvelous epicurean feasts of the Austrian court. There the menus are nearly a yard long, and everything else in proportion. An army of flunkies bears rare gold and silver dishes, which they deftly balance on three fingers. The dish placed before one, however, is scarcely tasted before the court marshal has tapped his golden cane on the marble floor, and the dish is removed to make place for the next. This is a state dinner. Upon ordinary occasions, the Emperor of Austria takes all his meals alone, even his dinner; each course being brought in on a tray. His dinner consists of four courses, his luncheon of two. Neither butter nor sugar are ever allowed on his private table.

Another potentate who takes all his meals alone is the Pope; this is a papal traditional custom. The Sultan, too, dines alone, and wherever he may happen to be at the moment.

When their royalties of Russia dine without guests, the dishes are of the most simple and even bourgeois description, the Czar, although a hearty eater, preferring simple food. Whenever the repast assumes a ceremonial form, the cuisine is of the most elaborate character. The chef's staff numbers over 1200 persons, these include twenty-four "officers of the mouth," fifty yeomen of the buffet, and 120 chefs of first, second and third rank.

A custom observed in all countries in respect to the ruler of the land, is that he is always helped first. Even in our democratic country, when the President of the United States sits at table, even as host, and there are ladies present, he is served first. His place is at the center of the north side of the table, the length of which extends from east to west.

PRETTY LINEN GOWNS FOR SPRING.

[New York Tribune:] Among the spring novelties there is nothing more attractive than linen gowns. They appear in rose, blue, écrù, lilac and green, and are trimmed simply with lace and embroidery. A rose-red linen seen lately had a pleated bodice and groups of fine pleats on the skirt. A sailor collar with applique embroidery was the only trimming. A blue linen gown has a blouse front of cream-colored batiste and revers of white pique. The skirts of the gowns are nearly plain and the bodices are the semi-fitting blouse or jacket type.

THE BROWNING'S FRIENDS.

WITTY, CHARMING MRS. BRONSON'S DEATH BE MUCH MOURNED IN VENICE.

[New York Times:] A cable from Venice announces the passing away of Katherine de Kay, widow of Arthur Bronson, and sister of the late Commodore George Coleman de Janet Halleck, only daughter of Joseph Rodman de

all of New York.

The death of Mrs. Arthur Bronson leaves in the ranks of those who gave the widow an American home to travelers in Italy. She lived so long at Venice in the Casa Alvisi home on the Grand Canal, opposite the Church of Salute, that her memory will be always associated with the city of the lagoons. Here she dispensed the wit and charm of the hostess who was unequaled in her circle.

The wit and charm of the hostess were well known for her friends eminent in letters and art. John Ruskin, Robert Browning, Whistler, W. Henry James, Mark Twain, and their like, were high in rank, such as Don Carlos, the Prince and Princesses Windischgrätz, Montenegro, Georgia, Odescalchi, and others, lighted just as much obscure artists and men as those of her fellow-countrymen and women who had a letter of introduction from any friend. More than that, the common people found her sympathetic and helpful. From the beggar, no one in Venice but reverenced proud of her.

To the world at large she was best known as the person to whom Robert Browning dedicated a volume of poems, his "Asolando." For the annual visit of Robert Browning and Miss Browning, to Venice began with a stay in the Casa Alvisi. In summer they would stay in Asolo itself, Mrs. Bronson's retreat in the villa just before he died. Mrs. Browning's story of these visits of the Brownings is in the Magazine of last April, in an article called "In Asolo." Browning, his sister and his wife with her an admiration for the charming beauty that looks toward Venice across the plain of Bassano and Padua.

It would be long to chronicle the good done by Bronson to the industries and the poor of Venice during more than one season of famine she did from her modest resources and stimulated help. She founded beds in the hospital, and she saw one of the little shrines erected by men at the chief ferries across the water of Venice falling into ruin, she had it restored, placing valuable old carvings in wood where modern images had been. To the museum she gave very valuable articles, including a carved marble well-coping, found on an outfit. She aided the Countess Marcello to re-establish industry on one of the minor islands of Venice. To Dr. Salvati, the reviver of the glass industry in the lagoons, many artistic designs which he eager to acknowledge as due to her taste.

This granddaughter of Joseph Rodman de Kay readily to the pen at an early age. The loss was delighted to find that an anonymous "Letters from New York" was no other than the brilliant and beautiful girl in her teens who was in New York society with her quips and jolts, her inclination to letters nor her liking for writing was carried far, owing to an early marriage and the unsettled nature of her life in Paris, London, R. I., Spain and Italy. She had but one child, Count Cosimo Rucellai of Florence, an army officer, but her latter years were not without care of grandsons and granddaughters. She died at the late Col. Drake de Kay and Miss Julia de Kay. Of her immediate family there are a brother, Charles de Kay, and two sisters, Mrs. Watson Gilder and Miss Julia de Kay.

A MONUMENT FOR MRS. ELLIS.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are paying their attention toward the erection of a monument to Mrs. Lizzie Rutherford Ellis of Columbia, S. C. Ellis was an army nurse during the Civil War, the originator of the custom of decorating the graves of soldiers upon Memorial day. It was due to her that this custom became national. The custom has been disputed many times, but the Daughters of the Confederacy have spent three years in righting, and have secured affidavits proving her claim to the honor. For years she has rested in a grave in Linwood Cemetery, with only a stone to mark her grave. There are said to be members of her family alive. The Lizzie Rutherford is a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy and therefore, undertaken to raise the money for some monument, and it is hoped that sufficient interest will be aroused to enable it to be built creditably.

[Chicago Post:] We had our suspicions of the alleged fatal French duel. It did not seem possible that such a man could have resulted in death except through carelessness.

SOME NOTED NUGGETS. INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THEIR DISCOVERY.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HURLEY, member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and of the American Geographical Society, has just published a little book of sixty-four pages, which, in a new form, gives not only very valuable statistics concerning the world's gold production, past and present, but also the exact facts, so far as they could be obtained, about nearly all of the great nugget finding of the last century.

"The largest nugget of which the world has any record," says Mr. Hurley, "was found at Hill End, New South Wales, by Messrs. Byer and Haltman. It weighed four feet nine inches in length, three feet six inches in width, and averaged four inches in thickness. It sold for \$148,000. At the time of finding it, Byer and Haltman had exhausted their capital and were practically living on charity. It is said that the discovery so unsevered one of the partners, that he was not made for work or business for a long period.

It is reported that the world has been so prolific in the yield of gold that no record has been preserved, but prior to 1896 a record was compiled by William Birkmyre, an Australian of high standing. Among the most valuable recorded is that of Welcome Stranger, which was found about a mile west of the village of Moliagul, in the neighborhood of Dunolly, on February 15, 1869. This world-famed nugget was found by two puddlers, James and Richard Oates, on the extreme margin of a patch of auriferous alluvium, within two feet of rock (sandstone) in a loose, gravelly loam. It was quite stiff, red clay and was barely covered with soil. In fact, it was in the rut made by the puddler's horse. The treasure was noticed. It measured about twenty inches in length and ten inches in thickness, though mixed with quartz, the great body of the nugget was solid gold.

The lucky finders conveyed it to their hut and heated the fire in order to get rid of the adherent quartz, which reduced its weight before taking it to the bank manager. They also detached and gave to their friends a number of specimens and pieces of gold before it got into the hands of the bank managers. The solid gold weighed 2268 oz. 10 dwt. 14 gr., and contained only 1-75 of alloy, which was composed chiefly of silver and iron, so that 98.66 per cent. of the nugget was pure gold. Including the pieces given away to friends by the finders, the nugget yielded 2280 oz., equivalent to 2248 ounces of pure gold, its value in the Bank of England being \$47,670. The neighborhood of the nugget was at that time almost unprospected country. Many gold was characteristic of the locality, many nuggets being found there, and near the spot where the Welcome Stranger was discovered two nuggets of 111 ounces and 36 ounces, respectively, were unearthed soon afterward.

The Welcome nugget found by a party of twenty-four men at Ballarat, on June 15, 1858, was sold by the discoverers to Ballarat for \$52,500, and, after being sold for a season in Melbourne, it was again disposed of for \$46,625. It then weighed 2159 ounces, so the price obtained was \$21 per ounce. This nugget was found at a depth of 180 feet. It was apparently a mass, contained about ten pounds of quartz, clay and sand, and measured twenty inches in length, twelve inches in breadth and seven inches in depth.

Volume was melted in London in November, 1859,

contained 99.20 per cent. of pure gold. The other two nuggets, one weighing 480 ounces and the other 360 ounces, were unearthed in the immediate vicinity years before.

The Blanche Barkley nugget (1743 oz. 13 dwt.) of value of \$34,525, was found by a party of four at a depth of thirteen feet and within five feet of holes that were dug three years before. Previous to its being melted the nugget was exhibited in Melbourne and at the Crystal Palace, London, where it was an object of great interest, owing to its bulk, richness and solidity, and for some time the fortunate owners noted an average of \$250 a week gate receipts, though it yielded 95.58 per cent. of pure gold.

Another party of four in the Canadian gully, Ballarat, at a depth of sixty feet, found a nugget weighing 1100 ounces, just after unearthing a nugget of 760 ounces. Two of the party had been in the colony more than three months when they returned to England with their prize, which yielded them \$27,660. Near the same gully, on September 8, 1854, a nugget of gold weighing 1177 oz. 17 dwt., was found, and from the hole upward of 220 pounds of smaller nuggets were taken, so that the value of gold taken from this claim was not less than \$65,000.

The Heron nugget, found by two men near Old Point, Freyer's Creek, Mount Alexander, was a lump of gold which drew the scale at 1008 ounces, valued \$20,400. The lucky finders had been only months in the colony.

There is an exciting incident connected with the finding of the Oliver Martin nugget, the largest ever found in California, which sold for \$22,700 after it had been \$10,000 from exhibition in various parts of the country. Although a young man, Oliver Martin was little more than a tramp. He spent his time in doing odd jobs and drinking whisky around the mining camps of Tuolumne, El Dorado and Calaveras counties. He did not own a pan, much less a rocker or long tom. His best companion was John Fowler, who was really shiftless and dissipated.

One night in November, 1854, the two were on their

way from Benton's Bar, over the Grizzly Mountains to Camp Corona, the spot made famous in literature by Bret Harte. The fall rains had begun and the streams were running high. On the night of the 17th, almost stupid with drink, the two sought refuge in a deserted miner's hut. During the night a heavy rain, peculiar to the mountain ranges, set in. The water fell in torrents and came pouring down the precipitous mountain sides. The narrow cañon where Martin and Fowler lay asleep and drunk was soon filled with rushing waters, which threatened to sweep away the old shack of a building. They were awakened by the water pouring into the cabin, and sought to escape by climbing the steep sides of the cañon. Both men were swept back into the flood, and were carried down the stream into the darkness. Martin was washed into a clump of live oaks and managed to lodge, clinging to the branches until morning, but Fowler was drowned.

"Next day, November 18, toward noon, when the waters had subsided, Martin secured a pick and shovel and started to bury his dead companion. He selected a sandy spot at the base of the cliff and had not dug two feet when he came upon the nugget. He made several tests before he could convince himself that it was really gold. The chunk was bigger than a bull's head and too heavy for Martin to carry. He hurried to Camp Corona to secure help. He had some difficulty in persuading any one to go with him. At last a miner consented, but carefully made the statement that he was going to help bury Fowler and not to carry nuggets, as he, like others in the camp, placed no confidence in Martin's story. The chunk weighed eighty pounds, and required the combined efforts of Oliver and his assistant to get it to the camp.

"Before starting, both men staked claims, Martin, of course, claiming his where he had unearthed the big nugget. As soon as the news of the great find spread, miners flocked in by hundreds, but although the stream was carefully prospected for miles nothing of great value was found. Martin considered that his find, in view of the peculiar circumstances attending it, was an act of Providence, and he never touched intoxicants thereafter. With the money he got from the sale of his nugget he went to mining in a business-like manner. Later he was attracted to Yucatan, where he made over a half a million in quartz mining. He died in New Orleans a few years ago, leaving a fortune of over \$1,000,000.

"To a poor half-breed Indian belongs the credit of the second-largest find in California. The scene of this discovery was a spot that had been gone over time and again by experienced prospectors and miners. In 1861 a firm of young men from St. Louis had been induced to invest in a big placer claim in Nevada county. Old miners laughed in their sleeves when they heard of the deal. The claim had never yielded more than colors and promises, and they regarded it as a moribund proposition.

"But the new firm took hold with all the energy of young blood and abiding faith in their judgment and fortune. Sluices were built and the hunt for gold instituted with great vigor. Among the employees was the young half-breed Indian. One evening when the men had gone to their tents for supper, he went down to the creek to wash his overalls. The sluice and creek were so dirty that he could not see clearly beneath the surface. After spreading his overalls on the sluice boards to dry, the Indian's eyes were attracted by a big yellow rock in the muddy stream. He got down into the water and rolled the rock over several times. He had never seen gold in any other form than tiny flakes, or bits the size of pinheads, and it never occurred to him that gold could be found in any such mass as that he was rolling in the stream. He concluded that he had discovered some new kind of rock, and went to his tent to sleep in peace.

"Next morning when he returned for his overalls he examined the curious rock again. There was something about it he could neither understand nor define, and he called the foreman to inspect it. The trained eye of the experienced miner at once recognized the precious nugget, and the camp went crazy over the find. As the story spreads hundreds came long distances just to feast their eyes on the lump of gold and to poise it in their hands. It weighed sixty-five pounds and filled a peck measure. The firm sold the nugget to the Adams Express Company for \$17,400, and presented each of their employees in the camp with \$100, giving the half-breed \$300 extra for his luck in making the find. The claim was afterwards worked over carefully, but while it yielded a moderate amount of dust, no other nugget larger than a pea was found, which is another proof of the miners' axiom that 'gold is where you find it.'

"Two years ago a man was literally kicked into a fortune. Louis Roderigo was discharged by the superintendent of the Mistle Shaft mine. Every day for weeks he hung around the mine imploring to be taken back. Finally he was kicked off the grounds. He procured a pick and shovel and grub enough to last him for a week or two, and started off prospecting in Bear Creek, on the Pine Ridge, some seventy-five miles northeast of Frisco. Three weeks later he returned with \$9000 in gold dust, which was panned out in less than a fortnight's actual work.

"Among the mining exhibits in the mining department of the World's Fair at Chicago was a nugget of pure gold found in Alpine county by a young woman. The history of the discovery of this chunk is cherished by every woman in the gold-mining regions in California. Harry E. Ellis and his wife went to the State in 1874 from Philadelphia because of Ellis's serious lung trouble. They went to live up in the mountains of Alpine county, miles from any neighbor. They got their livelihood by hunting and cultivating a few acres of land about their lonely cabin. Grizzled old gold miners, with their jackasses laden with grimy camp outfits and blankets, came by the Ellis cabin frequently. One of the men lay ill there for several weeks, while he was nursed to health and vigor by the Ellises. The miner told them how they might find recreation and

profit in hunting through the cañons and foothills in that region for pay dirt, and showed them where he believed there were indications of gold-bearing gravel.

"For days at a time the young husband and wife tramped up and down the gulches in Alpine county looking for specks of gold but all without avail. They abandoned seeking riches in the placers and confined their attention to their little ranch. One afternoon as Mrs. Ellis was driving home the family cow, she was seeking stones to throw for the amusement of the dog. She saw in the coarse gravel a dark, dull yellow stone and picked it up.

"I knew from the moment I picked it up," says she, "that I had found gold, because it was so heavy; but as I had never seen a real nugget, I was afraid my husband would laugh at me."

"The nugget has never been utilized in gold working, and is still kept for exhibition purposes. It is phenomenally clear, and the size of a croquet ball, but very rough and battered by rolling and tumbling in water for ages. Mrs. Ellis got \$2250 for this find.

"The biggest nugget found in California in the last thirty years was picked up in Sierra county. It was melted less than twelve years ago by a New York goldsmith after it had been used far and wide for exhibition purposes. In August, 1869, W. A. Farish, A. Wood, J. Winstead, F. N. L. Clevering and Harry Warner were partners in the Monumental Claim, near Sierra Buttes in Sierra county. In the last week of that month they discovered a gold nugget which weighed 1593 ounces, troy. It was sold to R. B. Woodward of San Francisco, who paid for it \$13,500 for exhibition purposes. When it was melted, about \$9800 was realized.

"Although Plumas county, away up toward the Oregon line and near the Modoc lava bed, is one of the richest counties in California in minerals and has made a dozen millionaires of several degrees, it has yielded few valuable nuggets. The largest was found by a Chinaman, near the mouth of Nelson Creek. It was worth \$2800. A miner in Elizabethtown, Archie Little, discovered a \$2600 nugget, and Hays and Steadman found one above Mohawk Valley, near the county line, that weighed 420 ounces and was worth \$6700.

"Eldorado county, where gold was first found in California, yielded the first big nugget found in that State. In 1850 a 121-ounce chunk of gold was dug out with a common spade from the bank of the American River, near Lawson's Bar. It brought \$19,400. Another was found near Kelsey, in the same county, and it sold for \$4700 in 1867. Pilot Hill, a boulder of quartz gold, yielded \$8000. This, with several small nuggets, was taken from the Bouled Gravel Claim, near Pilot Hill postoffice. Several large and valuable gold nuggets were discovered in Tuolumne county. In 1853 a mass of gold weighing 360 ounces was found at Columbus. This was valued at \$5625. At Gold Hill in the same county a man named Virgin found one weighing 380 ounces and valued at \$6500. A Frenchman in Spring Gulch, near Columbia, in the same county, found one of almost pure gold which was worth \$5000. The discovery made the miner insane on the following day, and he was sent to the Stockton asylum. The nugget was sold and the money for it sent to his family in France."

KENTUCKY'S LOYALTY.

[Leigh Gordon Giltner in International Magazine.] A visit to a Kentucky stock farm is essentially a feature of a visit to Kentucky and it is a part of the Kentuckian's code of hospitality to see that the stranger within his gates is not denied this privilege. An introduction to Kentucky's royalty, the sire of a famous line, the head of a noted herd, is offered in the same spirit which would prompt the loyal monarchical subject to proffer his guest a presentation at court. Even the least enthusiastic of visitors could scarcely fail to find a certain homely interest and pleasure in the inspection of a well-kept stock barn, with its long rows of carefully-groomed blooded cattle (halted by day, but allowed to graze by night;) or a clean, airy, well-ordered stable, with every stall occupied by a Kentucky aristocrat with a pedigree as long as that of a Spanish noble.

But it is in early October, when the first crimson shows on the leaf and the purple haze of Indian summer dims the distant horizon, when the air is like wine and the days are veritably golden, that the horse comes into his kingdom. At the county fair he performs divided honors with cattle, sheep and swine, but now he is monarch absolute. The fall trots are on! Above the entrance to the quarters of the Horse Breeders' Association appears a transparency—an equine head set in a blaze of vari-colored electric lights, forming the word "Welcome." The same sentiment is on every lip and in every heart, gleaming from the shining black faces of the waiters in the hotels, making itself felt in the hearty handclasp of the cordial citizen who welcomes you to the domain of his majesty the trotter.

Horse owners and horse lovers (and this includes the major part of Kentucky's masculine contingent) now throng the streets of the city. Out at the track all is bustle and activity. The stalls in the stables for the housing of the animals entered for the races fill rapidly. Blanketed beauties are led out for a daily airing, or, booted, weighted and strapped until it is a marvel they can move a limb, are gently "jogged" on the level training track. Trainers, grooms and owners are everywhere in evidence and the horse is the topic of the hour.

[Facts:] (Papa:) I hear you were a bad girl today, and had to be spanked.

(Small Daughter:) Mamma is awful strict. If I'd known she used to be a school teacher I'd a told you not to marry her.

[Columbus Journal:] (Willie:) I think I could die listening to Miss Triller sing.

(Cry Nick:) Oh! you may feel like dying, but you'll pull through; I've been through it often.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

BOB, THE BABOON.

ANOTHER OF HIS INTERESTING ADVENTURES,
AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

By a Special Contributor.

I had been in Central Park about a year when I began to get very homesick. You see, a baboon is used to roaming around a good deal in his wild state, while now they had me shut up in a cage so small that I could jump from end to end of it. In my home in Africa we had all kinds of fruits and nuts to eat, and I used to run races with other young baboons and climb the tallest trees and have lots of fun. The keepers were kind to me and tried to get me such food as I was used to, but by and by I found myself pining for home. One day when the monkey saw me shedding tears he came and cuddled up to me and said:

"It's too bad, Uncle Bob, but even if you got out of your cage and the monkey-house you couldn't get back to Africa. It is thousands and thousands of miles away, and no ship would take a baboon without a master. You must give it up and try to be content."

"But I want to race through the woods and climb trees," I said as I was near crying.

"Well, perhaps the day will come when you can do that, but don't make yourself sick by worrying. I'll keep watch of things, and any time I think you can escape I'll tell you. Cheer up, old boy, and have a race with me."

I felt better after that, and it was not more than two weeks later, when one afternoon, as I was sound asleep, the monkey came and woke me up and said:

"Now is your time, Uncle Bob. The keeper has left the cage door open, and both doors of the house are also wide open. You can get out and have all the climbing you wish for. It was dark when they brought you off the steamer, and you have never seen the park, but I tell you it is a beautiful place. There are hundreds of big trees, and you can run for miles over the grass and through the bushes."

"But I want you to come, too," I said.

"I cannot go. My feet are sore, and I could do no running or climbing. I am also getting old, and my teeth are dull, and I'm afraid I'd starve to death if I got away. No, uncle, you'll have to go alone, and I hope you'll have a good time before they get hold of you again."

I coaxed him for a long time, but he decided to stay. When I saw that he wouldn't come with me I walked around for a spell and then made for the door. I was out of it like a flash, and I jumped on a man's back and down to the floor, and was outdoors before anyone knew what had happened. It wasn't long, however, before a great shout went up, and I had scarcely climbed a tree before a dozen keepers and police were after me. They at first tried to coax me down, and when I wouldn't come a keeper climbed the tree after me. I let him get almost up to me, and then ran along a branch and leaped into another tree. When they put a long ladder against that I leaped into a third tree, slipped down to the ground, and away I went, with a crowd of a hundred after me. Several dogs took after me, but, bless your soul, I could outrun them and not half try. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I got out, and when night fell I was still free. There must have been a thousand people in the crowd following me, but it was easy enough to escape them all. Only one dog came near me. He was a pug out walking with a young woman, and he broke away from her and came barking and growling as if he meant to eat me up in a minute. I waited for him, and as he drew near I seized him and shook him till he cried like a baby, and I then gave him one bite and flung him into the bushes. After that the dogs kept clear of me, but the men and boys followed along with nets and ropes, and hoped to capture me. I did not mean that they should take me back to my cage again. I had got my liberty, and meant to keep it. Just at dark, as I was crossing the promenade called the Mall, a nursegirl came along with a baby in a carriage. I didn't feel mad or ugly, but I thought I would have some fun with that crowd. The nursegirl gave a great shout at sight of me and ran away, but the baby only looked at me and smiled.

In my next I will tell you how I turned nursegirl myself and took very good care of that little kid, for the next hour or so.

It was just growing daylight when I woke up, and I descended the tree and galloped about a bit to stretch my legs, and then climbed a very tall tree that I might get a good look around. I ran up until I could look down on thousands of houses and see a big river on each side of the city. Beyond one of the rivers I could see the hills and woods, and I made up my mind to reach the trees if I could. Down I scrambled and was soon at the edge of the park. It was so early that only a few people were moving about, and I took the middle of the street and ran as hard as I could.

I had gone about half a mile when a street-car came along. I had never seen one before, but the monkey had told me about them. There were no passengers in this car and the conductor was half asleep. It was going past me with a whizz, but I made one long leap and landed on the roof. We went along as much as a mile before any one noticed me up there. Then a policeman on a corner shouted and threw up his arms, and when the car stopped he said to the conductor:

"Where are your eyes that you can't see that passenger on the roof? Bob, the baboon, who escaped from the Zoo yesterday, is riding up there!"

Then the conductor, motorman, policeman and three

or four others set out to capture me, but I leaped to the ground and was off, while they stood there telling each other what to do. After turning two or three corners I came upon a fruit stand. The Italian owner had just spread out his fruit, and I was hungry for my breakfast. I jumped right in among the oranges and bananas and began to eat, but the first thing I knew the man clapped my ears and shouted to me:

"Hey, you bob-tailed dogga—you eat up all my bananas, eh?"

He took me for a dog, but after I had given him a bite on the arm he ran away screaming, and for ten minutes I ate as fast as I could. I had about finished my breakfast when the Italian and two policemen and seven or eight other men came running, and one of the men had a bulldog. If they thought I was going to sit there and be captured they were mistaken. I ran across the street into a doorway, and then the man with the dog cried out:

"Hold on, now, and let my dog tackle him and hold him down while we put a chain on him!"

I had heard about bulldogs and knew how savage they were, but I was not afraid. They let this dog loose, and he came rushing for me, but as he came up I dodged him and then jumped on his back. After I had given him two bites he began to yelp, but I knocked him around and put my teeth into him until the men thought him dead. If there had been two dogs I could have licked them both as easy as grease. You may believe there was great excitement on that corner. It was no time at all before a big crowd had gathered, but no one dared come near me. They were wondering how they could capture me, when I made a sudden rush through the crowd and was away again. Hundreds came running after me, but I galloped along for awhile and then saw two women on the stoop of a house with the door open behind them. They had scarcely seen me before I was up the steps and into the house, and as I went upstairs the women were screaming and the crowd yelling. I met a man at the head of the stairs, who kicked at me, but I nipped him in the leg and passed on into a bedroom and shut the door behind me. When I looked out of the window I saw that the street was full of people, all of them dancing around in excitement, and I heard a boy yelling:

"It's a boarding-house, and Bob is going to become a star boarder and not pay a cent!"

Being afraid that they would capture me in the room, I ran out into the hall and down the back stairs to the basement. There were three women down there, and at once they rushed out into the street in wild alarm. I found the table set for breakfast, and as I was still hungry I leaped upon the table and began helping myself to whatever I liked.

In my next I will tell you how I got out of the house and visited a dentist's parlor, and then rode round in a coupé without paying for the ride.

SOURCES OF SILK.

THE YELLOW-SPIDER SILK OF PARAGUAY WHICH IS WOVEN INTO SHAWLS.

By a Special Contributor.

Almost every worm of aerial habits is more or less a silk-worm. Witness the caterpillars' nests so frequent in orchards and shrubberies. Each of them is no more than a big unkempt and composite cocoon, spun by all the caterpillar swarm as a collective refuge. Solitary creepers have the same power of silk production. In fact, many of them emulate those gentlewomen, the spiders, in letting themselves up or down, or round about with threads of their own spinning. These aerial roadways, indeed, fairly criss-cross the summer air. They are invisible save when a glancing sunray strikes across them, notwithstanding their use is often made only too palpable by a big, hairy, wriggly something slipping down or along them to deposit itself upon an unsuspecting head or arm.

After the caterpillars one must reckon the genuine silk-spinning spiders. These are distinguished from the common web spinners by the nature of their product. It is a true silk, strong, elastic, beautifully lustrous. It is produced, too, more abundantly in proportion to food than the regular worm filament. Stockings, mittens, many such small deer, have been knitted of the spider silk. The only bar to its production in commercial quantities is the warlike habits of the insects. Wherever three encounter there is a battle royal, which ends only with the death or disabling of all the fighters. Down in Paraguay there is a spider which spins a brilliant yellow silk in such profusion the natives and the Spaniards collect it, and manufacture it, on rude native looms, into shawls, ribbons and short lengths for jackets. The color deepens and brightens with use, and is said to be inimitable—a glowing golden hue no dyer can produce.

The silk-worm proper is an embodied appetite. Unlike the leopard, he can cast his skin. He does cast it, indeed, five times betwixt hatching and maturity. Between moults he eats, eats, never hastening; never resting. He has been commercialized to such a degree that it is possible to estimate beforehand just how much silk he will turn out from a given weight of fresh mulberry leaves. They are white mulberry leaves—to be exact, *Morus multicaulis*. The botanical name suggests one of the most curious and irrational crazes which ever laid hold upon the American public mind. In the late thirties and early forties of the century just past, the whole country went wild over potential silk production. Facts (?) so called, were adduced to prove that there were millions in the business—not only all the millions

that America spent for silk, but oceans would flow in for the silk. Indeed, there were to dominate the silk market on their cotton market. Even thus early there was a slogan to the effect that "Cotton was King."

Men dealt in silk-worm eggs and now they now deal in futures. It was a poor village or neighborhood that could not have a company, including every man of substance. Farmers, planters, artisans, made huge precious mulberry, convinced by the figures that their leaves would turn silk-worms to be home bred. Ready to furnish leaves for them, things. But money was rashly invested in fixtures to use up the silk from worms fed on black mulberry leaves.

How the bubble burst is a matter of history. It was something like 200 yards of rather raggy and scraggy, a general mass of worm moth throughout the rural home manufacture by various ingenious ways of silk for home use, throughout the world. Still here and there in the Southern States worms are sparsely scattered. They live high, but seldom on mulberry trees. Low, in clumps are favorite refuges for them. They feed upon many other than mulberry leaves. Mulberry is chosen by silk raisers because it is food, at the best time of the spring, and the silk from it is more glossy and more durable.

It is worth while to carry home one or two cocoons, hang it high and dry, and wait for it to come out of it. A warm room will quicken it in a fortnight. Left to itself it would die before mid-May, but in the house it will live for an early Easter. Care must be taken to let the cocoon grow dry. The moth has to encompass the wall of silk—if the moth will die without unfolding its wings. When it is folded, it usually sails away to the sun and clings there, balancing and stretching out, let after another, as though testing their trustworthiness. Then, if it is cold outside, the moth is to chloroform the bright-hued insect, mount it before one bit of down color is on its wings. But with May weather let it fly to a mate and wanton in the sun, through life.

Italy and China furnish the best silk, but silk-worm eggs, though Japan is coming into the market in the matter of silk supply. Everywhere how the first silk-worm eggs were brought from China, then a closed and forbidden land, by missionaries, who concealed the eggs in their bamboo walking staves, and thus escaped the watch of the watchful Chinese. China has from time immemorial, and wished to keep secret of the stuff. Until very lately she still hid her silk production. This mainly from the special painstaking labor required in silk, cheaper there than anywhere else. Chinese women feel opulent with daily wages of 10 cents, notwithstanding Italian women run them where it is women who do most of the work, the worms. Men bring in the fresh leaves, the trees which supply them, but in the sun, watch over the worms, from the egg to the chrysalis.

To keep the eggs dormant requires a temperature above freezing. Even a light freeze would kill them. They must not be laid in the hatching box in regard to the season. If it is cold and the eggs hatch must be postponed to wait the growth of leaves. When first the worms hatch they are finely shredded, in bits suited to their mouths. After the first moult the leaves are only torn forward they are fed whole, but must not be overfed to get hard and woody. They are stripped from shoots, just before they reach full size. A worm has given all its early leaves to the silk, is so weakened it may die. Consequently, it is stripped unless under great stress, than half denuded, get later a special diet of fertilizing to help them make up lost vitality, are plant lungs where the blood, otherwise elaborated, enriched and made fit for time to come.

After the fifth moult the worms, fat, greenish, refuse to eat, and begin moving that idly from side to side. This is the sign of maturing, so those in watch supply the trays of clean short twigs. Upon these the worms attach themselves, and begin spinning. This is finished in twelve to twenty-four hours. The weight and symmetry. A percentage of the cocoons are set apart to hatch out, and produce eggs. The rest are baked at steady heat, the chrysalid without injuring the silk, doubled, reeled, scoured, and sent to market. Thread can be loaded—that is, weighted or earthy salts, to weigh half as much again as raw silk. But dealers are alert for such, have, besides, tricks of their own to guard.

A curious industry is the manufacture of gut for fishing tackle. The best of it comes from Spanish silk fields. A silk-worm ready to spin has within a long, much-convoluted tube with pure fluid silk. The gutmakers take a snip off both ends, then gently draw out the testine, straighten it, pass it through several solutions to cleanse and strengthen it, and it is tied it in bunches. The result is a fine yards long, strong, fine, elastic, and in water

The Development of the Great Southwest.

A Remarkable Railroad.

THE completion of the Morenci Southern Railroad, in Arizona, by the contractors, Messrs. Streeter & Lusk, is said to mark an epoch in railroad building which is unequalled in America. The road is only a few miles in length, but is constructed through such a rough and rugged country as to require the highest engineering skill and the expenditure of a vast sum of money. For many years it was considered an impossibility to construct a road to Morenci, but the vast volume of business of the Detroit Copper Company, which was increasing rapidly from year to year, was sufficient to justify its management in seriously considering the construction of the road. The Clifton Copper Era says:

"It is the 'corkscrew route of America,' and is well worth a trip of a thousand miles to see and enjoy. It must be seen to be fully appreciated, and even then one needs the figures of an engineer or contractor to realize what a wonder of engineering triumph it is. Some one long ago very correctly stated that 'Necessity was the Mother of Invention,' which is fully confirmed by the construction of this road. Were it not an absolute necessity to have a railroad at Morenci, it is safe to say that the boldest engineer never wou'd have conceived the idea of building a road under such appalling disadvantages. But it has been built. It is in operation and it is a success, and will ever remain as a monument to the intellect which conceived it, to engineers who laid out the plans, and to the contractors who so faithfully carried them out."

"The engineers found they had an elevation of some 1350 feet to overcome in a direct line of less than seven miles. They also had to cross a divide between the San Francisco and Gila rivers very nearly 350 feet high. The elevation at the Gila River, where the Morenci Southern joins the Arizona and New Mexico, is 3655 feet; at the San Francisco River the elevation at the top of the bridge is 3700 feet; at Morenci the elevation is 5060 feet, which would be steep climbing for an ordinary mountain wagon road.

"The bridge at the Gila River has two short approaches and one span 185 feet long. The deck of this bridge is 102 feet above the river bed. At the San Francisco River the bridge and approaches are longer, but the elevation is about the same, 100 feet. Owl Cañon, which is a box cañon, is crossed by a single girder eighty feet long, over 100 feet in the air. All of the piers and abutments are of modern concrete construction, and these bridges all rest on concrete foundations. Altogether there are seven steel bridges on the line, constructed or erected by the Phoenix Bridge Company.

"There are three tunnels and five complete loops, four of which are in the Morenci Cañon in less than two miles' distance. A gain in altitude of 100 feet and 6 inches is made by the first loop, which will give the reader an idea of some of the difficulties which the engineers had to surmount in the construction of the road.

"Thousands of yards of masonry were made to hold the roadbed in the cañons and on the steep mountain sides. In some places these walls of masonry are from fifty to seventy-five feet in height, and along a considerable portion of the distance the roadbed is cut through the solid formation of the mountains.

"The construction is practically all through solid rock, most of it being of volcanic conglomerate or malpais, although red sandstone, lime and quartzite were found in places. No mineral was developed. One small cave was found, but not explored, and was quickly filled up with débris.

"An average of about 600 men and 100 teams were engaged in the construction of the road. Miners will better appreciate the immense amount of work necessary to create the roadbed by the simple statement that there were 450,000 pounds of giant powder used in blasting out the rock on the line.

"The old town of 'Slag Town,' in Morenci Cañon, which for years had been the homes of many people, was completely wiped off the face of the earth in order that the road might have room to wind its way up the narrow cañon. The topography and geography of the cañon were entirely changed.

"Over one million feet of lumber were used in trestling, in addition to the steel bridging.

"The maximum grade of the road is 3½ per centum, and the maximum curvature is 40.

"The construction between the Gila and San Francisco rivers is all standard gauge and equipment, the bridges, trestles, tunnels and excavations being made full standard. Between Morenci and the San Francisco River the construction is narrow gauge.

"It has been announced by a number of papers that this road will be extended on from its junction with the Arizona and New Mexico to Lordsburg or Separ, in order to join the road now being built eastward from Nacosari and Bisbee, where the same company is also operating extensive copper mines."

Prices for Sugar Beets.

THE Chino Champion announces that for the season of 1901 the Union Sugar Company will offer six competitive cash prizes to all growers as follows:

"First—One cash prize of \$600 for the greatest tonnage delivered from any twenty-five acres; one cash prize of \$400 for the next largest tonnage delivered from any twenty-five acres.

"Second—One cash prize of \$400 for the greatest tonnage delivered from any fifteen acres; one cash prize of \$250 for the next largest tonnage delivered from any fifteen acres.

"Third—One cash prize of \$250 for the greatest tonnage delivered from any ten acres; one cash prize of \$150 for the next largest tonnage delivered from any ten acres.

"These prizes are in addition to the contract price for beets delivered at the factory, and are offered as an en-

couragement to growers to do their best in the care of the crop; also as a compensation to those who make an extra effort, select the best land and who will give the beets attention in preference to their other crops.

"The following rules will govern the competition:

"First, the Union Sugar Company and its employés are excluded from the contest; second, no prize will be given for a tonnage of less than ten tons per acre; third, all beets will be grown under the conditions of the regular contract; fourth, the measurement of the ground will be made by an employé of the company with the owner; fifth, in case of a tie, the grower delivering the richest beets will be awarded the prize; sixth, at the end of the season a committee of disinterested citizens will be appointed, who will examine the delivery books of the company and will announce the awards."

A New Tool.

NEW device, in the shape of a tool for the use of carpenters, is being manufactured by the Los Angeles Automatic Tool Company, of this city. It is called "Smith's automatic frame square," and is a square constructed upon new and scientific principles, which it is claimed gives the correct bevel for rafters and work of that kind. The handle of the frame is made of aluminum and the blades of steel.

Arizona Forests.

FEW of those who travel through the Territory by rail realize the extent of the Arizona forests. Following is from the report of Gov. Murphy:

"Arizona has the largest unbroken pine forest in the United States, covering an area of over six thousand square miles. This timber is usually found at an altitude of between 5500 and 7500 feet. The total quantity of pine timber fit for sawing purposes within the boundaries of the Territory amounts to 10,000,000,000 feet, which can supply the needs of a populous State for more than a century. The principal forest area is in Coconino county and borders the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, although Gila, Apache and Yavapai counties have considerable timber. In the Mogollon Mountains, in Yavapai, Coconino and Gila counties, there are large bodies of oak timber suitable for the manufacture of farm machinery, wagons, etc., and for furnishing lumber, but at present it is too inaccessible to be of great commercial value. The government has created some large forest reserves in Northern Arizona and promulgated rules for their regulation, with a view to their preservation from spoliation and to prevent destruction by fire. The principal lumber mills of Arizona are situated at Flagstaff and Williams, in Coconino county, on the line of the Santa Fé Pacific Railway, and their equipment is modern in every way. The Arizona Lumber and Timber Company at Flagstaff and the Saginaw Lumber Company at Williams, have complete plants for the manufacture of lumber, boxes, etc., as can be found in the United States."

The Grand Canyon Country.

THE section of country in which is located the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in Arizona, is known to comparatively few people, owing to the lack of transportation facilities which has existed until recently. The completion of the Santa Fé and Grand Cañon Railroad will change all this.

The Grand Cañon country possesses something besides scenery. The Williams (Ariz.) News says:

"The country north of the Grand Cañon of Arizona is, to the average Arizonan, less known than the land of the Aztecs. A shrewd move was once made by a few progressionists—for self-interests only—to get Utah to receive, either as a gift or by purchase, the territory north of the Grand Cañon and to annex the same under the government of Utah.

"Rumors regarding the richness of that portion of Arizona began to filter among the Arizonans and an objection went up forthwith that put an end to all further procedure on that line.

"Later knowledge has revealed the fact that that portion of Arizona—which is of area sufficient for a good-sized State—is the richest portion of the Territory in grazing lands, timber and minerals.

"Few, if any, outside people, have any idea of the mining development now going on on the north side of the Grand Cañon. Of this fact the News has for a long time been cognizant, but for reasons best known to itself it has remained silent until now, the proper time to publish a few facts to the world.

"In commencing these items of information it might be well to state that across the cañon in this county there are at present between five and six hundred men at work for one company. This company at present has one smelter completed and a second under construction. These smelters are situated twenty-four miles due south of Fredonia, in this county, and about thirty miles from the head of the Bass trail, where it crosses the cañon. This company has a pipe line nine miles in length completed, which supplies an unlimited quantity of pure spring water from Stewart's Cañon. They have ten cooking kilns completed and in operation, also a complete laboratory and laboratory building, besides a number of residences for officers and employés. They have lately purchased from the government two townships of timber and have their own sawmill now in operation. They possess a number of lime kilns now in operation and a number of stone quarries. They own seventeen claims and are working thirteen under bond. As they possess an abundant water power, arrangements are now under way for the construction of an electric line for the handling of their manganese for flux, which they are at present hauling forty miles. This company now has an estimated amount of high-grade ore on the dump sufficient to run the two smelters for a year.

"These being facts, as given to the News, it places this company in a position where they must have a

quicker and better means of communication with the outside world. No one interested especially in favor of an outlet north, by the length of this article forbids me to do so. They are specially desirous of getting out the distance it is so much less. Upon the haul to its terminal to about the same distance it is proposed to cover by the use of these lines will be made to the property of the Santa Fé and Grand Cañon Railroad just as soon as the present owners of the property are definitely settled. At present it takes seven days to get mail back from Williams or Flagstaff. A foot to have the government road across the country entirely feasible. Such an improvement with the railroad, will enable the mail to be sent in thirty hours."

On the Colorado Desert.

WORK is steadily progressing on the development cut on the Colorado River country. A recent issue of the San Joaquin gives some information regarding the work from which the following is condensed:

"The work of developing the New River in the Imperial settlement, as it is now entering in a satisfactory manner, although delayed at as early a date as was expected.

"The town of Imperial has been established for 18, about ten miles northeast of Blue Lake, for the town is at present hauled to the use of the inhabitants. The canal will be at this point, however, very soon, when abundance will be easily obtained.

"W. F. Holt has contracted to extend the line from Flowing Wells to Imperial, and be completed before the first of March. The poles are now mostly dug.

"A petition is in circulation for the formation of a new school district in the Imperial valley, known as Imperial. There are already many children in that settlement authorized by the Board of Education, and it is possible that the petition is to be presented to the Board of San Diego county, at their regular meeting next, it may be desirable and even necessary the formation of two such districts—one for the townsite section and the other for the valley.

"Until water reaches the international line east of Cameron Lake, it will be very difficult to construct the distributing system of ditches. C. R. Rockwood, the company in charge of this work. The force of writing is not very large, but it is now large. The main canal, as being constructed, is one mile wide, and over a mile of this work has been completed. Hereafter the work will proceed rapidly.

"It will not be best for the average farmer to get water on his land this season in the form of such crops as wheat, barley or oats, but it will be there in time to put in corn, and summer crops. In a few localities only will it be necessary for persons having claims near the border of the water first comes into California to plant barley. During the winter of 1901-2, the water will be ready for delivery in good shape to all the New River and the Salton River, but to the east side of the Salton River.

"On account of the low stage of the Colorado River, it has been necessary to throw the head of the canal where the temporary connects with the river just above the boundary. By means of an engine and a centrifugal pump pumped from the river into the canal in order to raise the water in the canal up to the proper level. dredge that is at work extending the lower canal toward the Salton River channel. When the work of construction is completed, the machinery will be removed, the dam will be taken down, a stream of water six feet in depth will flow from the canal into the Salton River channel, where it will find its way to the Imperial settlement. Colorado River rises a couple of feet, as before the work of the dredge is completed, the works will be removed, together with the dam, as they would not longer be needed.

"Steps have been taken for the erection of a building at Imperial. It is a good sign for the movement to take steps to secure a church and in advance of a saloon. This programme is characteristic of the development of Southern California.

"G. W. Bothwell has again returned to the settlement to arrange for the examination of his side tract by settlers. A well will be put in one mile to the southeast of Fifteen Mile Ranch, and is expected to get good water for domestic purposes at a depth of about forty feet. In fact, the government survey shows that water of good quality was found in that vicinity at a much greater depth. Stages will then be run between that and Flowing Wells."

The San Diego Union says:

"It is expected to soon take an excursion to Yuma in a steamboat down the Colorado River's Heading, and thence down the canal to the ocean. This will be the first time in the history of California when an irrigation canal will be run in this instance, so great a body of water will be carried."

CARE OF THE BODY.
VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Controlling Sex of Offspring.

THE question of the possibility for the parent to control the sex of her offspring has again been brought to the front by Dr. Schenk of Vienna, whose theories on the subject created a world-wide sensation a year ago. Dr. Schenk has now written a book on the subject, in which he claims that the usual sex distribution of 106 males to 100 females is only the result of assimilation of food by men and women. In order to secure male children, which most men—at least in Europe—are anxious for, Dr. Schenk recommends a liberal diet of albuminous food for a period of four months. According to a dispatch from Vienna, the following is a diet which Dr. Schenk recommends to women in the last months of pregnancy:

"Breakfast, a cup of milk without sugar, and biscuits; lunch, lean ham, underdone, and a roll. Dinner, a little soup, a quantity of roast meat, with potatoes, peas, beans and limed as vegetables; no pudding or fruit, no cheese, tea or milk, eggs and biscuits. Supper, roast meat, cheese, a little bread and an apple."

Now, it may or may not be that such a diet as this would insure a male child, but it is very certain that the cost of the adoption of such a diet would be an exceedingly hard time for the mother at birth and not infrequently the loss of her life, and perhaps also to that of the child. It is a well-recognized fact among those who have devoted any attention to the subject that one of the most sure and simple means of procuring parturition pain—or comparatively so—is for the mother to live almost entirely from foods which form bone and muscle for a period of several months before confinement. Now, it is just such foods as these, which do go form bone and muscle, that Dr. Schenk recommends in large quantities. On the other hand, by confining chiefly to a diet of fruit and watery vegetables, a little rice or potatoes—all non-albuminous foods—plenty of distilled water, and especially avoiding meat, peas and beans, while taking moderate exercise, one may be reasonably sure of passing through critical period with a modicum of pain and inconvenience.

According to Dr. Schenk's theory, this plan of diet would result in nothing but female children. On the other hand, in such countries as India, where the diet of natives contains very little albuminous food, the sex is not, so far as the writer is aware, more than in other countries of the world where people largely on wheat bread and meat.

HERE seem to be an unusually large number of people in this section who suffer from insomnia. An inquiry has been received by this department asking for a suggestion for the relief of insomnia. In reply the Times cannot do better than reproduce the following which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago:

"It may be observed that in nine cases out of ten, insomnia is caused primarily by some disorder of the nervous organs, which, again, arises generally from want of diet. The nerves are affected by the stomach, and sleeplessness follows, as a matter of course. The correspondent should try a very light meal of simple, well-digested food, not less than three hours before retiring, and then, just before going to bed, should take a cup of some simple herb tea, as hot as can be borne. Patent medicines may temporarily alleviate insomnia, but they will inevitably react, and leave the patient worse than before. The same is true of morphine and similar drugs."

Diphtheria by Osteopathy.

A OSTEOPATHIC physician of Los Angeles sends The Times the following account of a treatment of case of diphtheria in this city, by the osteopathic method. The case was that of a child 5 years of age, and the malady was reported by the Health Officers as case of diphtheria. The correspondent says that some methods might not be employed so successfully at another time, but considers that as it proved so successful in this case, the treatment must have some merit, and is worthy of further study:

The child was isolated. The throat and excreta of the child and the room were disinfected with Listerine, mercury, chloride and formalin, respectively. Manipulative treatment was given to the child to regulate the respiration. This was accomplished as follows: The tissues of the upper back and neck were thoroughly worked by working with them in groups and also separately. The clavicle being gently raised, the structures and all of the blood vessels in the throat were carefully relaxed, so as to remove all pressure that could interfere with the circulation in this part. The tissues of the lymphatic glands were treated in a similar manner, to relieve any congestion of the part, and thus increase greater activity. By working toward the heart the veins of this region, the blood was forced from the veins and arterial blood was permitted to flow rapidly to the diseased region, and thus to cope energetically with the bacilli and their toxins of disease. Treatment was also given to nerves in the form of direct pressure which affected the constrictor of the vasomotor nerves and caused dilation of the blood vessels of the abdomen, allowing the blood to circulate in this region and thus reducing the blood pressure in the throat.

When the circulation was regulated in this way there was not the exudation of serum and corpuscles that usually occurs, and the membrane did not form to any extent. The levels were regulated by the manipulation of

sympathetic nerve fibers which are closely connected with Auerbach's and Meissner's sympathetic plexuses, and the kidneys were kept active by mechanical stimulation to the nerves controlling them.

"Twenty hours after the first treatment the temperature was down to about normal and did not again rise throughout the sickness. The progress from the start was remarkable and seven days from the time of the first treatment the child was well."

To Much Doctoring.

IT IS often asserted by outsiders that there is too much doctoring nowadays, but such an admission seldom comes from within the ranks of the physicians themselves. The following sensible remarks on this subject are from the Philadelphia Medical Journal:

"There is less work today for the average doctor than there was twenty years ago. Preventive medicine is still further lessening the amount of routine work for the general practitioner. Typhoid fever was formerly the standby for steady income in many communities. Four or five cases of that disease continually on hand made a very fair bulk of the general practitioner's outside work. The prevalence of this illness is constantly decreasing. Some day it will be practically eradicated. So it is with diphtheria. So it is in some parts of the country with malarial diseases. Altruistic medicine is lessening its own work and diminishing its own income."

"With these and kindred facts in mind, is there not some legitimate way to lessen the number of doctors who have to do the work? No young man should be encouraged to take up the study of medicine unless he possesses natural qualifications of an exceptionally high order. Good drug clerks, good barbers, good carpenters and good school teachers should not be urged to abandon occupations for which they are suited and in which they probably make as fair an income as they will make in medicine for at least ten years."

"We plead for more care in the selection of medical students; we plead for less enthusiasm in urging young men to take up the study of a science for whose practice their personal qualifications do not fit them; we plead for a less crowded profession by raising the standards of admission into that profession."

Coughing as a Fine Art.

IN AN article on tuberculosis, contributed to the annual report of the Maine State Board of Health by Dr. A. G. Young, he treats of the above subject and says:

"There are reasons affecting both the patient and those associated with him why cough should be suppressed by the voluntary effort of the patient, so far as is practicable. How far this is possible has often been noted with surprise by visitors to properly conducted sanatoriums for consumptives. At the dinner table or anywhere else where large numbers of patients are found together, hardly a cough is heard. Unnecessary coughing is bad for the patient; loud and open-mouthed coughing subjects other persons in the same room to the possibility of infection. When obliged to cough, the patient should do so as lightly as possible, and with lips closed as much as he can. Even when the cough is hard, experiments have shown that the diffusion of particles of infectious sputum into the air can be easily prevented by holding something before the mouth. The open hand will quite effectually arrest all particles, but the rule to keep the hand as clean and as free from infection as possible forbids the use of the hand for this purpose. A suitable object is a paper napkin or a square of muslin, to be burned after it has been in use for a short time. Prof. Leube of Wurzburg has his patients, when confined to the house, keep upon their table, in a suitable dish, a bunch of cotton twice as large as the fist, to be held before the mouth while coughing. A handkerchief may be used for this purpose and for no other, but when so used it presents the same danger in a minor degree as when the handkerchief is used as a receptacle for the sputum."

A Simple Rule.

WHEN, after his death, a sale was made of the effects of Boerhaave of Leiden, a book was offered containing in it a synopsis of his medical learning. The eager purchaser found in it simply these words: "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the body open, the digestion regular, and a fig for doctors."

Hot Water Drinking.

COMPARATIVELY little has been heard lately in regard to the regular drinking of hot water, which practice was widely advocated several years ago as a remedy for dyspepsia and other troubles. The practice is an excellent one when it is not overdone, and should not be allowed to go out of use. Many persons have profited greatly by the regular use of hot water in this manner.

In the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, Dr. Ephraim Cutter of New York has an article on the therapeutical drinking of hot water, in which he gives some valuable information as to the use and origin of the practice. The water, he says, should be about the same temperature as that at which tea and coffee are taken. He advises that it should be taken one hour before each meal, and half an hour before retiring to bed. It should be sipped, not drunk fast. The use of hot water in this way for six months will generally result in thoroughly washing out the liver and intestines. To make the water palatable, in case it is desired, Dr. Cutter suggests the addition of aromatic spirits of ammonia, clover tea blossoms, ginger, lemon juice, sage salt or sulphate of magnesia. When there is diarrhea, cinnamon, ginger and pepper may be boiled in the water and the quantity drunk lessened.

Dr. Cutter gives the following summary on the advantages of this practice:

- (a) Foundation for all treatment of chronic diseases.
- (b) Excited downward peristalsis.
- (c) Relieves spasm or colic of the bowels by applying

the relaxing influences inside the alimentary canal, just as heat applied outside the abdomen relieves.

"(d) Dilutes theropy secretions of the whole body and renders them less adhesive, sticky and tenacious.

"(e) Inside bath.

"(f) Dissolves the abnormal crystalline substances that may be in the blood and urine.

"(g) Necessary to have the hot water out of the stomach before meals.

"(h) Use is to wash down the bile, slime, yeast and waste, and have stomach fresh and clean for eating.

"(i) Promotes elimination everywhere.

"(j) If objection is made, it must be remembered that we are 75 per cent. water.

"(k) The gas sometimes eructated after drinking hot water is not produced by the hot water, but was present before and the contractions of peristalsis eject it, or, sometimes, it is that air is swallowed in sipping, as horses suck air. The amount of gas contained in the alimentary canal is larger than most are aware of."

Typhoid Fever Germs in Water.

THE danger of infection from typhoid fever germs in water is shown by the following:

"The Medical Journal reports an outbreak of typhoid fever, attributed to the infection of a well by a convalescent soldier from South Africa. In two houses taking their water supply from the same well, the inmates and their friends are known to have been for twelve months at least drinking water highly contaminated with sewage. No one suffered until the arrival of a trooper invalided home from South Africa, convalescent from typhoid fever. Immediately after his arrival the well became infected with the typhoid bacillus, as was proved by the fact that between September 4 (the seventeenth day after the arrival of the trooper) and September 18, twelve individuals were laid up with typhoid fever, the only link between these twelve individuals being that each one of them had partaken of water from the polluted well."

Contagious Disease in Childhood.

A WRITER in Harper's Bazar has the following in regard to domestic arrangements for the care of children suffering from contagious diseases:

"The first step to be taken in scarlet fever, as in other contagious diseases, is prompt isolation, in a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room. The room should be on a top floor, as far removed from the rest of the house as possible, and if it could be so arranged, this floor or part of the house should be shut off from the rest. Carpets, curtains, pictures, upholstered furniture, ornaments, etc., should be removed; in fact, anything that cannot be burned, washed, or thoroughly fumigated when the sickness is over. In order that the room may not be utterly bare or desolate, strips of old carpet may be laid on the floor, bright pictures from an illustrated paper or magazine can be pinned on the wall. It is best not to use a mattress; heavy blankets or comfortables folded and laid on the wire mattress make a soft and most comfortable bed to lie on. If this bed proves cold, layers of newspapers or heavy brown paper placed next to the wire spring, between it and the blanket, will overcome this difficulty. This kind of bed has a great advantage over a mattress, as it is much more clean and sanitary."

KING VICTOR WILL PUBLISH BOOK ON COINS.

[New York Journal:] For years King Victor of Italy has been collecting rare coins and writing a history about them, and now he purposes to publish this history. The reason why he has decided not to postpone publication any longer is because he has just acquired one of the most splendid collections of coins in the entire world, and he desires that other collectors should know all about the treasures which it contains.

About three weeks ago Signor Vitalini, the king's confidential secretary, informed him that he had succeeded in purchasing the magnificent collection of coins which formerly belonged to Senator Marignoli, Marquis of Montecorona, who died a year ago.

In this collection there are 35,000 specimens, of which 3000 are gold coins and gold medals, and, as Marignoli had purchased the Kolbe, Acquari and Vergara del Baruffi collections shortly before his death, he was able to boast that he possessed the most complete collection of Italian coins in the world, most notable among them being the papal coins from the earliest times down to the twelfth century, those coined by the Roman Senators of the middle ages and those that came from the Venetian mints during the era of the Doges.

The King's collection, before he acquired these treasures, contained 15,000 coins, not including duplicates, and now it contains 50,000, and is not only the largest collection in Italy, but also, so far as Italian coins are concerned, the most complete in the world.

In his forthcoming history, which will consist of sixteen parts, the King will fully describe the Marignoli collection, and, as he has a thorough knowledge of the subject, it is safe to say that his account of these old reliques many of which are unique, will prove of rare interest.

The King keeps his collection in a large room on the fourth story of the Quirinal palace, and he spends from two to three hours daily in examining it, making notes and deciphering inscriptions.

HOW THE PRESIDENT'S WORK IS EXPANDING.

[National Magazine:] On the same day that M. Legarda, the Philippine representative, called at the White House, there were visitors present from Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico and Cuba, as well as a large delegation of Indians in paint and feathers. Each of these callers represented a late addition to the territory under the old flag. On some days the secretary is compelled to report to the President that he saw only one-half of the callers; next day a third; next day a fourth; next day a sixth; until the geometrical recession reaches a fraction of less than one-tenth, during the rush. Some inventive Yankee will have to invent a presidential automaton to keep up with the necessary demands for hand-shakers—especially if this spirit of expansion keeps right on expanding.

FRAUDS ON DOCTORS.

THE SCHEMES USED BY IMPOSTORS
TO SWINDLE PHYSICIANS.

From New York Tribune.

IMPOSTORS and their methods were being discussed, when the physician in the company said: "The men who live by their wits seem to take particular delight in 'doing' physicians, and, although this is generally known, we are continually victimized. The season makes no difference to the impostor whose specialty is the doctor. He comes at all times of the year, and his call usually costs the doctor something. One of the all-the-year-round impostors is the man who is a sure-enough doctor. He was graduated from a medical school, but is one of the men who discover soon after their shingles have been put up that a diploma, an office, and a sign on which the office hours are noted are not all that is requisite for the practice of medicine. These men move several times, each office being a little cheaper than the last, then they complain to their friends about the number of physicians, the lack of sympathy for young men on the part of the older practitioners, and the difficulty in holding patients against established competitors. Finally they disappear from the scene, and in many instances where they do not begin work in some field for which they are better suited they appear again as 'bum doctors.' They come to physicians with their tales of woe, and will take anything, from sympathy to a quarter.

"Then we have the man who has a smattering of medical knowledge, who knows the names of instruments, remedies, and a few medical terms, and can speak of specialists in other parts of the country, but who is no physician at all. This man usually wants a few dollars to help him along while he and his large family must remain in town. He comes from a distant part of the country, he usually says. He came to New York to begin the practice of his profession, but learned that he must have a Regents' license, and can earn nothing until he has appeared before the board, which does not meet for some time. He goes from one doctor's office to another, and often collects considerable money for his mythical family before the fraud is discovered.

"People representing themselves as widows, sons or daughters of doctors also form an important contingent in the army of impostors, and the strangest thing about these is that they often come again after they have been turned away as swindlers, because they think a doctor 'easy' and slow to report them.

"Besides these impostors, whose stock in trade is a knowledge of medicine and the ways of medical men, we have to stand off an army of every-day swindlers. The sneak thief who comes to a physician's office an hour before the doctor's consultation time and says he will wait—too ill to leave, or too nervous about his wife's condition, or too anxious to report about a sick child—often carries away an overcoat or a case of instruments; or, if these are beyond his reach, a cane, an umbrella, or the magazines on the center table will do."

Another doctor in the party said: "I had an experience the other day which I thought a brand-new thing in the impostor line until I related it to some of my friends in the profession, who laughed at me and told me it was an old, old trick. A young, well-dressed man called just as my consultation hour was over, excused himself for disturbing me, but said he felt justified because his uncle, Dr. Illwill, in the same street a few doors away, was my intimate friend. His uncle had been called out of town, he said, and he had to pay a C.O.D. bill. There was no one at home, and would I accommodate him with \$10 for a few hours? Awfully sorry to bother me, and so kind of me, and so on. Well, I looked him over, said all right, told him to sit down till I got my pocketbook from the next room. I closed the door, and telephoned to Dr. Illwill's office, and learned that he had not gone out of town. The polite nephew must have heard the telephone bell or suspected something, for he was gone when I came back to the waiting-room, and I felt that I had been spared when I found everything safe on the hatrack."

"Yes, they go a long way around to beat a doctor," said the man who had started the conversation, "and what makes me angry is that they take us for fools. Last summer, when there was horseracing somewhere near New York, a man came to me one evening and said that he was deeply interested in a jockey who was ill, but whose ailment did not necessitate confinement to the house. 'He's got to be in good trim to ride well,' he said, 'and I'd like to have him fixed up. Will you attend to him if I send him in?' 'Certainly,' I said, 'send him along, and I will see what can be done for the young man.' Then the man told me a lot of stuff about horseracing, and when it was about time to go he said: 'By the way, that lad rides to win tomorrow. He's got a dead-sure thing, and if you want to get in on the game I can put you on.' He insinuated that a few hundred dollars invested with him would bring a quick and handsome return. I told him that I preferred to make my living by my profession, and he went away without any of my money."

"I remembered the name of the horse, and looked the thing up, and, sure enough, that horse won the race and paid something like ten or fifteen to one in the betting circle. But the jockey who was to be my patient never came, and I have no doubt that the whole story was manufactured for the purpose of getting my money, which might have been used at the racetrack, but not for my account."

Then the doctors told stories about persons who masquerade as instrument makers, inventors of operating chairs, new remedies, men and people who want information on scientific subjects for the purpose of swindling the unsuspecting doctor, and the stories were so numerous that it was agreed that the doctor in a large city is the particular prey of the impostor.

SOME GROTESQUE FISHES.

STRANGE HUMAN RESEMBLANCES FOUND AMONG INHABITANTS OF THE SEA.

[Washington Times:] The Smithsonian Institution is in receipt of a very curious fish caught in Nassau Sound, near Fernandina, Fla. The specimen has been anxiously expected by the authorities at the institution from the fact of its having been mistakenly represented beforehand as belonging to the perophthalmus family, a group that is regarded as being confined solely to Africa. The fact, however, that an ocean current sweeps in a circular direction along the African coast and around into the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Florida coast offered the plausible hypothesis that some of the species of fish in question might have been carried along this stream from its African habitat to Florida.

As a matter of fact, however, such a contingency could only be looked for in the case of deep-water fishes, while the species to which the actual specimen received belongs (*Antennarius*), as well as that to which it was incorrectly ascribed, both inhabit shallow water, and live either upon the surface or upon land. Both are provided with pectoral fins which resemble to an extraordinary degree, human arms, the elbows, and even five-fingered hands, with the exception that the latter are webbed, curiously resembling those of man.

The specimen received by the Smithsonian Institution is what is popularly known as a mud fish, and its peculiar fins or rather short arms are evidently given it for the purpose of assisting its locomotion upon muddy or sandy banks. It makes its nest in seaweed. It is provided with what may be described as a natural fishing rod, like the angler fish and many other of the same genus, which is really an elongation of the first spine of the anterior dorsal fin. This terminates in a lappet, and is movable in every direction, so as to serve as a bait for other fish, which are thus attracted and speedily devoured by the wily creature.

The African species known as the perophthalmus resembles the *Antennarius* in many respects. Its pectoral fin is also in the nature of a human limb, and serves it for walking upon the shore in search of insects, which it devours. It further enables it to climb small twigs or bushes in search of prey. A cast in the National Museum represents one of the species in the act of climbing a branch or twig, which it is enabled to do by means of its very strong fins, or rather arms, and also its prehensile anal fin. The African goby, however, is larger and more muscular than the Florida mud fish, and possesses the power of making short leaps when in pursuit of its prey upon land.

The scientific mind would appear to be strangely callous to those features which render odd fish attractive in the minds of the wonder-loving public. Bent upon the classification of well-known species according to the number and disposition of their scales, fins, etc., the mention of the sea-serpent, sea-bishop, sea-monk, or even mermaid awakens in their breasts no responsive enthusiasm, and, indeed, but little interest. It is to dime museums and side shows that such monsters are relegated, and the curious visitor looks in vain among the specimens at the National Museum for anything in the fish line that may truly be described as startling. Nevertheless, that there are inhabitants of the sea that resemble humanity much in the manner of grotesque masquers at a fancy ball is attested in many old descriptions and engravings which certainly bear every evidence of authenticity.

When Trinculo (in Shakespeare's "Tempest") mistakes Caliban for "a strange fish," he at once exclaims: "Were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man—when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." It is probably owing to the exuberance of popular imagination in bygone days that those remote human resemblances which are noted in some kinds of fish were magnified until they found veritable monstrosities which old engravers and scribes have perpetuated to modern times. Occasionally the "monster" is a very mild form of monster, indeed. A shark or a porpoise was, by dint of rhetorical flourishes, converted into a very alarming creature, of which instances occur in Halliwell's folio edition of "Shakespeare." The artists of the continental countries of Europe went far beyond all this. Inland people, particularly from their inexperience of the sea, appear to have been thought capable of believing anything. Gesner, Rondeletius, and other authors of the sixteenth century narrate the capture of marine monsters of a very "strange" order, and among them one that was "taken in Polonia in 1531," which bore a general resemblance to a bishop! In the rare and curious little volume on "Costume," by Johannes Sliper, published at Antwerp in 1572, is a picture of this fish.

The "quatrain" appended to this cut affirms that bishops are not confined to land alone, but that the sea also has the full advantage of their presence, and that, though they may not speak, they wear a mitre. This creature is said to have been brought before the king, "and after a while seemed very much to express to him that his mind was to return to his own element again, which the king perceiving commanded that it should be so; and the bishop was carried back to the sea, and cast himself into it immediately." The existence of the bishop once established, it naturally became necessary to invest him with clergy and diocese, and accordingly one finds descriptions and portraits of sea-monks, priests and laymen, who are easily to be distinguished by their respective garb.

In the office book of the master of the revels, Sir Henry Harbet, is the entry of "a license to James Leale to shew a strange fish for half a year, the 3d of September, 1632." The records of London, England, exhibitions, and the chronicles of Bartholomew and other fairs supply a constant succession of these favorite shows. A most amusing underplot in Jasper Mayne's comedy, "The City Match," 1659, is founded on this popular credulity. A silly young Cockney is intoxicated



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by revelers, upon whom he forces his own sake of learning fashionable follies, and exhibiting at a tavern as a "strange sightseer at a shilling a head."

One asks, if it is a whale, that the other another declares, "We gave but a last fish." The showman replies impa-

"Gentlemen, that was but an Irish come from the Indies, and eats 5 crows ox livers, and brown paste!"

However, it will not do to laugh at. Even at the present day there are people shows whereat are advertised mermaids, flying fish, and the like; and it is not true that New Yorkers were thrilled by the terrible sea-serpent (a large boa constrictor) buried their dimes freely for a view of

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FOR SHAKESPEAREANS.

NEW LIST OF QUESTIONS WHICH WILL TEST ONE'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE DRAMATIST.

[London Academy:] Gentle reader, you know a great deal about Shakespeare? You know all the readings of "The Blessed Damozel" and you possess facsimiles of R. L. S.'s Davos booklets. You have read the poems of "A. E." in quite sumptuously from Pater's "Gaston de La Planchette." Your Kiplingiana would fill a number of the columns, and your theory of the authorship of "An Honest Man's Love Letters" would astonish Mr. Murdoch. You have hopes that you will one day publicly reconstruct his theory on the weight of Brown's watch chain, and Mr. Watts-Dunton on the color of George Borrow's hair. But do you—we ask, hat in hand—know your Shakespeare? If so, you will find the following questions very easy indeed?

What was the name of Hamlet's uncle?

Who was Falstaff's tailor?

What was the story that Imogen read in bed?

Reconstruct, as far as you can, the menu for the wedding feast of Paris and Juliet.

What Shakespearean characters suffered from—

(a) Toxoplasma?

(b) Osmosis?

(c) Quotations any critical opinions you can remember on

(a) Terms of service.

(b) Rosalind.

(c) Rosaline.

How many Rosalines are there in Shakespeare? How many Angelo's? How many Polixenes? How many Cleopatra's?

What play has the fewest female characters?

What are the three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare?

In which play is "young Dizzy" mentioned?

Give the Shakespearean pronunciation of—

(a) Alonso.

(b) Feste.

(c) Iago.

(d) Gonzalo.

(e) Philomela.

What is the longest word in Shakespeare?

Who had a statue of pure gold?

How long did Leontes take to woo and win Hermione?

Give the Shakespearean derivation of "muller."

Describe in as much detail as you can the following:

(a) Flaminio's.

(b) Falstaff's.

(c) Bertram's.

Where does Shakespeare mention Machiavelli?

Give notes on Shakespeare's acquaintance with India of—

(a) The rhinoceros.

(b) The hyena.

What characters were born respectively under the following constellations:

(a) Leo?

(b) Cancer?

(c) Scorpio?

(d) Aquarius?

(e) Taurus?

(f) Gemini?

How many years had Falstaff known Poins before he met Mrs. Quickly?

Describe Falstaff as a poet, and give a bibliography of his works in verse, realized and projected.

Describe the Duchess of Milan's wedding gown. Where is breach of promise mentioned in Shakespeare?

Two comparatively unknown characters in Shakespeare are Bridget and Biddy? Who are they?

On what day of the week and at what hour did Falstaff kill himself?

Give a brief history of Mother Prout of Brentford.

"What was a month old at Cain's birth that's four weeks old yet?" Give the answer to this American riddle.

Tell what you know of Lysander's aunt.

State Cleopatra's fish story.

Give the name of Mrs. Quickly's spiritual adviser.

34. What was Shakespeare's favorite name for a dog?
35. What did Shakespeare know of—
- (a) Lapland?
- (b) Guiana?
- (c) Arabia?
36. How many instances of second marriages occur in Shakespeare? Who were the parties?
37. Who was Julius Caesar's comrade at school?
38. Where does Shakespeare mention Glasgow?
39. What was Falstaff's waist measurement?
40. "[Jupiter ascends.]
- Sic! He came in thunder; his celestial breath was sulphurous to smell."
- Annotate this passage from "Cymbeline."
41. From which of the plays did Charles Kingley derive the title "Westward Ho!"?
42. Give the arguments in the case of William Visor of Winchcombe vs. Clement Perkes of the hill.
43. How many children had Mr. Justice Shallow? What were their names?
44. Where does Shakespeare mention the birch as an instrument of correction?
45. "What the dickens!" is one of the Shakespearean ejaculations. Who used it?
46. What was the color of Orlando's hair?
47. In which play does "Honi soit qui mal y pense" appear?
48. On what occasions did Falstaff refer to the story of the Prodigal Son?
49. Mention any instances of bearded women in Shakespeare.
50. Give any items you can from Perdita's menu for the sheep shearing.
51. There is a larger than Falstaff in Shakespeare? What was his name?
52. Who made Desdemona's handkerchief?
53. What was the name of Poirot's sister?
54. Mention any Shakespearean instances of seasickness.
55. Give reasons for believing that the story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid was a favorite with Shakespeare.
56. Mention any Shakespearean views on the spelling of the word "abominable."
57. Recount the circumstances in which Orsino's nephew lost his leg.
58. Where was the stuffed alligator?
59. Who said:
- "Base is the slave that pays?"
- "Curses not loud, but deep?"
- "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it?"

A MODERN MARTYR.

[Harper's Bazaar:] A woman lost consciousness in a dry-goods store in Washington recently, and was carried to Emergency Hospital. Looking for means of identifying the woman, the nurse came across a visit-

ing card in her shopping-bag, on which was the following memoranda:

"Chloride of lime; one spool pale-blue sewing-silk; two nursing bottles; shoes for Clarence; Jevon's Logic; garden hose; board meeting 11 o'clock; market; telephone caterer dinner Saturday; dressmaker's; church."

The first words the victim spoke were an apology for having collapsed. She was certain it was indication of want of will power, for she was a firm convert to the notion that mind has supreme control over any matter that might seem to the uninitiated, reason for a woman's strength failing. She insisted, moreover, that she must get up and go back to her shopping where she had left it off. The chloride of lime was needed in the cellar at once. If the spool of blue silk was not at the house by one o'clock the sewing-girl would not be able to finish Margaret's dress for the party that afternoon. Clarence must have his shoes for the same occasion, and if baby did not get his new bottles, nurse would probably feed him from a sour one, and that would undoubtedly mean death. All the marketing was yet to be ordered. If she did not keep the appointment with the dressmaker she would not have her new dress for the little dinner she was giving on Saturday, of which the caterer had not yet been informed. Besides, she had gone on a civic board in order not to lose touch with the larger duties of life outside her home, and she was studying logic so that her mind should not grow rusty through the autumn, and she did, therefore, not want to miss her meeting or fail to get to the book store before it closed that day. She had meant to drop into church a few minutes, too, before going home; the restlessness of just sitting there a bit she had found was a great good to her soul. But she could let that go till another day, if the nurse and doctors really thought she was doing too much. The nurse and doctors found opposition useless, and as soon as the poor woman was able to draw a deep breath, out she went again to finish her self-inflicted task.

The doctor, at the suggestion of the nurse, corrected the entry he had made on the hospital books. He recorded,

"General collapse; cause, too much conscience and not enough common sense."

In the course of a paper the doctor has read since before the medical society, he recited this case as melancholy evidence of the direction in which some good women of the day are tending.

STATE PAWNSHOPS A SUCCESS.

[Municipal Journal and Engineer:] The municipal pawnshop is not an American institution by right of discovery, for it has been in existence on the other side of the Atlantic for many years. For more than a century the municipal pawnshop has been one of the recognized features of Paris, Berlin and later at Leipzig. The Leipzig pawnshop was started for the benefit of the laboring people, and it has loaned hundreds of millions of marks. In connection with and as a part of the city pawnshop is carried on a savings institution, which is guaranteed by the city, and naturally conducts an enormous business. Now that the idea has taken root in American soil, its rapid adoption, in some form or another, may be looked for in all the leading cities of the United States within the next decade.



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MISS FANNIE COLLINS.

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on a package or on a cracker you can count on spending your money for something that you won't be sorry you bought.

Sometimes some grocers will try to sell you some other brand of crackers because other crackers pay Mr. Grocer a bigger profit—be honest with yourself; say "I want Bishop's" and take no other.

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MILITARY TOPICS.

Topics of Present Interest on Current Army and Navy Subjects.

COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.

OREGON'S \$500 PILOT.

GRAPH which has started in the New York Press, and may become embalmed in his corrected, attributed to me, the account of the navigation of the Oregon through the Magellan and the Horn during the Spanish war. The pilot, so he was in the employ of the American, and I am told, for his services, the firm from Uncle Sam. Capt. Clark, the Oregon's commander, that historic voyage, used to say that there is no such story. No one will be allowed to profit by the credit due to the excellent performance of the Oregon through the Straits of Magellan, unless we get them from Capt. Clark.

GRAVE OF NATHANIEL GREENE FOUND.

[Sanvannah Correspondence Washington.] After having been buried and lost 18 years, the remains of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the hero of the Battle of Bunker Hill, were found through the efforts of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati.

British Navy League, and exercising

its greatest influence from its enormous membership of 600,000, and from the hard-voiced contention that the navy authorities is already hinting that even the Navy Bill of 1900 is insufficient.

At the end of 1888, when the naval expansion, the German and British fleets stood thus:

Great Brit. many.

Second-class battleships

Third-class battleships

Armored cruisers

Cruisers

Destroyers

Torpedo boats

Coast and harbor-defense

Cannoneers

Tug-boats

Armored transports

Armored gunboats

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WATCH US GROW

The Broadway Department Store

WATCH US GROW

EDITORIAL SHEET.

timely illustrations.

"YEAR.

SUNDAY-SCH
THAT EToday's Anniversary
Methodist Sabbath
Angeles, Largest o

New Dress Goods

Black Pierola

In silk brocades, small figures.

Wool Crepe de Chine

In new colorings, also black.

All Wool Challis

Persian designs.

New Brogdcloths

Pastel and street shades.

Tailor Suitings

In invisible checks and plaid.

Granite Suitings

In all the fetching colors.

Wool Peau de Soie

In its deep lustrous black.

Colored Pierolas

New combinations of street shades.

Domestics, Linings.

Pillow Cases 10c.

Silk 62c. French seam, hemmed, a bargain at 10c; special for Bargain Carnival 10c.

Huck Towels 7½c.

Silk sheet, heavy cotton, back, bleached soft white, a bargain at 7½c; special for Bargain Carnival 7½c.

Checked Crash 2c.

Red and blue checked cotton crash, a regular 2c, special for Bargain Carnival at 1c.

36-in. Percales 10c.

Light, medium, heavy, fine, and dark, even weave, an extra value; specially priced for Bargain Carnival at 10c.

30-in. Thread 16½c.

In black, green, lavender, red, blue, etc., a regular 16½c, special for Bargain Carnival.

Spun Glass 16c.

Black and colors, street and evening shades, soft finish, worth 16c; special for Bargain Carnival.

Cotton Canvas 5c.

Heavy, durable, regular the value; special for Bargain Carnival, per yard, 5c.

Stationery.

Tinted juvenile stationery; decorated with hand-painted flowers square fold over, containing note for Bargain Carnival, per box, 25c.

Star "Photone" Albums

For girls, boys, young people, especially young babies, something entirely new.

Size 6x8½c

Size 8x10c

Mounting board dark or light gray, green, blue, black and white, one dollar, per sheet.

25c

Samples--Silk Petticoats.

27 inch India Silks 49c.

Tafta finish, deep black, a 50c grade priced for Bargain Carnival at 49c.

21 inch Peau de Soie 89c.

In black, of extra weight, reversible, worth 89c; special for Bargain Carnival at 89c.

24 inch Black Taffeta 98c.

Very light, soft, not too heavy, a regular 98c, special for Bargain Carnival at 98c.

Black or Plisse Stripe 69c

In quality, plisse stripe taffeta for waists and cuffs, priced for Bargain Carnival at 69c.

Stripe Taffetas 59c

Two-toned effects with applied brocades, regular 59c value, Bargain Carnival price 59c.

25c

Colored "Photo" Albums

For girls, boys, young people, especially young babies, something entirely new.

Size 6x8½c

Size 8x10c

Mounting board dark or light gray, green, blue, black and white, one dollar, per sheet.

25c

Samples--Silk Petticoats.

Of heavy Giverny taffeta, double flounce, finished with black braid, or braid, lined—comes with a complete range of colors; Bargain Carnival price 59c.

Sample Petticoats \$3.89.

Of extra quality Giverny taffeta, double flounce, finished with black braid, or braid, lined—comes with a complete range of colors; Bargain Carnival price 59c.

Sample Petticoats \$6.48.

Of extra quality Giverny taffeta, double flounce, finished with black braid, or braid, lined—comes with a complete range of colors; Bargain Carnival price 64.8c.

Sample Silk Petticoats \$8.69.

The best grade soft fabric Giverny taffeta, deep flounce of accordion plaiting, edged with black braid, or braid, lined—comes with a complete range of colors; Bargain Carnival price 8.69c.

This sample also embraces a complete line of novelty effects in Opera, Applique, lace trimmings; prices range from \$1.25 to every other effect in the store; special for Bargain Carnival.

New Silk Waists \$4.95.

Extra grade waists, a decidedly new creation, double bolero front with tab fastenings, the new sleeve, a particularly gay effect; special for Bargain Carnival.

New Chiffon Capes \$9.89.

Made with triple ruffles of chiffon over heavy silk body, shoulder trimmed, long bows in front; special for Bargain Carnival.

New Bolero Jackets, New Tailor Suits, latest creations recently received, all priced especially for Bargain Carnival.

Infants' Outfits \$4.98.

16 pieces, all well made, ready for use; a special offering for Bargain Carnival.

Infants' Slips 35c.

Long or short, bishop style, edged around neck and sleeves with dainty embroidery; a 50c value priced for Bargain Carnival at 35c.

Nainsook Slips 48c

Bishop style or white yoke, trimmed with lace or embroidery; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 48c.

Infants' Dres es 89c

Of nainsook, long or short, lace tucked yoke, bows of dainty nainsook; embroidery or lace trimmings; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 89c.

Infants' Long Dresses \$1.19

Of nainsook, round or square yokes; trimmed with embroidery or hemstitching.

Infants' Petticoats 25c

Long or short, good quality, fine lace, embroidered edges; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 25c.

Infants' Dot Hose 39c.

Dropped with fancy dots in colors, navy blue or tan, white or pink, size 12 months.

Ladies' Black Hose 25c.

Drop stitch, maco cotton, Hermendorf dye, extra fine gauge; a good 25c value; Bargain Carnival price 25c.

Infants' Fancy Skirts 49c

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 49c.

Polka Dot Hose 39c.

Drop stitch with dots of different sizes, light or dark colors; awl patterned hose; French iron frame hose, full shaped and fashioned; navy blue, tan, white, size 12 months.

Fancy Lisle Hose 49c.

Hose of fine lisle, with dots of different sizes, awl patterned hose; French iron frame hose, full shaped and fashioned; navy blue, tan, white, size 12 months.

Infants' Fancy Hose 25c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 25c.

Child's Fancy Hose 25c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 25c.

Child's Fancy Hose 49c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 49c.

Child's Fancy Hose 59c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 59c.

Child's Fancy Hose 79c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 79c.

Child's Fancy Hose 99c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 99c.

Child's Fancy Hose 119c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 119c.

Child's Fancy Hose 139c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 139c.

Child's Fancy Hose 159c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 159c.

Child's Fancy Hose 179c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 179c.

Child's Fancy Hose 199c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 199c.

Child's Fancy Hose 219c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 219c.

Child's Fancy Hose 239c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 239c.

Child's Fancy Hose 259c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 259c.

Child's Fancy Hose 279c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 279c.

Child's Fancy Hose 299c.

Long daintiest skirts, embroidered edges, good cambric band; a special offering for Bargain Carnival at 299c.

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MARCH 17, 1907.

CH US GROW



PICTORIAL SHEET.
Timely Illustrations.

11TH YEAR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL THAT BEATS ALL.

*Today's Anniversary of First
Methodist Sabbath-school of Los
Angeles, Largest on Pacific Coast.*

Spring Corsets.
Every lady concedes the fact that no part of her wardrobe is of more importance to a good appearance in dress than her corset. We have the exclusive agency for the American Lady Corsets, so well known that it requires no word of praise or introduction from us. Perfect in fit and form, absolutely correct in style. We have them to fit all figures, in all styles, sizes for everybody at the uniform price of per pair, \$1.

Lining Offering
Mercerized Satin

50 inches wide in black and all the colors—pink, white, beige, etc.

Price 15¢.

Figured Satins

Mercerized in stripes and dots the most all over town at \$1.50.

Linen Canvas

50 inches wide in natural color.

Regularly 17½¢ Bargain Carnival price.

Silk Finished Mores

In black, red, pink, blue, green, yellow, orange, etc.

Price 25¢.

Collar Canvas

Black, gray, white and natural color.

Bargain Carnival price.

50 inches wide in natural color.

Regularly 17½¢ Bargain Carnival price.

7½c Crinoline

Black, gray and white; an unusual and artistic material.

Book Department

String Town on the

By John Dri Droy, author of "The Story of the World," now writing a new series of books for children.

The new series is attracting much attention.

It is a story of our times in Old King Country.

Price 25¢ Special for Bargain Carnival.

Our stock of books is very complete, all the standard works, for every taste and desire.

(First floor, second main entrance)

units \$1.48.

and sashes, with deep

vertically braided; a small

and slim—ages 5 to 8

Bargain Carnival price

units \$1.98.

9 to 18—good fitting

and trimmed; a regular

Carnival \$1.00.

units \$2.48.

to 18 years of age—

large lining; a splendid quality

as an extra value at \$1.50.

large Suits \$3.50.

Very quality Italian linings, in various

colored jackets and pants for boys

is of silk; stayed throughout

Bargain Carnival, \$2.50.

American Sombrero 48c

Open; suitable for children or men.

Bargain Carnival, 48c.

Furnishings

Spring Golf Shirt

Pine quality fancy persons in

various colors, two separate collars,

a spiffy tie. The value is \$1.50.

Madas Gol Shirts

Pine quality undershirt in various

pink, and lavender stripes, and

perfect fitting, truly dandy.

Unsundered Shirts

Of strong muslin, unless otherwise

not neck bands, flat folded ones

one or two sizes smaller, the

gain Carnival price \$1.00.

Ladies' \$2.50

\$3.00 Shoes

Tan shoes in

sizable styles, moment

very latest, including dark

late and light

calf, hand-made

for all occasions, will

present the best efforts of

manufacturers. These are

and sterling values

so as to price them for this spring.

\$2.50 Oxfords

Recent styles, including

best quality glace leather

shoes, sizes 6 to 10, \$2.50

each pair. Price

for Spring \$2.50

for Spring \$2.50

Price for Spring \$2.50

Bargain Carnival \$1.50.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL THAT BEATS ALL.

*Today's Anniversary of First
Methodist Sabbath-school of Los
Angeles, Largest on Pacific Coast.*

THE LARGEST SUNDAY-SCHOOL ON THE PACIFIC COAST WILL TODAY CELEBRATE ITS THIRTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY IN THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES. THE SUPERINTENDENT IS DR. W. H. BRODBECK.

THE SCHOOL OF TODAY.

THE school has reached its greatest development during the ten years of its existence. In February, 1901, the enrollment was 917, with an average attendance of about 700, and an average of about 50 visitors each day.

The music is led by an orchestra of sixteen pieces, and is an attractive feature in the exercises. The time of the school is divided into three periods, the first being 45 minutes, the second 30, and the third 15 minutes.

The school makes much of special days for which suitable programmes are prepared, and the rooms decorated appropriate to the occasion.

The first Sunday in each month is celebrated as missionary day, when the members of the church, under the leadership of the superintendent, and the lesson, address and songs all turn upon the subject of missions. One-third of the money collected goes to foreign missions, and the remainder to the local church.

Many expedients are resorted to that good records may be made for the thoroughness in Bible study for punishment.

One each year a class is graduated from the intermediate department, and another from the primary department.

Once each year a class is graduated from the normal department, which is made an occasion of considerable ceremony. The members of the class are given two examinations, one written examination at the hands of a board of examiners, and at a special service held before the congregation, receive diplomas. Last year 110 students received diplomas, and all are now teachers in the Sunday-school.

The little brick church had been the Sunday-school house for many years, and an average attendance of 150. The present building was erected by the Sunday-school board makes its annual selection of teachers the graduates are usually among the number. The teachers are elected for a period of one year.

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

A feature in the school that has at-

tracted more than ordinary attention is the manner in which its classes of older pupils are held together. The superintendent, the teachers of these classes, and the parents of the children, are spoken to upon the subject, agree that class organization is a leading factor.

They are organized in a full board of officers, and conduct their work

in a spirit of mutual social and spiritual fellowship.

They meet weekly, and give out for each other with marked fidelity

in times of sickness or trouble of any kind and help each other into positions of responsibility.

These phenomenal classes, with their February enrollment, are as follows:

The "J. O. C." class, Mrs. B. C. Bryan, teacher; Misses Mary E. Taft, Alice L. Redding, 46 girls; "Our Yoke Fellows" Miss Mattie Duncan, 40 boys. There are numbers of others ranging between 20 and 30. There is a home department, composed of persons who cannot attend the school, but who study the lessons at home, and hold weekly meetings at the homes of the members.

SOME NOVEL METHODS.

GRADUATING THE WEEK ONES.

Under the skillful management of Dr. W. H. Brodbeck, during the past nine years, the primary department, which occupies two rooms in the basement, has grown from a handful of little folks to an enrollment of 200.

Brodbeck had been a teacher in the public schools and one of the first steps taken was to divide her Sunday-school into four departments, as nearly as possible to the first four grades in the public schools and prescribe a fixed course of study to be pursued by the children up to the age of six and ten years, at which point they are graduated into the intermediate department and eventually into the high school.

The first Sunday in each month is celebrated as missionary day, when the members of the church, under the leadership of the superintendent, and the lesson, address and songs all turn upon the subject of missions. One-third of the money collected goes to foreign missions, and the remainder to the local church.

Many expedients are resorted to that good records may be made for the thoroughness in Bible study for punishment.

In order to make the school a success, but not to interfere with the work of the church, Dr. Brodbeck has adopted a system of star-rewards for individual pupils and classes, but no prizes are given.

A POSTOFFICE.

Mrs. Brodbeck maintains the special efficiency and novel innovation of a postoffice in her department.

Each class is a box-holder, and when the school breaks up into classes, after the opening exercises, a representative of each class calls at the post office to see if there is any mail and boxes for him.

If there is any mail and boxes for him, the postman takes up the letters and reads them.

Instead of inflicting an open proof of carelessness, untruthfulness, or ignorance, the supervisor makes a note of it, and during the succeeding week writes a letter to the offender and leaves it at the post office, or shows it to the Sunday-school master.

In order that receiving a letter from the post office may not always mean a scolding, the children deriving satisfaction from the reward, are likewise rewarded through the postoffice. Mrs. Brodbeck bears testimony that ill-behaved classes have been totally reformed by this method.

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE.

All the children in the primary department under the age of six years, are placed in the Children's Circle.

This section of the school room is under the charge of Misses Taylor and Miss Lillian Clark, the latter a trained kindergarten teacher, have it in charge.

They use a system of drill, "God's Little Ones."

The primary department graduating class, in charge of Mrs. J. M. Walters, now numbers 44.

THE OFFICIAL CORPS OF OFFICERS AND TEACHERS.

The official corps of a Sunday-school of this magnitude, is of itself a comprehensive body of the most efficient men and women in the First Church.

OFFICERS OF SCHOOL PROPER.

Superintendent, H. W. Brodbeck;

assistant superintendents—senior de-

partment, L. R. Hewitt; intermediate

department, Miss E. B. Oliver; secre-

tary, J. M. Walters; assistant secre-

taries, H. P. Miller, Joseph Wannop, H.

A. Cooper; treasurer, C. A. Bradley;

librarian, J. A. Gallup; assistant libra-

rians, Miss Ethel Hardy, Miss Emma

S.S. M. W. H. Herman; Sunday-school

committee, S. P. Multord, Mrs. A. E.

Forney, E. R. Bradley.

TEACHERS.

G. R. Crow, J. H. Blan-

chard, R. W. Stringfield, J. D.

Burch, R. R. Goode, Mrs. N. F. W.

Pond, F. M. Porter, Mrs. J. D. Burch,

J. B. C. Bryant, Mrs. S. J. C. Seymour,

D. Gidley, Mrs. S. J. Duncan, Mrs. W.

F. Crow, Miss Mattie Duncan, Mrs. W.

F. Crouse, Mrs. Burton Hamlin, Mrs.

E. A. Finch, W. E. Howell, Mrs. E.

Dunn, Miss Laura Painter, Mrs. A.

Kenniston, Miss Carrie Elwood, J. J.

Walter, Chas. F. Seymour, Miss G. H.

Painter, E. L. Redding, W. H. Her-

man, Miss Hope Washburn, Mrs. J.

Grahu, Miss Mary Bennett, Mrs. A.

E. Hillies.

PRIMARY OFFICERS.

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MARCH 17, 1901.

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV.

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Gossip and Opinion Collated by the Cosmographic Company.

in a rotary motion at speed and power. A propeller 3000 feet long, from the shore, will form a 2500 feet, with a current of water, from which the horse power could be obtained. The cost of such a propeller would be over \$2000 hours, a total of 5000 horse power, and \$25 per annum, would be \$900 annually. The cost of such a plant in proportion.

A prime feature of the invention is that it can be operated on or off the water, and with back pressure, and that it can be reversed, and that it can be directed, and thereby fully direct its value and utility at all times.

Mr. McKinley, char-

acteristically, is

admirably, if

not quite so well,

the up-

ward

of the Brit-

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is the up-

ward

of the United States,

and as given

to the President,

the Free-trade

Streets of Good and Bad

Its Hardness.

(Savannah News) After

the French

revolution,

the English

Journal, in

its inaugural

number, said

that it was

the time

when the world

was turning

ceaselessly in and out upon the natural seashore, tuting a mechanical sensor to flow in and out upon

THE SAW PALMETTO.

A Despised Scrub That Is

Strewn of Good and Bad

Its Hardness.

(Savannah News) After

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revolution,

the English

Journal, in

its inaugural

number, said

that it was

the time

when the world

was turning

ceaselessly in and out upon the natural seashore, tuting a mechanical sensor to flow in and out upon

political clubs as against the provision restraining the officeholders in question from associating to influence legislation, and said that they are thus prevented from combining to better their condition.

In course, the proposed statute would prevent any and all employees from combining for any other purpose "to affect legislation," and as a matter of fact, there are in all the departments of the government, both now and then, that they combine to influence legislation, that cannot become, of necessity, a political machine.

There is not the least fear that the members of the civil service will be overlooked in the legislation. There is too powerful a body to be overlooked by either political party.

It is the silent public at large that need be concerned, and that most of all, it is the wage-earners.

Socially, London is dead, and will be still more so, as the result of the action of the King himself to be made.

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ceaselessly in and out upon the natural seashore, tuting a mechanical sensor to flow in and out upon

prairie wolves to inspire general confidence. E. B. Odell is the man whom the men that largely help in the making of Presidents are fast concentrating. They point out that he has in a high degree shown business; that he makes his money which makes him proof against the stinging shafts of ridicule.

The Governor of the first State of the Union holds power now, and it is now to that of the President himself. Roosevelt must endeavor to live up to the dignity of the Senate, and to the public.

Now, the general principle involved is that a man who is a member of Congress, and who is a member of the same party, should be preferred to another.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CLARA MORRIS.

"Clara's Code" for an Unprotected Young Actress Was "When in Doubt Take the Center of the Street."

MRS. MORRIS HAS HER FIRST BOUT WITH A PROFOUNDLY SCANDALOUS AND FINE TASTE MAKES HER COSTUME OF PLEASANTLY UNCOMFORTABLE. CURTAIN, WHEREUPON HER CHARACTER IS TESTED. THE CONSEQUENCE OF MARRIAGE AND WHAT CAUSES IT.

PART IV.

I remembered, particularly that season, because it brought me to that first taste of slander, my first newspaper notice and my first proposal of marriage. The latter being, according to my belief—the natural result of lengthening my skirts and putting up my hair—at all events it was a part of my education.

Of course the question of a wardrobe was a most important one still. I had done very well, so far as peasant dresses of various nationalities were concerned, I had even acquired a page's dress of my own, but I had no ball dress—nothing but a plain, skimpy white muslin gown which I had outgrown. But I had gained surprisingly in height with the passing of years!

The report went about that Mr. Peter Richings and his daughter Caroline were coming in a fortnight, and they would surely do their play fashion in which every one was in a dance.

I was distraught! I knew every one would bring out her best for that attraction, for you must know that actresses in those days were not to be outdone by the stars, and only bring out the very treasures of their wardrobe on state occasions. I was in great distress—one of my mates had a genuine silk dress, the other owned a bunch of artificial gold grapes—horribly unbecoming stiff things—but merely gold grapes! Who cared whether they were becoming or not, were they not according to the code of honor due to her, and quite fit for a ballroom? And I would have to drag about, heavy footed, in a skimpy muslin!

But in the company there was a lady who had three charming little children. She was a widow, and her name was Mrs. James Dickson. One of her babies became sick, and I sometimes did small bits of shopping or other errands for her thus permitting her to go about the house. Her husband, a truck, passed doubtfully and finally said to me: "Could you use this outside for some small window or something?"

At her very first words, a dazzling possibility presented itself to my mind. With burning cheeks, I answered, "Oh, yes, ma'am, I—I can use it—but not at a window, I'm afraid."

"All right, take it along then," she cried, "and do what you like with it. It's only been up two days, and has not a mark on it."

THE FIRST BITTER DROP.

I fairly ran down the hill, the same as I had my eye upon to buy several yards of rose-pink paper-cambric and a half garland of American-made artificial roses. Then I sped home, and bent, locked doors, measured and cut and snipped and crookeded possible accidents, held about a gill of pins in my mouth, while I hummed over my work. All my girls were gone—they had fled before the code of honor, which fortunately for me was made of fine mesh net, carrying for design, unusually small garlands of roses and daisies.

And when the great night came, I appeared as one of the ball guests in a pink underslip, with white lace over dress, whose low waist was garlanded with white roses. So proud my head and hands were, I danced with the rest, my pink and white ballooning about me in the courtesies with as much rustle and glow of color as though it had been silk.

But the emanation was too good a one. The pretty little cheap gown I was so happy over attracted the attention of a woman whose whisper meant scandalous libel to the girl in her attention. Next day, after the play fashion had been done, this woman was saying—"That girl mother had better be looking after her conduct."

My eyes fell—I knew I was growing "Good God!" he said again. That suddenly he faltered. "Give me that hand—no, you're not going to stand alone while I'm here—never mind the distance. I don't see why you can't make your first step."

"I wish I could agree with you," he answered. "Tell me," he went on, "Have you ever been annoyed by any one?"

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CLARA MORRIS.

"Clara's Code" for an Unprotected
Young Actress Was "When in Doubt
Take the Center of the Street."

MISS MORRIS HAS HER FIRST BOUT WITH PROFESSIONAL SCANDAL, AND FINDS THE TASTE EXCELENTLY BIT. SHE IS A PINK CAMBRIC AND OLD LACE TURN-IN, HER CLOTHES ARE CHARMING, BUT SHE IS ASSAILED BY PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART IV.

I remembered, particularly that second season, because it brought me to that first taste of slander, my first newspaper notice since my first proposal of marriage. The latter was according to my belief—the natural result of lengthening my skirts and putting up my hair—at all events it was a part of my education.

Of course, the question of a wardrobe was a most important one still. I had done very well, so far as peasant dresses of various nationalities were concerned, but I had a small dress—nothing but a plain, skimpy white muslin gown which I had outgrown, for I had gained surprisingly in height with the passing year. And lo! The report went about that Mr. Peter Richings and his daughter Caroline were coming in a fortnight, and they were to make their play debut in which every one was in a dance. I was distraught! I knew every one would bring out her best for that attraction, for you must know that actresses in a stock company grade their costumes by the stars, and only bring out the very treasures of their wardrobe on state occasions. I was in great distress, for I had not had a garment, silk dress, the other over a bunch of artificial gold grapes—horribly unbecoming stiff things—but mercy! gold grapes! Who cared whether they were becoming or not—were they not gorgeous (a lady star had given them to her) and quite fit for a ballroom? And I would have to drag about, heavy robes, and such like.

In the company there was a lady who had three charming little children. She was the singing soprano (by name, Mrs. James Dickson). One of her daughters was a girl of about ten, and she did small bits of shopping or other errands for her, thus permitting her to go at once from rehearsal to her beloved babies. Entering her room from the stage, I saw that she was much vexed and excited over the destruction of one of a set of fine lace curtains. The nurse-maid had carelessly left it on fire. Of course, Mrs. Dickson was too busy to have time to replace them, and now, with the odd one in her hand, she started toward her trunk, paused doubtfully and finally said to me: "Could you give me some lace for a small window or something, Clara?"

At her very first words, a dazzling possibility presented itself to my mind. With a smile I responded: "Oh, yes, ma'am—I can use it—but not at a window. I'm afraid."

"All right; take it along then," she cried. "I do not think you like with it. It is on here up two days, and has not a mark on it."

THE FIRST BITTER DROP.

I fancy from the house: I sang as I made my way up to buy several yards of rose-colored cambric and a small garland of American cambric artificial roses. Then I sped home, and behind locked doors, measured and cut and snipped—and regardless of possible accidents, held about a gill of pins in my hand, and set to work at my task.

All my fears were gone—they had fled before the waving white curtain, which—fortunately for me—was of fine meshed net, carrying for design, unusually small garlands of roses and daisies.

And when the great night came, I appeared as one of the pink girls in a pink underskirt, with white lace over dress, and a tiny waist belt garnished with wild roses. So happy at heart and light of foot, I danced with the rest, my pink and white ballooning about the floor, the curtains with as much rustle and glow of color as though it had been silk.

But alas! whose invitation was too good a one, the pretty little chaps were not so many over, and the girls were all at a loss. Then I heard a whisper meant scandal—whose lifted brow was an innuendo—whose lifted brow was an accusation. Like a carried bird, I flew like a hunted creature. That beast! this cruel creature, hated by men, feared by the women, was not an actress, but through mistaken kindness, she had been made a whore.

After a pause, I looked up at him and his eyes, shining wet and blue through two rows. "Oh," I hastily added, "there's nothing to be afraid of!"

"I wish I could agree with you," he answered. "Tell me," he went on.

"You have ever been annoyed by any one?"

My eyes fell—I knew I was growing red. "Good God!" he said again. Then suddenly he ordered: "Give me that gold—you'll not go through those streets alone while I'm here—never mind the others, but through me, you won't be alone."

"I wish I could agree with you," he answered. "I am a man, and after my hot embrocation, I am a man."

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CLARA'S CODE.

One of the most unpleasant exper
ences in the life of a young actress is

that young woman have the part—she'll do it all right."

COURTSHIP AND OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

Oh, dear Mr. Roberts! never "Cooky" to me! Oh, wise judge! how I did honor him for those precious words—that young woman have the part." That young woman have the part—have embraced him for every attitude—a part and the term "young woman." And since, as my old washerwoman used to say, "she never fails but it pours," while the two girls were still making music in my ears, by some flash of intuition I realized that I was being courted by Frank. The desire to kill him with utter satisfaction, I gave no thought to him in a sentimental way, either than ever, quite easily I thought only in my own mind, that I was unattractive to him. Yet, a few days later, the curious cat-like instinct of the unconscious awoke awakened in me, and I began very gently to try my clairvoyance.

I wished very much to know if he were jealous, as I had been told that real lovers always are, so I did not wish to fall short of the time honored attractions of love. The last day—on Monday morning—selected for experimental use a man whose volume of speech was a terror to all—he had been put to the sword, and I have had to listen to his words till the final blow of his speech. He was unattractive too in appearance, being one of those actors who had shaved after rehearsal instead of before, and his representation for undress that facts may always justify—but he served my purpose all the better for that.

Now I sternly forbade her ever to meet between two advancing men at night, of course, it is understood—lest they might seize hold of her and rape her. I did not wish to permit herself to take the inside of the walk when meeting a stranger, who might thus crowd her chances to run. Never to pass the opening of an alley-way without placing herself in width of the sidewalk, and to stand between her and the street, and always to let her eyes on me as she passed. Never to let any man pass her from behind me, and to stand between two advancing men at night, of course, it is understood—lest they might seize hold of her and rape her. I did not wish to permit herself to take the inside of the walk when meeting a stranger, who might thus crowd her chances to run. Never to pass the opening of an alley-way without placing herself in width of the sidewalk, and to stand between her and the street, and always to let her eyes on me as she passed. 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FEAR COUNTESS CASSINI.

INDAY, MARCH 17, 1901

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HUMORS OF THE TOURISTS' TARRY.

Wrong Husbands Got Apartments With the Wrong Wives and the Millionaire Slept in the Pantry.

THIS year's crop of tourists has made a glorious harvest. The hotel men used to dream about this sort of thing.

When they have time to again develop their intellectual natures, the hotels can take up with renewed interest the story of the old woman who lived in a shoe and had difficulty over accommodations.

Magnates and millionaires and other fancy stock have been put into quarters that would make their butlers sive notation at home. The hotels have them quartered in store rooms, billiard-rooms, bowling alleys, and even on

Let nobody imagine that it is a case of "standing room only," or that thousands have been turned away, unable to gain admittance.

There has been room for all. There are lots of rooms for all. The trouble has been that everybody has wanted to stay at the best-known hotels, insisted on staying at the best-known hotels, no matter how crowded these hotelries have been. They might have had fine quarters in private houses or other annexes; but no, they have insisted in tarrying with the mob, and being near the Bowery. Hence the necessity of paying them in trunks, rooms and servants' quarters,

Because even the humbler travelers have preferred this sort of thing to a room or two or more on street cars for ample accommodations, today in some of the cheaper lodgings-houses it is no uncommon thing to find beds put up in rows as in a hospital.

WHERE THE PRINCESS "PUT UP."

The other night, over at Hotel Green, Pasadena, My Lady of the Diamond Tiara, whose father owns a trust, was talking by the light of the moon on the portion of the west wing with a young woman from New York for the winter. It was sweet to imagine the soft luxury of her boudoir and to fancy the swagger appearance of his fruit.

One dear old lady, whose hair is as thin as it is white, could not understand why this girl could not be accommodated at the West End in apartments suitable to her tastes. The clerk could not explain to her satisfaction.

"Good night," she said, at last, "it is time I went to my nursery."

"Is that where you have them?" he asked.

"Up in the room where they have to hang the hams."

INSISTED ON GROVES.

One old lady from Boston came into

a big Spring-street hotel, and said that she would like to have a room overlooking the orange groves.

The clerk was a hero and did not grin. He said he was afraid that it could not be arranged. She showed her disappointment.

"I would be willing to pay a little more kind of room," she said, "if it would provide me with the oranges."

"This one," explained the clerk, "will be good for your son and his wife, and this one."

"For my son and his what?"

"Why, your son and his wife," repeated the clerk, somewhat nettled.

"I'll have none of your impudence, sir," came back the sharp response from the grumpy old dame. "I might as well for the sake of your hide know that the wife is mine."

Every hotel clerk has his troubles, and being near the Bowery. Hence the necessity of paying them in trunks, rooms and servants' quarters, and filling the corridors with coots, because even the humbler travelers have preferred this sort of thing to a room or two or more on street cars for ample accommodations, today in some of the cheaper lodgings-houses it is no uncommon thing to find beds put up in rows as in a hospital.

THE EARTHQUAKE BOUDOIR.

Almost all the hotels have many demands for rooms warranted to be震地的。In the simple and comfortable of this theatrical chapter, tourist, there are rooms simply give earthquakes the "merry go round." The roof falls in and all the rooms cave in, but by some magic the spacious rooms remain intact; the plastering is not even cracked. Every wily hotel clerk has a liberal supply of just such apartments.

One dear old lady, whose hair is as thin as it is white, could not understand why this girl could not be accommodated at the West End in apartments suitable to her tastes. The clerk could not explain to her satisfaction.

But she finally accepted what the

clerk had to offer, though with a bad grace. She had her baggage sent to her room and came down in a minute with her hat still on.

"Which street car do I take to get to San Francisco," she asked, innocently.

The clerk could only gaze at her, with a quizzical smile on his face. "I have a very dear friend there, and I thought the townsmen are unusually wary. They don't tell the hotel clerks any more about their intention to do a little investing. They speak in the dark."

He is not the only clerk in the city who never means to give offense, but

he would like to do so.

WHAT A MISTAKE!

The old gentleman, who recently called at a leading hotel with his son and a handsome young woman, evidently either daughter or daughter-in-law, got a rude shock from a clerk whose only idea was to be a perfect itself.

"Adjoining apartments were himself and son were wanted, the old man said. The clerk was glad

and flounced off in dudgeon.

He is not the only clerk in the city

who never means to give offense, but

he would like to do so.

HIS HEARTS IN SIGHT.

The great concern with oil stock, and send up their cards, and offer a few good things on the ground floor. No sooner do they get the customer coming their way and as good as landed, than this old fellow is dead certain to heave in sight and mix up the scene.

As he made a fortune in Pennsylvania oil, there is nothing about oil that he doesn't know he knows. Also, he is a token, his word carries conviction.

"Oil," he will say, catching the word from the agent. "Oil," he will snort, "is oil on our heads. Just a trifling just a trifling. Nothing at all. Throwin' your money away. Put it in the fire. Save you the trouble."

At the other day a woman came downstairs to the clerk of this same hotel, extremely furious. She had received an all company's prospects through the mail.

"Why do you not protect your guests from these things?" she stormed.

"How could we help it?" protested the clerk.

"What are you here for?" she demanded indignantly. "If you can't open your mail."

"They came in your mail. We don't open your mail."

But she couldn't see it at all, and will always hold it tight to his

MADE HIM A LITERARY STAR.

Agents have been of great service to one old fellow. They have made him famous in literature. Back in a little town in Ohio, from which he emigrated for this winter, they are thoroughly satisfied. What good the rope could possibly do them is a dense mystery, but they feel safe.

They have apertures of no avail,

in so far as the hotel man is concerned. It developed later that the old fellow is not much in evidence, especially the long-haired ones, have deteriorated in some respects, and the short-haired ones have really admitted that they far surpass their ancestors so far as size, color and beauty are concerned. The short-haired ones, however, have originally brought us Herr Schumacher, "there is a tradition, which the present monks remember well, that the first litter of these animals, which were originally brought us by St. Bernard, was obtained by crossing a female Danish mastiff, who was of great size and powerfully resembled the monk whom he is said to be. The original St. Bernard obtained his high degree of intelligence, their fine sense of smell and their marvelous memory of places, from the monk to whom he was given. For 500 years the monks have been doing their utmost to improve this breed, and historians tell us how well they have succeeded.

From the letter Swiss experts infer

that the St. Bernards of today, especially

the long-haired ones, have deteriorated in some respects, and the short-haired ones have really admitted that they far surpass their ancestors so far as size, color and beauty are concerned. The short-haired ones, however, have originally brought us Herr Schumacher, "there is a tradition, which the present monks remember well, that the first litter of these animals, which were originally brought us by St. Bernard, was obtained by crossing a female Danish mastiff, who was of great size and powerfully resembled the monk whom he is said to be. The original St. Bernard obtained his high degree of intelligence, their fine sense of smell and their marvelous memory of places, from the monk to whom he was given. For 500 years the monks have been doing their utmost to improve this breed, and historians tell us how well they have succeeded.

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the long-haired ones, have deteriorated in some respects, and the short-haired ones have really admitted that they far surpass their ancestors so far as size, color and beauty are concerned. The short-haired ones, however, have originally brought us Herr Schumacher, "there is a tradition, which the present monks remember well, that the first litter of these animals, which were originally brought us by St. Bernard, was obtained by crossing a female Danish mastiff, who was of great size and powerfully resembled the monk whom he is said to be. The original St. Bernard obtained his high degree of intelligence, their fine sense of smell and their marvelous memory of places, from the monk to whom he was given. For 500 years the monks have been doing their utmost to improve this breed, and historians tell us how well they have succeeded.

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Mrs. L. E. Jarvis and Mrs. Benjamin Jervis gave a reception Tuesday afternoon. About one hundred guests were present.

Miss Simon G. Reed of Orange Grove Avenue entertained informally at their new home on Tenino street in honor of Mrs. N. H. Leithold of Seattle and Mrs. Lyman King of Pasadena. First prize in a progressive night entertainment was given by Mrs. Adelie Martin and F. T. Evans, the consolation prizes going to Mrs. Leithold and Mr. Griffin.

the hobby prizes going to Mrs. O. J. Palmer and Miss Pearl McDavid.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Alkire left Friday for Long Beach, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Week entertained Tuesday evening at their new home on Tenino street in honor of Mrs. N. H. Leithold of Seattle and Mrs. Lyman King of Pasadena. First prize in a progressive night entertainment was given by Mrs. Adelie Martin and F. T. Evans, the consolation prizes going to Mrs. Leithold and Mr. Griffin.

San Bernardino.

E. H. KATZ is in San Francisco.

Miss Olive Lape has returned from a visit with friends at San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Tyler Parker entertained at dinner Wednesday evening in honor of the former's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watkin of Altadena have issued invitations for a dance to be held at the Hotel del Coronado Saturday evening, March 12.

Oscar Freeman is in San Francisco.

Miss Hartman has arrived from Minneapolis and is with her father at San Francisco.

The Nineteenth Century Club will meet Monday at the residence of Miss Editha, No. 129 North Marconi avenue, Los Angeles, at 8 P.M. for a dinner meeting. The next dinner dance at the Country Club will be given Monday evening, April 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dugan of Philadelphia were entertained at the Hotel del Coronado Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Burgess of Orange Grove Avenue.

Solders' Home.

GEN. AND MRS. O. H. LA GRANGE

entertained at luncheon Tuesday.

The guests were Mrs. Cornelius Cole of Colorado, Miss Susie Howard, Miss Grace Melius, Mrs. Patton and Misses Anna and Ethel, daughters and granddaughters of Hollywood.

Judge Reed and Miss Florence Reed of Ripon, Wis., were guests Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Ruth Say and Arthur E. Draper were married at the residence of N. O. Say Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Edgewood, Skiatook, Okla., are guests at the home of James Waters.

Mrs. A. C. Warner and daughter of Kansas City are visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Pierson at Bryn Mawr.

Santa Ana.

S. L. CONKLE is entertaining his brother from Topeka, Kan.

Miss Sallie Flinch has returned from Arizona, where she has been teaching school for the past six months.

Mrs. R. R. Smith, who has been visiting her father, Andrew Smiley, has returned to her home in Iowa.

The Misses Annie and Gertrude Elser give an evening party Tuesday evening. Among those present were Mrs. A. J. Padgett, Mrs. Mary Franklin, Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Mrs. Frank Gandy, Mrs. Dorothy Hart Friday on a two-week visit to her sister, Mrs. William Tyler of Bakersfield, Cal.

Monrovia.

MISS ARMINDA GOODWINE of Potomac, Ill., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Juvalin.

C. W. Juvalin and wife, who three years ago went to Iowa to live, have returned to Monrovia to make their permanent home.

Lee S. Nicholson and wife of Indianapolis accompanied by their son, Eddie, are spending a few weeks in Monrovia. Mrs. Nicholson is an attorney in the Indianapolis Bar.

The members of the Methodist Church, under the direction of Charles A. Bowes, will give a sacred service at 10 A.M. Saturday morning.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Teague.

Misses Anna and C. C. Brubaker, one of the artists on the San Francisco Wave, are spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Draper.

George A. Hardin has gone to Bandon to reside, being engaged to the Methodist Light at that place.

Mrs. Hardin left Wednesday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Woodbury of Council Bluffs, Iowa, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Chapman.

C. A. Gandy of Chicago was the guest of the Union Whist Club during the week of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Henry.

John Dingman and family have returned to Monrovia from India, where an absence of over two years.

Mrs. Lou V. Chapin of Los Angeles will, on the 30th, deliver a lecture before the Saturday Afternoon Club at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pollock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hackert entertain at dinner Thursday evening.

The guests were Misses Whitlock, Coates and Mrs. F. C. Gallagher.

Rev. W. L. Jones left for the northern part of the State for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. E. C. Dako has arrived from San Francisco for a short visit with her mother, Mrs. George C. Wickwire.

Mrs. Dako has been teaching in the Duarate school, has resigned her position. On the 27th inst. she will be married to Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Farnsworth.

Mrs. Dako will be a bride for October 1.

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April, 1901.

NEW PAPER ROLLS
TO AMERICAN PAPER.SILK SURFACES OF VARIOUS
COUNTRIES AND NATIONS.The Greatest Producer
of Commercial Substances Known
in Ancient Calligraphy—Books

We have prepared for Monday an unusual number of exceptional inducements in every department of the store. Owing to us having vacated our Spring street store, during the remodeling of that portion, and having crowded two stores into one, we are dreadfully in need of room—in truth we feel like the proverbial "sardines in a box." Consequently we have made the following reductions with a view to cutting down the stock at once.

Gloves.



Tomorrow we will make a special reduction on all our "Marina" gloves. These are made in black, white and colors; fancy embroidered and lace-trimmed. They are the best wearing gloves made; regular price is \$1.50; special Monday only \$1 per pair.

New Parasols.

These measure full 36 inches in width and are of a good drift weave.

Unbleached Bath Towels.

An extra special offer; also good as it is large, a regular 36x36 towel.

Bath Mats.

A new lot just received.

Figured Dainties.

About 25 pieces in all; about 12x18 inches, delicately figured. These were marked to sell at \$1.25; special Monday only \$1 per yard.

Unbleached Bath Towels.

An extra special offer; also good as it is large, a regular 36x36 towel.

Figured Silk Linens.

About 25 pieces in all; about 12x18 inches, delicately figured. These were marked to sell at \$1.25; special Monday only \$1 per yard.

Table Oil Cloth.

In many patterns and measures 51 inches in width; spool usually at \$1.25; special Monday only \$1 per yard.

Try the New Idea Patterns. You will use no other.

Price 10c

Black Silks--A Special Offer

Monday morning we will place on sale about seventy-five pieces of our best grades of Black Silks at prices that will insure an immediate clearance.

Black Satin 20 inches wide and our regular 75¢ quality; special Monday, at per yard.

Black Satin 24 inches in width and regularly priced at 81¢; special Monday, at per yard.

Black Satin Duchess 20 inches in width and regularly priced at 75¢; special Monday, at per yard.

Black Satin Duchess 24 inches wide and sells regularly at 95¢; special Monday, at per yard.

Black Peau de Soie 20 inches wide and our regular \$1.25 quality; Monday, at per yard.

Black Peau de Soie 24 inches in width and regularly priced at \$1.50; special Monday, at per yard.

Ladies' Neckwear

We are offering some extra value in a line of lace-trimmed satin stocks with bows; these are marked to sell at 48¢; special at 36¢.

Ladies' White Tafta Stock with bow and lace-trimmed; regular price 75¢; special to close at 51.49.

Ladies' Muslin Gowns

Extra well made of a good quality of muslin; facing striped patterned; trimmings with lace ruffles and lace edging; regular price \$1.25; special Monday at 95¢.

Bleached Table Damask

Measures 66 inches in width; weight 6 lbs.; weight 8 lbs.; weight 10 lbs.; weight 12 lbs.; special Monday at 29¢.

Outing Flannel

About 25 pieces in all; about 12x18 inches, delicately figured. These were marked to sell at \$1.25; special Monday at 12¢.

Drapery Bargains.

You will always find many genuine goods values in drapery stuffs here. For Monday's selling we have prepared a practical endchain of good things. For instance:

Figured Silk Linens. Regular price \$1.25; Monday, at 5¢.

New Cretonnes. Marked 25 cent off; Monday, at 5¢.

Drapery Silks. One piece floral scroll and Per-
sian patterns; Monday, at per yard.

White Enamelled Curtain Poles. 5¢ long; 12¢ wide; extra to put up; regular price \$1.25; Monday at 5¢.

Figured Art Denims. 22 inches wide and double faced; 22¢ regularly everywhere at \$1.25; Monday at 12¢.

Silk Cords. Sells everywhere at the: Monday at per yard.

Art Burlaps. We are offering some extra good values in a lot of remnants ranging in lengths from 3 to 5 yards; 15¢ special to close at per yard.

Tambour Curtain Swiss. Extremely pretty for ash curtains; sell regularly at 12¢; Monday at per yard.

Linen Colored Laundry.

An excellent material for boudoirs, measures 40x40 inches in width and sells regularly at 6¢; as there are only a few pieces left we will offer it, while it lasts at 5¢.

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Los Angeles Sunday Times. III.

SUNDAY, MARCH 11,

SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1901
J. VON NIEMAN
EXPLAINS A

Orcha

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS.... President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER.... Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER... Secretary.
ALBERT MC FARLAND... Treasurer.
PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday, and
Monthly Magazine.
Vol. 29, No. 104. Founded Dec. 4, 1881.
EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.

NEWS SERVICE.—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 15,000 to 20,000 words transmitted daily over more than 20,000 miles of leased wires.
TELEGRAMS.—Daily and Weekly, including Magazine Section, 75 cents a month, or \$25.00 a year; Daily with Telegrams, \$25.00 a month; Weekly, \$15.00.
SWORN CIRCULATION.—Daily, net average for 1900, 13,000; for 1897, 19,282; for 1898, 18,181; for 1899, 25,731; for 1900, 26,726.
TELEPHONES.—Counting Room, and Subscription Department, first floor, Press 1; City Agents.—Eastern Agents, Williams & Lawrence, Nos. 81-82 Tribune Building, New York; 57 Washington street, Chicago. Washington Bureau, 46 Post Building.

Offices: Times Building, First and Broadway.

Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office for transmission as mail matter of the second class

WHO SHOULD COME.

At no time since the railroad rate war of 1886 have so many people been headed for Southern California, many of whom intend to remain here. It has been estimated that the low rates now granted by the overland railroads to home-seekers will result in bringing at least 100,000 people to the State during the next few months. Such being the case, it becomes of interest to consider what kind of people are likely to succeed in the Land of Sunshine, and others who do not consider it profitable to present crop standard in a size and color fruit. The flavor, the rind of the fruit is often poor, and not be wise present products of these point dollars to the planting the orange wood is not be quality under have few no son.

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Good Roads. They tell soon be doing in this c paved high may be done to roads. Me discovered, when they r and "mob" ing-house, th team in not horses and are becoming fruit-farmers. California. Then the number die hope fifty to classed as the minimum. It is said in value at th in excess of would not h this section.

and the number of oranges and have from t fruit to the ing what the covered sixty increasing t adds to the ratio far gr weight. In fact most every f keep his dr common sig speeding eas two "Silkworms" which can believed to b into town be teams, hauling heavy loads with the light we It is not in California to teams, and heavy horse muscle and slient to dr of oranges v

ter—or rather lack of character—should be sufficient to damn any enterprise with which they are concerned.

A few weeks ago The Times received from a correspondent living in the San Joaquin Valley a letter in which he strongly endorsed the criticisms of the Water and Forest Association that have appeared in The Times, and gave some information to regard to a few of the men who are engaged in the water and forest movement. One of these, a time-serving politician who lives in the lower San Joaquin Valley, is said to have been the originator of the water and forest scheme, in floating which he was backed up by W. H. Mills, the devious whose protégé he is. Mills succeeded in obtaining for him the aid of a few representative men, so as to give the enterprise a standing. Another prominent member of the Water and Forest Association is said to have come to California several years ago in the interest of irrigation district bondholders, and is believed to be still in the employ of these bondholders, who yet hope to make the State, or the landholders, or somebody else, recoup them for the money which they have paid out for bonds now worthless.

A third man referred to by this correspondent is a protégé of Mills' political, above mentioned. It is charged that the specialty of this individual is the following of young girls, to whom he makes indecent proposals. It is alleged that he squandered the property of one of his wives—he having been married several times; that he obtained from her the children's share of her first husband's property while she was on her death bed, for which property the children after brought suit, and received a judgment that they cannot collect; that he has proposed to all the things he does done and in order is an apostolic maxim which should apply to legislative fist fights as well as to other things. There should be a space reserved in the center of each legislative chamber for a ring, which should be preserved for the use of combatants on certain days, number of which should be all of which, he has been accused of almost every crime in the penal code, ranging all the way from rape to assault to murder, and has been arrested numerous times in California for crimes committed, and that he called his wife names on a public street in the presence of a crowd of people, who threatened to lynch him. It is also alleged that he was forced to leave Mississippi for fear of his life, and that he has been compelled to go to England, so that he may become acquainted with local conditions. He will frequently find that his ideas about things have undergone a considerable change during that time.

As to an industrial investment of \$5000 in Southern California, that is not so easy a matter as it was a dozen years ago. A great number of minor industries have been established here during that period, and it requires much more money to get a start now than it did then. In the early business days there were no industris but those with small capital; a number of cooperative creameries having been established during the past few years, and are doing well. Some people have also done well, in a small way, in the putting up of condiments and relishes. A man who started a few years ago with a capital of a few hundred dollars, putting up chili peppers, is now doing a large export business. To ascertain what openings there are in this direction the newcomer must make a personal investigation.

Briefly stated, an industrious, practical man with \$5000 should be able to do as well in Southern California as in any other part of the United States, and have the climate in the bargain. He must, however, disabuse his mind of the idea that he will not have to work hard here. It is true that he will not have rough and unkindly elements to contend with, but otherwise he will find life is strenuous here as in other civilized countries, for those who wish to succeed and get ahead. Unwarranted and prompty to prosecute the discharge, dissolution, dismissal and disintegration of the grand jury is not merely foolish, but it is detrimental to the public interest. The most senseless of the several criticisms levelled by the Evening Express is the one charging that the grand jury is prolonging their sessions for the sake of the per diem, which amounts to the munificent sum of \$2 a day, we believe! If the grand juries are not able to make three or four times that sum, surely, any ordinary and ordinary pursuit. The grand jury promptly accepted the charge, the court permitted us to do.

WONDERFUL MINE.

A Story of remarkably rich strikes of mineral have been reported from time to time in the West, but one of the latest of these throws all previous discoveries of the kind into the shade. In its mining column, on Friday, the Herald referred to reports that have come to Los Angeles regarding a strike of rich ore in a mine at Gold Hill, Colorado, in which Los Angeles people are interested. This information is said to be to the effect that assays of silver ore in the mine run high to \$1000 a ton, or \$50,000 a ton. This is not all. The report states that "additional value is added to the ore by the presence of gold that averages from 15 to 40 ounces of gold to the ton."

With such rich silver ore as that, the fortunate owners could well afford to throw away the \$500 to \$500 of gold with the tailings. As refined silver is today worth only about \$10 a pound, of \$20,000 a ton. In the open market, this mineral deposit certainly deserves the designation of "phenomenal," which the able Herald's mining editor—or the Herald's able mining editor, as the case may be—attached to it. Evidence, as the Queen of Sheba said: "The hair has not been told" regarding the value of the mine.

It makes one feel an itch to buy some beans and bacon, pack a burro, and go prospecting. Perhaps, if they dig a little farther in this wonderful mine, they may come across a deposit of United States gold bonds, payable to bearer, who might then buy and run a newspaper in Los Angeles.

PALE THOSE TREES.

The fight which has been made by some politicians in San Francisco for the protection of the big trees in this State is by no means decided. Much has been accomplished, but the removal of the girls' school is to be the last blow. At the present time no grove is safe from destruction, save that of Mariposa, while many of the finest trees are in imminent danger at the present time.

Mr. McCormick, the passenger train manager of the Southern Pacific Company, has issued a circular letter in which he urges the public to unite in the protection of the great natural wonders in a public scandal; and, secondly, because in this case there is no adequate provision for a control of the expenditure of this large amount of money, which the State can ill afford to waste. The Times has opposed, and does oppose, the Water and Forest Association, which has been made to do this inquiry depends largely upon whether the newcomer is able, and if able, whether he is willing to work on the land himself, or whether he expects to hire all his labor. This will make a great difference in his outlay—a greater difference than it would in the East. There are many men in San Joaquin Valley who have been fixed, who started from scratch two or three years ago with \$500, or even less. In all such cases, however—except they happened to strike a lucky land or oil speculation—they worked hard for a number of years, often for others, and exercised much industry and perseverance. What they have done others may do today, although, of course, one has to go further afield, for much of the land which could have been purchased for \$10 an acre or less in 1875, is now covered with business blocks.

Many of those who come here from the East are inspired with the glamour of the golden globes, and think of gold to be the only thing. The sum of \$5000 will not go very far in this direction, as cultivation involves more expense and more time than any other rural industry in Southern California. Various estimates have been made as to the average cost of bringing an orange grove into bearing. It is safe to say that the new settler would have little left of his \$5000, after purchasing ten acres of first-class orange land, with a good water supply, planting the trees and irrigating, cultivating and fertilizing for three years, until they begin to yield a marketable crop. This makes

ter—or rather lack of character—should be sufficient to damn any enterprise with which they are concerned.

A few weeks ago The Times received from a correspondent living in the San Joaquin Valley a letter in which he strongly endorsed the criticisms of the Water and Forest Association that have appeared in The Times, and gave some information to regard to a few of the men who are engaged in the water and forest movement. One of these, a time-serving politician who lives in the lower San Joaquin Valley, is said to have been the originator of the water and forest scheme, in floating which he was backed up by W. H. Mills, the devious whose protégé he is. Mills succeeded in obtaining for him the aid of a few representative men, so as to give the enterprise a standing. Another prominent member of the Water and Forest Association is said to have come to California several years ago in the interest of irrigation district bondholders, and is believed to be still in the employ of these bondholders, who yet hope to make the State, or the landholders, or somebody else, recoup them for the money which they have paid out for bonds now worthless.

By all means, let the big trees be preserved.

Then, again, if we wish to take a somewhat narrow view of the thing, it is probable that the money expended by strangers who come to admire these natural wonders, would pay good interest upon the value of the groves.

By all means, let the big trees be preserved.

CHANCE FOR ANOTHER COMMISSION.

It is a subject for surprise that the Arizona Legislature has not yet delayed so long before enacting the enterprise of such slow-moving countries as Austria and Great Britain in getting up a pleasant little trial of physical strength among the members, such as frequently enlightens the otherwise dull and prosaic sessions of the two countries alluded to. However, the Arizonans have come to the front at last, and a few days ago a session of the Assembly was pleasantly varied by a most interesting trial of strength between two of the members, which appears to have been prematurely brought to a close by the unwarranted interference of a sergeant-at-arms, who carried one of the contestants bodily out of the chamber.

It is evidently time that all self-respecting legislatures should arrange to have the Chinese protection against further raids on their embassies joints if they would turn out at the last street fair held there and parade with their big dragons and other paraphernalia.

In men's dark trousers, flannel shirt and vest, Mr. Mills, of San Francisco, a girl sign painter, Miss May Longest, 16 years of age. She is well educated and does work for the leading business men of the city.

President David Starr Jordan of Le-

monard Stanford, University, and Dr.

O. Jenkins of the physiology depart-

ment have been deputed by the govern-

ment a year's investigation of the fishes

and law of the island.

Mayor Clark of Sacramento is al-

leged to have promised the Chinese

protection of their embassies joints if

they would turn out at the last street

fair held there and parade with their

big dragons and other paraphernalia.

It is evident cool enough, but I got a little overheated running so fast."

His Good Excuse.

Detained in Press:

"Daughter, what makes you look so serious?"

"I'm cool enough, but I got a little overheated running so fast."

His Sign of Spring.

[Chicago Record:] "Have you heard a robin yet?"

"I've seen a woman in a towel beating a carpet in the back yard."

A Running Argument.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Was your meeting with her father a 'warm one'?"

"He seemed cool enough, but I got a little overheated running so fast."

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LEN. VON NIEMAND EXPLAINS A PAPYRUS.

...simultaneously published in The Times and the New York Tribune. Both under the title of "The Ancient Papyrus." Until this work brought the name of Von Niemand before the public, we knew but little about the Arabic script. The paper was written by Dr. John H. Madsen, of Los Angeles, and Dr. F. D. Thompson, of San Francisco. The paper was first exhibited at the Medical Association of Cleve-

land, and then at Damaskus, proves that the medical fraternity of Europe was in advance of medicine as it is known to us now.

Dr. John H. Madsen said that Von Niemand's name was well known in all of the leading cities of Europe. It seems that a prospectus of the invention was framed in Bagdad some years ago. The method had been practically proven by the Homoeopathic physician. It is also believed to be the basis of the famous Dr. Protomann's treatment for cancer. For this he had found or devised a serum which chased the bacillus of each disease out of his anatomy. One patient is described who had a broken heart; an enlarged spleen, a tumor on his left lung; defective digestion, and who was incidentally addicted to the use of intoxicants. He was all of this and more. In this occurrence, that some ancient form of the anti-toxin was used, the serum was triturated made from an animal which corresponded to the diseased organ of the patient.

PATIENTS WITH A VARIETY OF DISEASES.

If a patient had a variety of diseases he was forced to ward off all who were dedicated to the warding off of any one disease. As given in the prospectus of the invention, which chased the bacillus of each disease out of his anatomy. One patient is described who had a broken heart; an enlarged spleen, a tumor on his left lung; defective digestion, and who was incidentally addicted to the use of intoxicants. He was all of this and more. In this occurrence, that some ancient form of the anti-toxin was used, the serum was triturated made from an animal which corresponded to the diseased organ of the patient.

THE THERAPEUTIC HUMORIST.

LOS ANGELES, March 16.—[Editor of The Times:] Among the most interesting contributions made to the benefit of the public in a public library is a memorial to the late Stephen S. Powers, which is now in the collection of the Los Angeles Public Library.

The memorial, which may be greatly increased in value, is a well informed matter. It may be well to call attention to some facts which show the simplicity of the scheme.

Said Powers, "I have a fund which will reach \$30,000 more than that can be used for the purpose." That amount was used for the construction of a library building.

Another scheme proposed by the directors of the library is to charge a fee for books, but it will interfere with the plan.

To make plain the plan of this plan, Powers said, "The funds expended for the construction of our libraries are now being used for the benefit of the public.

The gold cure was practiced in that institution with as great success as has attended its use in our times. It was the first treatment introduced into this country as the method of curing the dead. When a man died who had taken this treatment at any time, his family did not bury him; they had him assayed for the gold which had been pumped into him. The almost intolerable longevity induced by the serum was due to the fact that the serum had a great age of many Biblical and other historical characters, caused many of these older men to take frequent gold cures.

With the help of the old sports of Bagdad ran as high as a thousand ounces to the ton on an assay. But this branch of the practice fell into disuse, and an opportunity presented itself to the sly who would be efficacious as gold, and that they could place it on a party with that metal and medicine agent. In some cases they used both gold and silver.

The general left the copy of the original paper with the secretary, who then sent it to the State Department at Washington, with the other valuable documents which the consular service collects from time to time.

exploring expedition in search of the traditional Mountains of the Moon is contemplated.

Stitch in Time Needed.

[Chicago News:] Maryland is the next southern State to fall in line with the movement to prohibit the sale of liquor. The Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding, Congress seems inclined to let this matter grow, and that being the case it is laying up trouble for itself.

If there is no law, the legislature will be compelled to act in the first instance if the growth of this movement in the South would be a tax on the state.

The city cannot, at this moment, afford to open its sides, with sufficient information at hand, to ascertain what the wants of the community are.

The movement, it is now apparent, is now occupied a nuisance, and in this city, it would be a tax on the state.

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Orcha

CAR FAMINE
HANGING ON.

Great Citrus Crop Held Back too Long.

Railways Forewarned of the Situation.

Condition of Navel Not so Bad, Says a Grower. Big Crop.

MANY ATTENTION trees will have been given to them, indicating proposed to do and bud their forms of the buds in those trees are now ripe, is justified in custom to the navel tree habits of tree baffle, and so that do not consider of pure buds from April I would poorest season which to judge orange tree methods. I even of rebuilding crop is produced, and they are not profitable, present crop standard in a size and color fruit. The flavor equals that in the other years, but be wise present product of these pain dollars to the planting the orange wood it is not bad quality under have few no son.

RAILROADS KNEW IT. How many planted the others asked practical orchardist, but in the answer only voice that will appear seems to the acre number of incidental, ill of Lincoln's along a man's good soldier men, even consideration, but be just long ground. Plant sufficient to parts of the number to which in which it is required to give rule to few seem to depend upon last. Multiple prospective between the two products I find in an number of simple, but required. I was lateral, or "out the service follows as essential other, and your four directions triangular much room at number per the number 500-1000. These the prop. di tree will occ 45,000 divided per covering form. Then the number rule works in consequence, of course with in the memo to determine number of plant squares or each.

Good Roads

They tell soon be doing in this paved highway may be done to automobile. Me discovered, when they "move" in-house, the team is not horses and are fruit-farming California. Towns now discharge fifty teams classed as the minimum. It is said to value at \$100 in excess of would not he the first grades and orange and have from the fruit to the ing what the covered sixty increasing to adds to the ratio for weight. The has been far most every f keep his dri common speed racing each two "Silkwood" which can believed to in town be teams, hand racing teams paired with the light we It is not in California to teams, and heavy horse muscle and intent to dr of oranges w

ORANGE CROP INCREASING. The fruit in increasing by year. Last year it was something like 16,000 to 17,000 carloads. This year if it had all been marketed it would have been 21,000 to 22,000 carloads. Some estimate that 3000 carloads have already been lost. How many more will fail and rot cannot be assessed now. If the grower quoted above is correct that the navels are generally in good condition and will last into April not much to go. The figures just used last refer to oranges and exclude lemons. The railroad men excuse their failure to get enough cars on the plies that the crop is overrunning their estimates and those of the growers, too. They base their estimates for one year on the shipments of the previous year.

NEGROES FEAR A RACE WAR. CHICAGO, March 16.—A special to the Record from Corcoran, Fla., says a negro schoolhouse at Corcoran, eight miles west of Corcoran, has been burned to the ground. The negroes in that neighborhood were warned to leave in forty-eight hours. Several shots were fired into a negro house, but none of the occupants were injured. The negroes fear a race war as a sequel to the recent burning of John Henderson.

Treasurer E. B. Crisler of the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company, who is in New York, confirms the report that George L. Carter, president of the company, has sold his interest in the Federal Court of the western district of Virginia to the firm of Moore and Schley, who had the financing of the company. Two of the members of that firm were on the directory of the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company.

Headquarters for celebrated Kid Gloves
Mail Orders Receive
New Spring styles have arrived.
Ville de Paris.
A. FUSENOT.
Prompt Attention.
Just received bewildering variety
Novelty Hosiery
See window.

Lovers of Fashion

Newest Spring Garments.

We hold these new aristocratic Eton suits up as the best suit values ever offered.

ETON SUITS
\$14.50
We challenge comparison in style and quality, astonishingly attractive. Eton suits made of new all wool Elitzane cloth. Beautiful new shades of oxford gray, tan and reds; mixtures; navy short Eton jacket; taffeta stitched revers, new military collar and bell sleeve, skirt tailor stitched at bottom with new flare, percalined lined.

ETON SUITS
\$16.50
The new spring suiting of sterling worth, in green, gray, brown, and oxford shades. Eton suits new all wool canvas cloth, beautifully trimmed short Eton jacket with gold braid and satin stitched. L'Aiglon collar, no revers, bishop sleeve. Skirt artistically trimmed at bottom with gold braid and stitched satin new Parisian flare.

ETON SUITS
\$18.00
The new spring collarless Eton suits, new tail jacket, bishop sleeves, with wide waist band. Trimmed with stitched satin folds altogether a wonderful lot of styles crowded into an elegantly made suit of the price.

ETON SUITS
\$22.50 AND \$25.00
Artistic creations in satin finished cloth Eton suits, tight fitting jackets, all silk lined; swell Parian style skirts.

Season's Grandest and Richest Foulard Silk Novelties.

New French Foulard Silks—those high cost novelties with little profit. Wonderful assortment of new designs, colors, only in Ville de Paris. Very latest effects are Satin in Liberty Foulards, Satin Lumineux, Peau de Nymph and other astonishingly beautifully finished Foulards. All the newest spring novelties represented such as old fashioned, lace, lace-like, gauze, gros-grain, silv-r gray, etc. Also new light and dark effects. Phenomenally priced (quantity considered) at yard,

85c, \$1.00, \$1.25.
The New Waistings.
ROMAN STRIPE LOUISINE SILKS.

Beautiful color blendings, both sides alike. A remarkably desirable, durable silk at

50 cents yard.
HEAVY CORDED WASH SILKS.

Two-toned cameo effects, 20 different styles, all new, at

50 cents yard.

Quality Black Silks.

A most complete assortment of those light weight silks, very durable for the approaching season. All silk foulard \$1 and \$1.25 yds. Perspiration and water-proof indias, 75c, 85c and \$1.00 yard. Magnificent quality all silk peau de soie, \$1.00 yard.

NEWEST SPRING DRESS MATERIALS.

AT \$1.00 YARD.
For street wear, NEW SHARKIN CLOTH, 50 inches wide sponged and shrunk, exceedingly durable and desirable for tailor gowns. New English canvas cloth especially adapted for separate skirts. New mixtures in brown, tan and gray, also sponged and shrunk, 50 inches wide. HIGHLY FINISHED HENRIETTA CLOTHS, light weights for spring and summer, 46 inches wide, 30 new shades.

AT \$1.25 YARD.
GENUINE TAILOR CLOTH, light weight for spring, strictly all wool and 54 inches wide, excellent street mixtures. SATIN FINISHED PRU-NELLA CLOTHS in reds, French blues, castor, gray and black, 44 inches wide.

NEW SPRING CREATIONS IN PARIS NOVELTY DRESS PATTERNS.

AT \$1.50 YARD.
DRESS SKIRTS those stylish new cuts that are all the rage in New York. Large revers, tailor bottom and satin folds down each gore. Other handsome styles of black satin venetian cloth, \$8.50, \$9.75, \$10.00 and \$11.50.

Chic, stunning perfect hanging dress skirts, made of all wool black cloth with seven gores, new flare at waist. Other handsome styles of black satin lined at \$12.00.

SWELL ETON JACKETS those stylish new cuts that are all the rage in New York. Large revers, tailor bottom and satin folds down each gore. Other handsome styles of black satin venetian cloth, \$8.50, \$9.75, \$10.00 and \$11.50.

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THE ORANGE MARKET.

Special and Authentic Quotations by Telegraph.

FRUIT SALES IN THE EAST.
NEW YORK, March 16.—(Exclusive)
Twenty-five thousand boxes of oranges, and 15 cars of lemons, were shipped from New York last week. This is the largest amount that was ever held over in New York during the corresponding time. Fresh fruit has shown decay this week, and prices have generally increased consumption. Only forty cars on the track. Market is expected to return to normal.

Eighteen thousand boxes.

BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.—Los Angeles, March 16, 1901.

FINANCIAL.

CLEARINGS. The exchanges show the local clearings amounted to \$187,177.88, as against \$182,300.00, or \$4,877.86 in the previous week.

The corresponding weekly figures were \$2,577. An increase of over 22 per cent.

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

LOS ANGELES MARKETS.

Butter is weak, with sales of creamery mostly 40¢/42¢ cents.

Cheese is still firm.

Eggs are just steady, the general market being 14¢ cents, but some merchants say they will not sell below 15¢ cents.

Meats are firm in the market for live stock.

Lamb is weak, with a prospect of steadily lower prices.

Cereals are without any change, and meat peddlars remain as heretofore quoted.

Beans are quiet, what business is doing being almost entirely in pink.

Pork is firm.

Potatoes, onions of the better grades are firm.

Cabbage is slow and weak in a wholesale way. Asparagus is coming in a little more freely.

Oranges are very depressed. The price to the growers is very large in fruit rotting in the orchards and some buyers are offering to take the freight as well as the fruit.

Lemons are doing pretty well. It is hard to get above \$1.50 in carload lots.

Eastern broilers are moving slowly.

Western broilers are getting the whole market or nearly so.

Plover are pretty plenty. The new game law will make a change as soon as it becomes operative.

Butter, Eggs and Cheese.

BUTTER—Per lb., Board of Trade creamery, 40¢; southern creamery, 42¢;

MILK—Per quart, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

CHEESE—Per lb., eastern full cream, 14¢;

15¢; western, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

DOMESTIC EGGS—Per dozen, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

EGG WHITES—Per dozen, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

EGG YOLKS—Per dozen, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

EGG SHELLS—Per head, wethers, 4¢; over, 5¢.

EGG LIVERS—Per lb., lamb, 15¢.

EGG FROTH—Per lb., 15¢.

FLOUR—Per lb., local extra power, 40¢/42¢; western, 20¢/22¢; eastern, 22¢/24¢.

BAKING POWDER—Per lb., 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

CHEESE—Per lb., eastern full cream, 14¢;

15¢; western, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

DOMESTIC EGGS—Per dozen, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

EGG WHITES—Per dozen, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

EGG YOLKS—Per dozen, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

EGG SHELLS—Per head, wethers, 4¢; over, 5¢.

EGG LIVERS—Per lb., lamb, 15¢.

EGG FROTH—Per lb., 15¢.

HAMS—Per lb., 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

BACON—Per lb., eastern breakfast, 14¢/15¢; mutton, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

BAKED HAM—Per lb., eastern, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

BACON—Per lb., eastern, 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

DRIED BACON—Per lb., 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

DRIED BEEF—Per lb., mutton, 15¢/16¢.

PICKLED BEEF—Per lb., 15¢/16¢; rump salts, 17¢.

HAMS—Per lb., 15¢; 16¢; 17¢.

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40c BUTTER SCOTCH TABLETS 20c POUND.



Women's costumes.

Our suit department is resplendent with all the new and late creations from foreign and American fashion centers. The showing this week is nothing short of magnificent. Prices of suits range from \$8.95 to \$150 each.

Taylor made public cheviot in navy, black and tan. Sizes 34-36. \$16.50
The new lace skirts. Jacket and skirt
tailored with lace. \$16.50

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Tailored jacket and lace. \$16.50

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The Drama x Plays and Players. x Music and Musicians. x Musical Intelligence

Orchestra

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MY ATTENTION trees will here and there of them, indicate proposed to a and build other forms of the never heard in those trees son, and do not is justified in custom to ob that the tree habits of tree foliage, and so that do not ideas of pur burred from But I would poneal season which to plant orange tree methods. I ev of rebuilding crop is prod show clearly that they are not, present crop standard in a size and color fruit. The flavor, the rich of the fruit is other year, and his wife present produc of these pain dollars to the planting the orange wood is not in quality under few no son.

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How many planted to often asked—practical or himself, but in the answer only voice th in stating that will app seven to the acre of incendiatic ill Lincoln's a long a man's a good soldier never given consideration, but to be just one great plan sufficient to parts of the number to th in which it is material to be required to give me d for seem to depend upon lost. Multiple prospective r between the the product i feet a number of to simple, but a required. I w lateral, or "f out the servi follows that an essential other, and yo some changes in much room at member per the number 500-1000. Thus the proper di tree will occ 45,000 per acre, covering form. Then the number ride works tance, of cou might with p in the direction to determine of plant squares or ec

Good Roads

They tell soon be doing in this paved highw may be done to automobile. We discovered, when they're "mobe" ing-house, the team is not horses and are becoming fruit-farming California. The did have fifty to cased as the minimum. It is said th in value at th in excess of would not be this section. grades and f orange and the fruit to the ing what the covered sixty increasing th adds to the ratio far ar weight. The has been fac most every to keep his dr comon sig specific each two "Silkworms" which can be believed to b into town be teams, haul heavy anima paired with the the light. It is not in California to teams, and heavy horse muscle and efficient to dr of oranges v

AT THE THEATERS.

Los Angeles Theater.

N MANY respects the appearance of Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Los Angeles Theater this past Friday night was the most notable attraction of the season. Mrs. Carter has won world-wide fame in the character of Zaza, and she has won it by hard and honest dramatic work. The play itself, without the intense personality of Mrs. Carter, would be poor stuff; but Mrs. Carter's brilliant impersonation of Zaza, the foolish, passionate girl, seems even the vulgarity of the play, in some degree. The engagement closed last night before a crowded house.

Tomorrow night "The Little Minister" will open an engagement for four nights at the Los Angeles Theater. It will be presented by one of Charles Frohman's companies. An unusually strong cast and a fine production are promised. The play has a run of 20 nights. New York is phenomenally bad business. It is a comedy-drama, and is said to have a strong plot, full of surprises, of striking situations, and of "heart-interest." The story hinges upon the love of "Lady Bubble," a supposed gypsy, for General D'Alvion, who, in his eastern successes are any criterion, our theater-goers should find in this play a rare dramatic treat.

The Orpheum.

Manager Pollock promises us that a star of the first magnitude will burst upon the gallant first-nighters at the Orpheum tomorrow, when Katherine Bloodgood makes her appearance in Glendale. She is said to be a contralto singer of the first rank, who has been acclaimed by critics of New York, Boston, and elsewhere in the East. Mrs. Bloodgood passed her girlhood in this city, and in San Diego. Consequently, she has many friends here, and it is likely that she will receive an ovation when she steps before the footlights tomorrow night.

Wilson and Waring are two performers who will be new to the Orpheum. They come directly from London, though they are American actors, having been in England for several years. They are famous for their comic roles.

The Orishansky trio are described as equilibrists with several "new wrinkles" to exhibit in their line. They are German, and are now on their first visit to America.

Robert Hilliard, as Van Bibber, will continue as one of the chief attractions on the bill. The Dumonts, a woman who, dressed as a street singer, has made a hit, will remain another week. A. L. Gulette will sing new songs, and the biography will follow.

Frawley's Last Week.

This will be the last week of the Frawleys' present engagement at the Burbank. During the dramatic season so successfully conducted by Mr. Frawley at this popular playhouse, many interesting productions have been given. "Nell Gwynne" is the play offered for the closing week. There are few other goers, who, however, will be interested in the success achieved by Henrietta Crosman and Ada Rehan in this country, and by Julia Neilson and Marie Tempest in England, in that same comedy of the period of Charles II. The fact that the Frawleys are to don the gay apparel of the court of James II, and the number of special interest to the production. The promised spectacle of the statesman, Mary Ann Burdett, arrayed in all the finery of the stoutest gallant of Charles's court should be sufficient to lure to the Burbank the most bold of playgoers. Mr. Frawley's American Charles II, whose infatuation for "saucy Nellie," furnishes the theme for the comedy. After John will play "The Queen's Gambit" and Harrington Reynolds will be seen as the Duke of Richmond. J. R. Amory will play the part of Sam Pegoye, who will afford some new opportunities.

"Nell Gwynne" will be given every evening this week save Friday, and at the Wednesday matinee. After the first performance, and during the postponed performances of "A Doll's House" will be given Saturday afternoon, and the one of "Hedda Gabler." Another of these plays, and the one in which Mr. Frawley's company were seen during a previous engagement, Alice Johnson will take the title role.

Immediately after the Wednesday matinee, Miss Van Buren will receive the audience on stage, and, with her own fair hands, will serve tea to her guests.

Washington Gardens.

This popular resort continues to attract many people daily, "shooting the chowder," is becoming a very popular pastime. Besides, there are the diversified entertainments offered by the management in the shape of the restaurant, bowling alleys, pony tracks, merry-go-rounds, and all the other things that make outdoor entertainment successful. The visitors are proving a great attraction during the week, while the electric fountain has had its hosts of admirers. The visitors, who are a numerous gathering, this week, the musical programme will be changed nightly.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Howell's the Drama. In the March North American Review, William Dean Howells has a paper on "The Recent Dramatic Season," in which he praises several of the current American and English plays and notes an advance in the skill of American dramatists. At no period of our dramatic history, "says he, "has there been so much progress and so much performance of plays and plays of excellent quality. We have actually advanced, and things are done now by both playwrights and players, and received as masters of our expectation, which I am sure you will all acknowledge as surprising triumphs." Mr. Howells expresses his idea of the difference between the best American and the best English drama in this essential way: "To go from the American to the English plays, is to pass from clever sketches, from comedies, to studies of life, from caricature to finished pictures." Does Mr. Howells refer to the blood-curdling English melodramas, of which there are a few, and to specimens of this side of the water? These are "finished" pictures indeed, for they leave nothing to the imagination.

The Peg Wellington Craze.

The Peg Wellington craze is starting prosperously in London, and may be expected to spread to America, when Maude Adams next season takes up the vaudeville managers, Peg Wellington, Succes, who is succeeding in having herself "boozed" a fortnight since when she appeared before the curtain. A

recent issue of the London Mail says that the play on which the present Temperance version was based was the work of Charles Beadle, Mr. T. Taylor, and originally produced in the Haymarket Theater on November 26, 1852. Berlin, another player, Trippe, and Mrs. Stirling, of Wellington, Then and for the next twenty years Peg was regarded as a comedy part, and the actress, dignified by her nature, was discredited. When however, the Bancrofts made their famous revival, as the old Prince of Wales, Peg was again regarded as a comedy part, and the actress, dignified by her nature, was discredited. When however,

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